

The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

September 1981 95p

THE SHADOW OVER STANSTED

The third London airport controversy

BRIEFING
The new comprehensive guide to the month
starts on page 7





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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6998 Volume 269 September 1981

BRIEFING

Our new and comprehensive guide to events is introduced this month. The feature being on page 7 with highlights and contents and continues on the following page with a calendar for the month. Thereafter detailed listings appear under subject headings between pages 11 and 22 and pages 83 and 96.

The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

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London's third airport?



Commonwealth man.



Watchtower behind the Wall.

The shadow over Stansted

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John Winton reports, on the eve of the public inquiry into the British Airports Authority's plans for a third London airport at Stansted in Essex, on the extraordinary 17-year battle by local residents to prevent the project going ahead.

Cover photography by Jerry Mason and Charles Milligan.

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Des Wilson, in anticipation of this month's Melbourne meeting of Commonwealth leaders, describes the change in the nature of this unique association of countries since the days of Empire, and analyses the problems facing Secretary-General Shridath Ramphal and his colleagues.

Further protection for our wildlife

49

In the first of two special features by **Tim Sands**, Assistant Secretary, Royal Society for Nature Conservation, with illustrations drawn for the ILN by **John Davis**, we identify Britain's endangered wildlife to be given additional protection by the new Countryside Bill. This month we illustrate the fauna.

The counties: Shropshire

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Julian Critchley continues our series on British counties with his personal view of Shropshire.

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The four door Range Rover, when you're late for lunch at the Hilton.

Most four door luxury cars look impressive in a situation like that on the right.

But how many are still as impressive in a situation like the one above?

We reckon you can count them on the thumbs of one hand.

The car getting its wheels wet is in fact the new four door Range Rover.

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THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

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steering offer a tremendous feeling of security.

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Given the conditions of most big city roads, we would rather be in a Range Rover than almost any other car.

WHAT MORE DOES THE FOUR DOOR OFFER?

So much for the Range Rover in general, but what more does the four door version offer?

Apart from the obvious increased accessibility, we've made other changes.

The most obvious being to the interior.

You will notice for example how much more carpet we've fitted. (This can be easily removed for cleaning.)

Upon closer inspection you will notice additions such as a cubby box between the front seats and pockets behind them.

Passengers will spot, too, that there is more room in the back.

And when you arrive.



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We've also introduced a more sophisticated wash/wipe system.

IMPROVEMENTS UNDER THE BONNET.

The Range Rover is fitted with a high compression engine with a low lift camshaft.

The most significant improvement that this offers is on fuel consumption.

Not that we're quite down with the Mini Metro, but we do offer a 20% saving at a steady 70mph which is certainly not to be sniffed at.

Still under the bonnet, 22 degree helix gears and revised linkage have been introduced. These offer two distinct advantages over the previous gearbox.

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This can easily be arranged at any one of our dealers.

All we ask is that you don't take a leaf out of the book from the gentleman on the left. It frightens the ducks.



RANGE ROVER

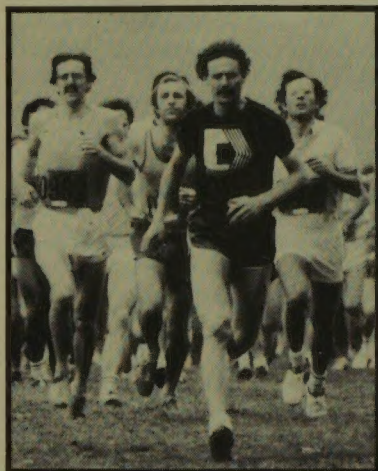


Buchanan's

The Scotch of a lifetime

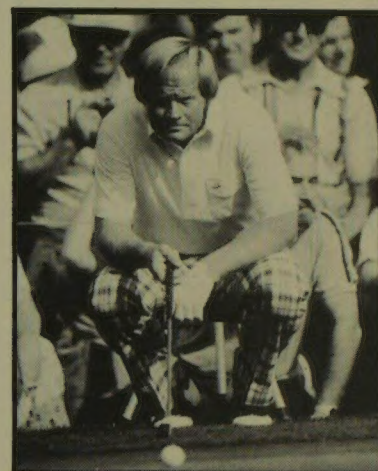
BRIEFING

SEPTEMBER



Hyde Park fun runners: September 27.

The capital gets back into the swing after the holidays and The Illustrated London News reflects this by introducing a new and comprehensive guide to events. This month sees the start of the party conferences, the end of the Proms, the opening of a new gallery at the British Museum, and the first night of a new Tom Stoppard play. There is also a new film from Poland, a Churchill series on television, the visit of the Sydney Dance Company, Jon Vickers as Samson, El Greco at the National Gallery, a festival on the Thames and a fun run in Hyde Park. In sport cricket gives way to football and a formidable team of golfers arrives from America for the Ryder Cup. All these events and many more are set out in the Calendar overleaf and described in greater detail in the listings that follow.



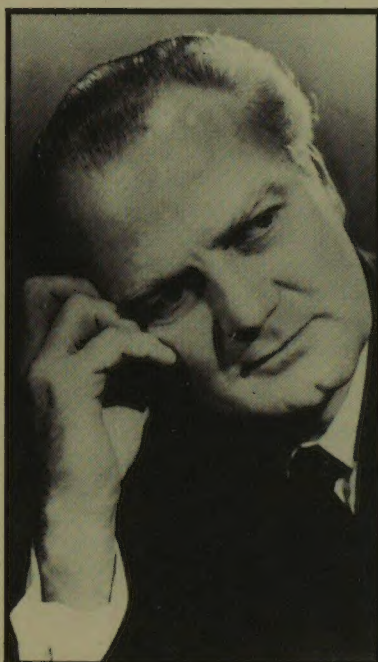
Nicklaus in Ryder Cup: September 18.



Michael Pennington plays Hamlet: September 17.



The last night of the Proms: September 12.



Jon Vickers is Samson: September 28.

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Briefing researched by Angela Bird and Miranda Madge

Edited by Alex Finer



Beryl Cook paintings: September 7.

CALENDAR

SUNDAY

September 6

Robert Hardy stars as Churchill in eight-part series on ITV (p15)
Last chance to see Léger at Riverside (p8); Mughal India at the BM (p85); and two Museum of Mankind exhibitions (p87)

September 13

Horseman's Sunday open-air service on Epsom Downs (p96)
Last day of London Delineated at the Museum of London, The Gauls at the BM, Sri Lanka exhibition at Commonwealth Institute (p87)
Taxi Driver of the Year competition (p20)

MONDAY

September 7

Lecture by Arthur C. Clarke on Sri Lanka, and on Sept 9 (p90)
Buddy Holly film festival at the Electric Cinema: until Sept 11 (p13)
Beryl Cook paintings at the Portal: until Sept 29 (p85)

September 14

Dame Edna Everage in Last Night of the Poms: until Sept 15 (p12)
Bonham's coin sale (p89)

Liberal Party Conference begins
Full moon

TUESDAY

September 1

Final day of the sixth Test Match, at the Oval (p83)
First night of Shakespeare double bill in Stratford (p11)
Lecture on Stubbs at the Tate (p90)
War and Philately exhibition opens: until Sept 30 (p20)

September 8

First night of Solzhenitsyn play at the Aldwych (p11)
City Flower Show, Guildhall: until Sept 9 (p20)
Royal Ballet at Sadler's Wells: until Sept 17 (p19)
Crusaders and B. B. King at Festival Hall: until Sept 13 (p18)

September 15

53rd Chelsea Antiques Fair: until Sept 26 (p89)
First night of *Three Men in a Boat*; last night of *The Hollow Crown* (p11)

Battle of Britain Day

WEDNESDAY

September 2

ENO's *Orfeo* joins the new season at the Coliseum (p19)
Bonham's watercolour auction (p89)

September 9

Mervyn Peake at Waddington (p85)
V & A modern Japanese lacquer art (p86)
First night of *Good* by C. P. Taylor at the Warehouse (p11)

September 16

El Greco to Goya opens at the National Gallery (p84)
The Beggar's Opera arrives at the Dominion (p19)

THURSDAY

September 3

Cromwell's Day service (p20)
Charity première of *Escape to Victory*, Leicester Square Odeon (p13)
First night of *Ripen our Darkness* at Royal Court Upstairs (p11)
European Open Golf at Hoylake: until Sept 6 (p83)

September 10

St John's concert hall reopens (p17); as does the BM's Egyptian Sculpture Gallery (p88)
Macready opens at the Arts (p11)
Burghley horse trials: until Sept 13 (p83)
Day of the Triffids on television; The Rolling Stones on radio (p15)

September 17

Hamlet transfers to Aldwych from Stratford (p12)
Fellini's *City of Women* opens (p13)
Patrick Lichfield photographs; and photo journalism show opens (p86)
Tom Stoppard talk at Olivier (p20)

FRIDAY

September 4

Blackpool Illuminations switched on: until Nov 1 (p96)
IAAF World Cup athletics with Coe and Ovett, Rome: until Sept 6 (p83)

September 11

British Sculpture in the 20th Century, Whitechapel Art Gallery (p86)
Potters' pots at Gilbert-Parr (p86)
Athletics at Crystal Palace (p83)

September 18

Christ's Hospital Boys' March (p20)
Ryder Cup golf at Walton Heath
National Carriage Driving Championships at Windsor: both until Sept 20 (p83)
Stamps at Sotheby's (p89)
Jazz at the Festival Hall (p18)

SATURDAY

September 5

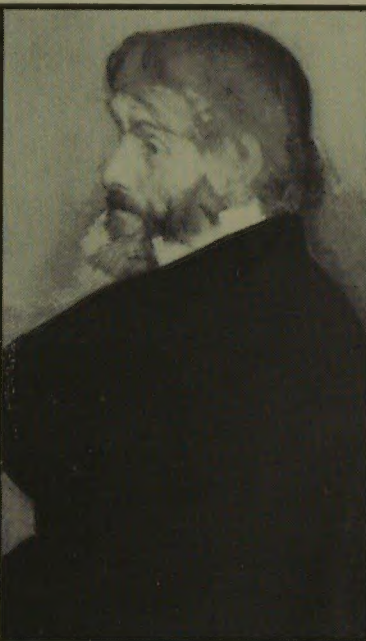
The Edinburgh Festival ends; Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar (p96)
James Mason gives Guardian lecture at the NFT (p90)
Nat West Trophy cricket final, Lord's (p83); and Supercycle Speed Challenge, Brighton (p96)

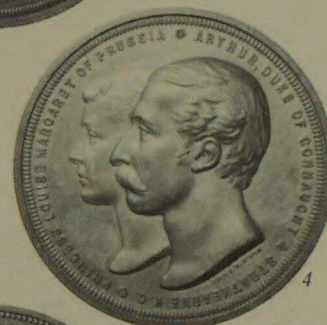
September 12

Last night of the Proms (p17)
St Leger Stakes at Doncaster; Girls' National Gymnastics at Wembley (p83)
Fairfield Folk Festival at Croydon: until Sept 13 (p18)

September 19

Thamesday 1981 (p20)
Celebrations of Godalming Electric Lighting Centenary (p96)
Emrys Lloyd Fencing Cup (p83)

<p>September 20 Battle of Britain service, Westminster Abbey (p20) First of radio series by Priestland on Christianity (p15) Last day of Turner at the BM (p87) Tug of War in Kent (p96)</p>	<p>September 27 <i>Sunday Times</i> Fun Run in Hyde Park (p21) Miklós Jancsó talks at the NFT (p90) Historic planes fly in Shuttleworth Pageant (p96) Last day of The Ruralists at Camden Arts Centre (p84); and People at War at the Imperial War Museum (p86)</p>
<p>September 21 Sale of 19th- and 20th-century paintings at Phillips (p89)</p>	<p>September 28 <i>Samson et Dalila</i> opens Royal Opera season at Covent Garden (p19) Johnny Mathis sings at the Dominion: until Oct 3 (p18)</p> <p>Labour Party Conference begins New moon</p>
<p>September 22 First night of Stoppard's <i>On The Razzle</i> at the Lyttelton (p11) RHS Autumn Flower Show: until Sept 24 (p20)</p>	<p>September 29 Sydney Dance Company opens at Sadler's Wells: until Oct 10 (p19) First night of <i>Tibetan Inroads</i> at Royal Court (p11) British philatelic exhibition at Wembley (p21)</p> <p>Michaelmas Day; Jewish New Year</p>
<p>September 23 Autumn equinox Druid ceremony (p20) Jonathan Miller lecture on his production of <i>Otello</i> (p90) Christie's Art Deco auction (p89) Burgundy sale at Sotheby's (p93) Gala day in aid of Westminster School (p20)</p>	<p>September 30 Wine sale at Sotheby's (p93) Last day of stained glass exhibition at Southwark Cathedral (p86) and of Treasures in Trust in Edinburgh (p96)</p>
<p>September 24 Wajda's film, <i>Man of Iron</i>, opens at the Academy (p13) First night of <i>The Fool</i> by Bond at the Warehouse (p12); and of the ENO's <i>Otello</i> (p19) Bob Hope British Classic golf at Rickmansworth: until Sept 27 (p83)</p>	 <p>Thomas Carlyle: September 25.</p> <p>Information correct at time of going to press. See listings for telephone numbers and further details. Add 01- in front of seven digit numbers if calling from outside London.</p>
<p>September 25 Music Marathon at the Coliseum (p17) Thomas Carlyle centenary exhibition, National Portrait Gallery (p85) España ballet on the South Bank (p19)</p>	
<p>September 26 Lecture on Thomas Carlyle (p90) Arsenal v Manchester Utd; West Ham v Liverpool (p83) Last night of <i>Chapter Two</i> by Neil Simon at the Lyric (p12)</p>	




Royal Weddings

1. Victoria, the Princess Royal, and Frederick William of Prussia. 25 January 1848. (Queen Victoria's eldest child, 1840-1901.) Bronze, by L. C. Wyon.
 2. Helena and Christian of Schleswig Holstein. July 1866. (3rd daughter, 1846-1923.) Bronze by J. S. and A. B. Wyon.
 3. Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. 21 March 1871. (4th daughter, 1867-1931.) Bronze by J. S. Wyon.
 4. Arthur, Duke of Connaught, and Louise Margaret of Prussia. 13 March 1879. (3rd son, 1850-1942.) Bronze by J. S. and A. B. Wyon.
 5. Beatrice and Henry of Battenberg. 28 July 1885. (9th and youngest child, 1857-1944.) Bronze by A. Wyon.
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A black and white photograph of a vintage typewriter. In the foreground, a silver tray holds a bottle of La Ina wine and a glass filled with wine. Behind the tray, a large box is filled with many more bottles of La Ina, their labels visible. The background shows the mechanical details of the typewriter, including the carriage and typebars.

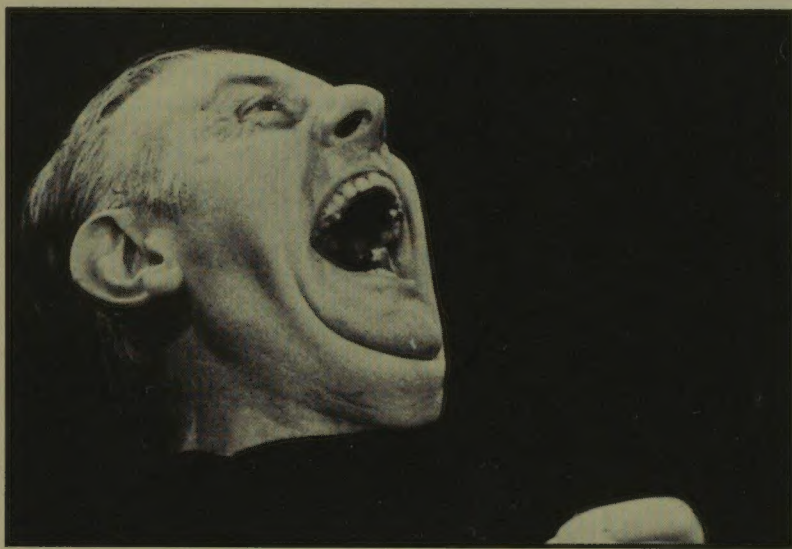
“The rich are different.”
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Candide is on the move... Frank Barrie's one-man show... a hat-trick from Dario Fo...
new reviews... first nights... and advice on the best plays in town.

SIR BARRY JACKSON, who founded the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in 1913, would have been proud of the present company at this year's Edinburgh Festival. It offered a new treatment of the Bernstein-Sondheim musical, *Candide*, directed by Peter Farago, and an *As You Like It*, directed by Clive Perry. At Birmingham, where *Candide* is running for a month from September 10, Derek Jacobi, who acted at the Repertory as a young man, is to appear later in two classical revivals which will in due course go to the London Haymarket.

□ An unusual one-man show opens at the Arts on September 10. Its subject is William Charles Macready, the great 19th-century actor. He was arguably the century's greatest actor, though addicts of Edmund Kean would disagree. Macready has been unfairly criticized through the years for his attitude to his profession, which he always defended against attack. His journals are movingly honest. Frank Barrie, who triumphed with the programme in New York, will conduct Macready through his career.



Italian playwright Dario Fo: dramatic success with three plays in London.

□ The Italian playwright Dario Fo is enjoying considerable success in London. The fringe production of *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* is still running after a year at Wyndham's, *Can't Pay? Won't Pay!* has been at the Criterion since late July, and *One Woman Plays*, written with his wife Franca Rame, is at the National's Cottesloe Theatre.

□ It was a joy this summer to welcome back Lord Miles's Mermaid Theatre at Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, after nearly three years. The new Mermaid has a deepened stage which was used to good effect in the first production, a modern musical version of the 1605 period comedy *Eastward Ho!*, by Ben Jonson, George Chapman and John Marston. Philip Sayer and Clive Merriam put in engaging performances and Robert Chetwyn directed. The theatre is currently offering its second production, Mark Medoff's American play, *Children of a Lesser God*.

NEW REVIEWS

The symbol CC is used to indicate theatres which accept certain credit cards. A special telephone number is given where applicable.

The Winter's Tale

Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick (0789 292271, CC Am Ex 0789 297129).

Directors of *The Winter's Tale* have too often tried anxiously to rationalize Leontes. How are we to explain that sudden Sicilian flare of jealousy? Worry is needless: this is a once-upon-a-time story, and most of us accept that. The main and harder task is to have the convoluted verse persuasively spoken. Ronald Eyre, as director, and Patrick Stewart, as actor, manage to get us

over the difficulties. Mr Stewart, with that rigid, painful smile, suggests a man overmastered. Gemma Jones, as Hermione, speaks easily for innocence abused, and Sheila Hancock's Paulina for resolute loyalty. The Bohemian scenes strike me as relatively dull; but all is exact on the return to Sicilia, end of the cycle of life, death and resurrection. I am glad that so redoubtable a Shakespearean actor as Robert Eddison has gone to Stratford. He plays poor Antigonus, doomed in the embrace of a bear seen fleetingly, and Time, the benevolent Chorus.

The Mitford Girls

Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781312).

Caryl Brahms and Ned Sherrin, their

imaginations stirred by the extraordinary family of the Mitfords—six daughters and a son—have put *The Mitford Girls* on the stage in a "musical memoir". This is the world of the 1920s and the darkening 30s, with the girls growing up in the ominous political climate and a closely bound family eventually disintegrating. The narrative, witty always and fortified by a score that combines original music (Peter Greenwell's) with songs of the day, has a style and an assurance which linger in the mind. We ought to be meeting it again in the West End. Meanwhile it is the heart of the Chichester Festival, a splendidly civilized and accurately ordered piece, directed by Patrick Garland, with performances to match by such actresses as Patricia Hodge as both Nancy Mitford and Mum and Liz Robertson as Jessica. Until Sept 18.

The Hollow Crown

Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, CC).

We should see John Barton's anthology of kingship every few years or so. Its choice of material is impeccable, exciting for player and listener. Revived now at the Fortune it has different RSC casts according to the players' commitments. I was fortunate enough to have Barbara Leigh-Hunt, Alan Howard, Norman Rodway and the musician Martin Best as guides across nine centuries. With Miss Leigh-Hunt as the young and more than slightly prejudiced historian, Jane Austen, I am likely to recall Mr Howard and Mr Rodway at the trial of Charles I, and that haunted moment late in the evening when, using the words of Malory, Mr Howard restored the shade of King Arthur. Until Sept 15.

FIRST NIGHTS

Two Gentlemen of Verona/

Titus Andronicus. Sept 1.

Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick (0789 292271, CC 0789 297129).

Double-bill directed by John Barton. Peter Chelsom & Geoffrey Hutchings are the two gentlemen, with Diana Hardcastle & Julia Swift; the second play has Sheila Hancock, Bernard Lloyd & Patrick Stewart.

Ripen Our Darkness. Sept 3.

Royal Court Theatre Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 2554).

Comedy by Sarah Daniels about a middle-aged woman driven to desperation by three men, a Bible & a psychiatrist. Directed by Carole Hayman.

Heaven and Hell. Sept 8.

Royal Court, Sloane Sq, (730 1745, CC).

New play by Dusty Hughes that takes an irreverent look at the young Boswell's erotic exploits in London. Directed by Richard Wilson, transferred from this year's Edinburgh Fringe.

The Love Girl & the Innocent. Sept 8.

Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, CC 379 6233, Prestel 22023).

British premiere of a play by Solzhenitsyn in a new adaptation by Jeremy Brooks & Kitty Hunter-Blair. Directed by Clifford Williams with Dearbhla Molloy & Tom Wilkinson.

Good. Sept 9.

Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2 (836 6808).

Comedy with music by C. P. Taylor about a lecturer in Frankfurt who gets caught up in the nightmare of the Third Reich. Directed by Howard Davies with Alan Howard &

Domini Blythe.

Macready. Sept 10.

Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2 (836 3334/2132).

Frank Barrie in a one-man show about the great 19th-century actor.

The Case of David Anderson QC. Sept 10.

Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, CC).

Dramatic investigation, directed by Chris Parr, about the conviction of a former Tory MP for breach of the peace in 1973.

Accounts. Sept 10.

Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354).

Play direct from the Edinburgh Festival by Michael Wilcox, winner of this year's George Devine Award, looks at the difficulties of two boys growing up in Scotland & their relationship with their mother.

Three Men in a Boat. Sept 15.

May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036/7, CC).

John Nicholas in a one-man version of Jerome K. Jerome's book which he adapted with John David. This show, directed by Anthony Matheson, was seen at last year's Edinburgh Festival.

The Witch of Edmonton. Sept 16.

The Other Place, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick (0789 292271).

17th-century play written by Dekker, Ford & Rowley based on "a known true story" of a pauper woman from Islington who was hanged as a witch in 1621. Directed by Barry Kyle with Robert Eddison, Miriam Karlin & Harriet Walter.



Felicity Kendal: *On the Razzle*

On the Razzle. Sept 22.

Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC 928 5933).

New play adapted by Tom Stoppard from a comedy by Johann Nestroy set in 19th-century Vienna. Directed by Peter Wood with Ray Brooks, Harold Innocent, Felicity Kendal, Michael Kitchen, Dinsdale Landen & Barry McGinn.

Tibetan Inroads. Sept 29.

Royal Court, Sloane Sq. (See above).

World premiere of a play by Stephen Lowe about a Tibetan blacksmith unjustly punished by the priesthood & seeking revenge.

ALSO PLAYING

Accidental Death of an Anarchist

Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, CC 379 6565).

Dario Fo's farce is an acquired taste, but it goes on running after more than a year.

Amadeus

Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 6606/7, CC 930 4025/6).

THEATRE CONTINUED

Peter Shaffer's superbly managed study of envy, the Salieri-Mozart association, is revived in its National Theatre production with new principals, Frank Finlay & Richard O'Callaghan.

Annie
Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (828 4735/6, 834 1317, cc).

An enjoyable musical about the orphan of the famous comic strip seems now to be a permanent landmark. And why not?

Anyone for Denis?
Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (839 6975, 930 8012/7765, cc).

This is a topical & good-tempered farce about a Prime Minister & her husband. He is played by the author, John Wells, & Angela Thorne is, uncannily, the PM.

Barnum
Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc 437 2055, 734 8961).

Its circus framework is far more interesting than the narrative of a show-business musical about P. T. Barnum, acted loyally by Michael Crawford.

The Business of Murder
Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc).

Richard Harris has written a taut thriller that does its duty & has an extremely acute performance by Francis Matthews.

Can't Pay? Won't Pay!
Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

A farce by Dario Fo, the Italian who is currently the most fashionable European dramatist in London.

Cats
New London Theatre, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072/1567, cc).

Trevor Nunn uses stage & auditorium boldly for a curious experiment, Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats with names like Bustopher & Macavity.

Chapter Two
Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy, directed by Peter James, with Maureen Lipman. Until Sept 26.

Children of a Lesser God
Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc).

British première of a love story about the conflict of wills between a speech therapist & his deaf & dumb student. Until Oct 3.

Dangerous Corner
Ambassador's, West St, WC2 (836 1171, cc).

J. B. Priestley's famous play, which depends on the workings of chance & retains its element of surprise, enjoys its longest run yet.

Don Juan
Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Molière in English is often a gamble. In spite of a good performance by Nigel Terry & economically considered supernatural scenes, this remains true.

Educating Rita
Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

Willy Russell's rather over-valued comedy for two people continues a long run.

Evita
Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

No sign of weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music

drama.

The Fool
Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2 (836 6808).

Edward Bond's play about the poet John Clare, played by James Hazeldine. From Sept 24.

The Forest
Warehouse. (See above).

Alan Howard & Richard Pasco, as a pair of strolling players in mid 19th-century Russia, lighten Ostrovsky's voluble comedy.

Hamlet
Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 379 6233, Prestel 22023).

John Barton's lucid, forthright production, with Michael Pennington's comparable performance of the Prince, transferred from Stratford. From Sept 17.

House Guest
Savoy, Strand (836 8888, cc 930 0731).

Francis Durbridge's splendidly intricate puzzle will keep most people guessing, aided by his players, Sylvia Sims & Gerald Harper.

It's Magic
Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0846).

A first-rate variety bill, led by the dextrous & loquacious conjuror, Paul Daniels.

Jelly Roll Soul
Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

An impression of the life of jazz musician Jelly Roll Morton by John Cumming, with music by Tony Haynes. Until Sept 5.

The Killing Game
Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave (437 2663, cc).

A psychological drama starring Hanna Gordon, transferred from Greenwich. From Sept 8.

The Life of Galileo
Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Brecht's biographical play appears to have grown in power & quality, thanks to John Dexter's production & a full-scale performance by Michael Gambon.

Man & Superman
Olivier. (See above).

Shavian addicts welcome the entire play, the Juan-in-Hell interlude included. Grand acting by Daniel Massey, Penelope Wilton & Michael Bryant. Until Sept 5.

The Mayor of Zalamea
Cottesloe. (See above).

17th-century play by Calderon about honour & civil justice in time of war. Adrian Mitchell's translation is directed by Michael Bogdanov with Michael Bryant, Yvonne Bryceland, Basil Henson & Daniel Massey.

A Midsummer Night's Dream
Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwicks (0789 292271, Am Ex 0789 297129).

New revival by Ron Daniels. Titania's fairies are represented, exasperatingly, by rod-puppets.

A Month in the Country
Olivier. (See above).

Peter Gill's sympathetic production, in a very full Turgenev text, translated by Isaiah Berlin, is helped by the playing of Francesca Annis, Ewan Stewart & Caroline Langrishe.

The Mousetrap
St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc).

Though it is in its 29th year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating.

Much Ado About Nothing
Olivier. (See above).



DAME EDNA EVERAGE, alias Barry Humphries, takes to the stage at the Albert Hall for two nights only on September 14 and 15. The show is *The Last Night of the Poms* and the star is billed as *La Stupedna*. The event promises to be of both theatrical and musical interest as Dame Edna will be accompanied by the London Symphony Orchestra and the New Antipodean Singers under the baton of Carl Davis. Tickets from Keith Prowse ticket agencies. Main branch, 24 Store St, WC1 (637 3131).

New production of Shakespeare's comedy directed by Peter Gill, with Penelope Wilton as Beatrice, Michael Gambon as Benedick.

My Fair Lady
Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc).

The Lerner-Loewe musical version of *Pygmalion* has become legendary; nothing in the revival, with Tony Britton, Jill Martin & Anna Neagle, damages the legend.

No Sex Please—We're British
Strand, Aldwych (836 2660/4143, cc).

Good farces do not wane & this one, directed by Allan Davis, does not after 10 years, more than 4,000 performances & innumerable cast changes.

Oklahoma!
Palace, Shaftesbury Ave (437 6834, cc).

In revival the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical preserves its pulsating excitement.

One Mo' Time!
Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2 (836 7040/6056).

The New York company in a jazz musical from New Orleans.

One-Woman Plays
Cottesloe. (See above).

Yvonne Bryceland gets gallantly through a frequently tiresome trilogy by Dario Fo.

Overhead
Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832).

As a dramatist Peter Ustinov strains too hard in a comedy that wakes up only in the last act, but has a compensating performance by Ian Carmichael.

Pal Joey
Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

A revival of the Rodgers & Hart musical that has the advantage of Siân Phillips as the wealthy Chicago woman.

Pleasure & Repentance
Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

Anthology on love & marriage, compiled by Terry Hands & staged by RSC players in

the manner of *The Hollow Crown*. Until Sept 19.

Present Laughter
Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9988, cc).

Among the most lasting of the Coward comedies; Donald Sinden, as the egocentric actor, discovers every laugh.

Quartermaine's Terms
Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, 439 3849/4031, cc).

The year's best new play is Simon Gray's subtly modulated, touching and amusing serio-comedy of the staff at a Cambridge English language school for foreign students in the early 60s. Directed by Harold Pinter, it has a major performance by Edward Fox as a charming, ineffectual & doomed lecturer.

Restoration
Royal Court, Sloane Sq (730 1745, cc).

Edward Bond directs the world première of his first musical. With Simon Callow, Nicholas Ball & Irene Handl. Until Sept 5.

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance
Cottesloe. (See above).

John Arden's fierce drama of the 1880s about a group of soldiers arriving in a strike-bound northern town, has grown more compelling with the years. John Thaw is Musgrave. Until Sept 15.

The Shoemaker's Holiday
Olivier. (See above).

Thomas Dekker among the London shoemakers of "the gentle craft", at the turn of the 16th century. An absorbing revival by John Dexter, with Alfred Lynch as Eyre, shoemaker-into-Lord Mayor of London.

The Sound of Music
Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (834 6919/6178, cc 828 8665).

New production of Rodgers & Hammerstein's musical with Petula Clark, Michael Jayston & Honor Blackman.

They're Playing Our Song
Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 6596/4255, cc 930 0731).

Virtually a two-part musical with some pleasant tunes by Marvin Hamlisch & an agreeable book by Neil Simon.

Tonight at 8.30
Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686).

Noël Coward's musical triple bill, directed by Jonathan Lynn. With John Standing, Estelle Kohler & Hugh Lloyd.

Translations
Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Set in a "hedge school" in Donegal in 1833 among an Irish-speaking community, Brian Friel's play, seen first at Hampstead, is fascinatingly literate & unexpected.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?
Lyttelton. (See above).

Edward Albee's celebrated matrimonial dispute revived in a Nancy Meckler production, Margaret Tyzack & Paul Eddington.

Cheap tickets

Half-price ticket booth, west side of Leicester Square. Any unsold tickets for that day's performances are on sale for half price plus 50p service charge. Open to personal callers only, Monday to Saturday 2.30-6.30pm and noon-2pm on matinee days. Allow time to queue. Details of the shows for which tickets are available are posted on boards beside the booth. Reduced price tickets can be bought when available at many theatres shortly before the performance on production of a student card.

A winner from Wajda... Buddy Holly's double features... silent Napoleon set to music... new reviews... premières... and an informed guide to dozens of the best films around.

POLISH FILM DIRECTOR Andrzej Wajda impressed the jury at Cannes with *Man of Iron*. It opens at the Academy Cinema Two on September 24 and I wish it a long run (see review). Wajda came to make the film after a visit to Gdansk last year where he met the shipyard workers whose strike helped to launch Solidarity. They said, "Make a film about us." He did. Don't miss it.

□ Peter O'Toole (so good recently in *The Stunt Man*) is to make a new film this autumn, *My Favourite Year*, directed by Richard Benjamin with Mel Brooks as executive producer... *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the first English-language film version of D. H. Lawrence's novel, is due in London this autumn with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay (latterly Sir Lancelot in Boorman's *Excalibur*) down among the shrubbery.

□ Who will be the real star of *Annie* which has been under way this year in America? Will it be Albert Finney, Carol Burnett or a rare and genuine 1929 Duesenberg Dual Cowl Phaeton, Model J, which was a symbol of luxury in the Depression?

□ Ken Russell's latest project is *The Beethoven Secret* to be made both for cinema and, in a longer version, for television. Interesting to see how Ludwig Van (not to mention film critic Alexander Walker) survives the experience... Rock-'n'-roll fans don't have to wait as long. A Buddy Holly movie week at the Electric Cinema, Portobello Road, offers double features every night from September 7 to 11.

□ Abel Gance's epic six-hour silent film *Napoleon* (U) is being screened at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, with live musical accompaniment by 45 players from the Wren Orchestra conducted by Carl Davis, whose new score was commissioned by Thames Television. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). Sept 8, Part 1; Sept 9, Part 2; Sept 10, Part 1; Sept 11, Part 2; 7.15pm; Sept 12, complete, 2.30pm.

NEW REVIEWS

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for the exact locations and times.

Altered States (X)

Tiresome taradiddle that brings together the supremely mismatched talents of director Ken Russell and the late writer Paddy Chayefsky. The hero is a psychophysicist (William Hurt) who tries to find the meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank. This gives Russell the cue for some psychedelic fireworks but the script is so silly that the film seems a waste of everyone's talent. I prefer Russell doing his *Lives of The Great Composers* number.

The Aviator's Wife (A)

Very enjoyable Eric Rohmer film (the first in a series called "Plays and Proverbs") which deals lightly, wittily and ironically with a series of misunderstandings among a group of lovers and other strangers. Philippe Marlaud, Marie Rivière and Anne-Laure Meury as an inquisitive schoolgirl give splendid performances and the film proves that a lucid directorial intelligence is worth infinitely more than \$30 million of capital investment.

City of Women (X) Opens Sept 17.

This is the Federico Fellini film that has triggered off widespread protests from feminist organizations; and my sympathies are with the women rather than the film-maker. Marcello Mastroianni plays an aging Don Juan who finds himself isolated at a feminist convention where the women make Euripides's blood-hungry Bacchantes look like modest under-archieves. Fellini has always (*La Dolce Vita*, 84) been a deeply autobiographical director. But here one can

only wonder why his private sexual phobias and fantasies should be of any interest to the world at large. I would give it one out of eight-and-a-half.

Escape to Victory (A) Opens Sept 4.

Set in 1943, war is transferred to the soccer pitch when a group of Allied prisoners, led by Michael Caine as John Colby, take on the German National Team in the Colombes Stadium in Paris. John Huston directs a cast including Pele, Bobby Moore, Osvaldo Ardiles & other soccer stars. Variety Club charity première. Odeon, Leicester Sq, W1.



Pele: *Escape to Victory*

Excalibur (AA)

John Boorman's flawed but interesting excursion into Arthurian legend. Good points include a tongue-in-cheek irony ("Put the sword back," Arthur's father tetchily exclaims as he extracts Excalibur from the stone), the opening clash of armies by night and the performances of Nicol Williamson as a jocular Merlin in a steel skull-cap and Helen Mirren as a sinistrally voluptuous Morgan Le Fay. Bad points include an extremely tedious Quest for the Holy Grail and



Andrzej Wajda: a major film about his native Poland.

Man of Iron Opens Sept 24.

Winner of the Grand Prix at Cannes in 1981 and an astonishing piece of work: a wholly successful attempt by Andrzej Wajda to fashion documentary-drama out of Poland's political and industrial troubles. In part the film is a follow-up to Wajda's earlier *Man of Marble*, in which we saw an earnest documentary-maker trying to find out what had happened to a Stakhanovite hero of the 1950s. Now the detective-narrator is a radio interviewer sent to cover the Gdansk riots of 1970 with instructions to unmask the

counter-revolutionaries hiding behind the strike leaders. The catch is that there is no "second line" and that the strike is a genuine outburst of protest. Wajda artfully mixes newsreel footage and fiction, says a lot about the Polish adherence to the Catholic Church and, in moving from 1968 to the present day, helps us to understand recent events in Poland. Krystanda Janda (the film-maker in *Man of Marble*) is more effective than in the previous movie and there are brief appearances by Lech Walesa as both actor and himself. The most important film of the year.

an eclectic score that includes lashings of Wagner and Carl Orff. The film falls apart at the same point as Arthur's kingdom but whenever Nicol Williamson is around there is a feeling of something momentous happening.

The Final Conflict (X) Opens Sept 17.

The last part of the saga of the devil's son started in *Omen* & *Omen II*. Graham Baker directs Sam Neill, Rossano Brazzi & Lisa Harrow.

Outland (AA)

Peter Hyams, writer and director, has grafted an old-fashioned western plot on to a futuristic setting. Io, a volcanic moon of Jupiter, is a sci-fi mining-town. Sean Connery plays the federal district marshal whose job it is to keep law and order on Io. He finds himself battling against the bad guy (Peter Boyle) who is exploiting the workers with amphetamines. It might well be called High Moon since it builds up to a climactic showdown between the marshal and the villain with his hired killers. Good, futuristic

industrial sets by Philip Harrison but the climax is a long time in coming and, though the workers are on speed, the film is not. It's all my eye and Io-ho-ho.

Raiders of the Lost Ark (A)

Put together the director of *Jaws* (Steven Spielberg) and the producer of *Star Wars* (George Lucas) and you have, predictably enough, a box-office smash and a wonderfully effective cliffhanger. The plot concerns an adventurer-archaeologist (Harrison Ford) trying to find the Ark of the Covenant ahead of the villainous Belloq (Paul Freeman) who is in league with Hitler and the Nazis—the period is 1936. What makes the film pleasurable is its sheer energy and the feeling that it is a Saturday-morning-serial omnibus edition (there are a round dozen cliff-hanging moments) put together with great verve. This may not be the highest form of cinema, but it appeals to the 12-year-old in all of us and has two notable villains in Paul Freeman and Ronald Lacey and a spirited heroine in Karen Allen.

CINEMA CONTINUED

S.O.B. (AA)

Satire is so rare these days that one can do nothing but welcome writer-director Blake Edwards's attack on Hollywood values. It is about a failing producer who tries to turn an anodyne flop into a porno-hit by, among other devices, getting his purer-than-pure wife (Julie Andrews) to bare her breasts. The best joke in the film (someone trying to kill himself while no one else notices) is curiously reminiscent of Ayckbourn's *Absurd Person Singular*. At other times the humour is excruciatingly excremental. But the film is splendidly sour, tart and funny and it is niftily acted not only by Miss Andrews but by Robert Preston as a Mexican-moustached quack, Robert Vaughn as a transvestite studio boss and Shelley Winters as a bitch-goddess of an agent.

Time Bandits (A)

The best film to feature a gang of dwarfs since Snow White and her famous seven. In Terry Gilliam's exuberant family movie we have six bungling homunculi blundering through history with the aid of a map of time stolen from the Supreme Being and in the company of a contemporary English schoolboy. It is strange, imaginative, surreal and fanciful. And it has a star cast including Ralph Richardson as a whimsical Supreme Being, David Warner as a gaunt Evil Genius, Ian Holm as a paranoid Napoleon and John Cleese as an excessively polite Robin Hood.

ALSO SHOWING

All Night Long (AA)

Pleasant comedy romance featuring Gene Hackman as a drop-out LA business executive who teams up with Barbra Streisand as a soft-spoken (rather than loud-singing) blonde. Wish fulfilment for menopausal males.

American Pop (AA)

Animated feature directed by Ralph Bakshi chronicles four generations of a family interested in music using sounds from 1912 to the present day.

Cannonball Run (A)

Burt Reynolds, Roger Moore, Farrah Fawcett, Sammy Davis Jr, Dean Martin, Dom DeLuise & Jackie Chan race coast to coast across America. A comedy directed by Hal Needham.

The Caveman (A)

Prehistoric comedy with Ringo Starr & Barbara Bach. Directed by Carl Gottlieb.

Chariots of Fire (A)

Optimistic, celebratory & wholly cheering British film about the obstacles faced by British athletes, Abrahams & Liddell, at the Paris Olympics. Ben Cross & Ian Charleson head a phenomenally strong cast.

Clash of the Titans (A)

Some good Ray Harryhausen special effects in a piece of classical hit-&-myth involving a wet Perseus, a decorative Andromeda & a heavenly Zeus embodied by Lord Olivier. OK to while away a rainy afternoon at the seaside.

Condorman (U)

Michael Crawford plays the writer of a comic strip who lives out the fantasy world he creates. Directed by Charles Janott, with Oliver Reed & Barbara Carrera.

For Your Eyes Only (A)

Yet more inhuman Bondage with our invulnerable hero acting as front-man for a

horde of stunters who cling to airborne helicopters, ski down bobsleigh runs, ascend vertical cliff-faces. Roger Moore makes with the jokes & the ladies.

The Four Seasons (AA)

A romantic comedy about the friendship of three couples. Written, directed & starred in by Alan Alda with Carol Burnett, Len Cariou, Sandy Dennis, Rita Moreno, Jack Weston & Bess Armstrong. Music by Antonio Vivaldi.

The Great Muppet Caper (A)

Kermit, Miss Piggy & the rest of the Muppets on the trail of a gang of jewel thieves. Also starring Diana Rigg & Charles Grodin. Directed by Jim Henderson.

Gregory's Girl (A)

Enchanting Bill Forsyth Scots comedy about the splendours & miseries of calf-love. Catch the great Chic Murray as an ivory-tinkling headmaster.

The Last Metro (A)

Winning Truffaut movie about how Thespians survived in the Occupied Paris of 1942. Long on charm, short on moral acuteness but finely acted by Catherine Deneuve & Gérard Depardieu.

The Legend of the Lone Ranger (A)

William Fraker directs Clint Eastwood, Michael Horse & Jason Robards in a new version of the classic western.

Lion of the Desert (AA)

Epic adventure set in the 1930s depicting conflict between a dedicated Bedouin patriot & an Italian Fascist general. Directed by Moustapha Akkad, starring Anthony Quinn, Oliver Reed, Rod Steiger, John Gielgud & Irene Papas.

The Postman Always Rings Twice (X)

Dark, powerful, erotic re-make of James M. Cain's classic tale of Depression-era adultery & murder. Jack Nicholson as a roving stud & Jessica Lange as a sensual café-owner's wife also strike sparks.

Quartet (X)

James Ivory directs Alan Bates, Maggie Smith, Isabelle Adjani & Anthony Higgins in a version of the novel by Jean Rhys. Complicated relationships in Paris in the 1920s.

Solaris (A)

Welcome re-release of Andre Tarkovsky's 1972 sci-fi movie about a space scientist who is confronted by a materialization of a woman resembling his dead wife. Well worth seeing, particularly if you are an admirer of 2001.

Tess (A)

A tame, smooth, even account of Hardy's novel directed by Roman Polanski. Nastassia Kinski is a beautiful Tess, but the film lacks any hint of passion or urgency.

That Sinking Feeling (A)

Low-budget Bill Forsyth film about a group of Glasgow kids robbing a warehouse. It has the Ealing touch.

This is Elvis (A)

Documentary about the life of Elvis Presley written, produced and directed by Malcolm Leo & Andrew Solt. Original footage & reconstructed scenes.

Certificates

U = passed for general exhibition

A = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer under 14s not to see.

AA = no admittance under 14

X = no admittance under 18

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A last word from Gerald Priestland... the BBC's video cassettes... a new screen Churchill... and a guide to some listening and viewing highlights through the month.



END OF AN ERA: Gerald Priestland is retiring from the BBC after 31 years, most recently as radio's religious affairs correspondent. He signs off with *Priestland's Progress*, a series of 13 weekly programmes on Radio 4 (starting September 20) in which he investigates the diversity of Christian faith. He

tells me: "Christianity is on the move after being stuck in the mud for so many centuries."

Priestland has been on the move himself for much of his time with the BBC which he joined as a graduate trainee from Oxford in 1949. He reported from Paris, New Delhi, Beirut and Washington, where he was the BBC's chief correspondent during the late 60s. The BBC hopes to persuade him to continue to present the Saturday five-minute religious spot, *Yours Faithfully*.

□ BBC Enterprises, the Corporation's sales arm, launch into the home video market this month with 20 titles, mostly on hobbies and leisure activities. Among them are **Delia Smith** on bread-making, **Geoffrey Smith** on gardening, **Peter Allis** on golf, **David Vine** on horse-riding and **Barbara Woodhouse** on training dogs. The cassettes, priced between £37 and £39, are available through normal High Street video outlets. An illustrated catalogue of BBC video titles is available from Sue Kennedy, BBC Video, Villiers House, The Broadway, W5.

□ Paul Gambaccini concludes his well-received series of radio pop profiles this month with **Chuck Berry** on September 3, **The Rolling Stones** on September 10, **Diana Ross** on September 17 and **Billy Joel** on September 24. The 60 minute portraits are broadcast on Radio 1 at 7pm.

PICK OF THE MONTH

Sept 1-12. **Proms (R3)**

The last 12 days of the Proms are broadcast in stereo. See Music, page 17, for details.

Sept 1. **Flame Trees of Thika (ITV)**

The first of this weekly seven-part dramatization of one of my favourite books chronicles Elspeth Huxley's childhood in Kenya before the First World War. Filmed entirely on location, it tells how her parents Robin (David Robb) and Tilly (Hayley Mills), a resourceful memsahib, struggled to make a living from the wild frontier land bought for £4 an acre.

Sept 1. **Morecambe and Wise (ITV)**

The comedy duo return with their usual format—gags, little Ernie's play and guest stars happy to be the butt of Eric's insults. I do not think they have ever really recaptured their best BBC form. This season's guests include Gemma Craven, Joanna Lumley and Robert Hardy.

Sept 2. **Wet Job (ITV)**

James Mitchell's 90-minute play looks at Secret Service agent Callan (Edward Woodward) 10 years after retiring from the Secret Service—and our screens. Also starring Russell Hunter as Lonely.

Sept 3. **Fame (BBC 2)**

How are our people affected by being catapulted, sometimes unwillingly, into the headlines? The last four of a series of six weekly programmes look at the cases of Keith Castle, the Battersea builder who is Britain's longest-surviving heart transplant patient; the actress Barbara Windsor; snooker player Steve Davies; and Claudia Bradley, the 10-year-old from Leeds who became Annie in the West End musical.

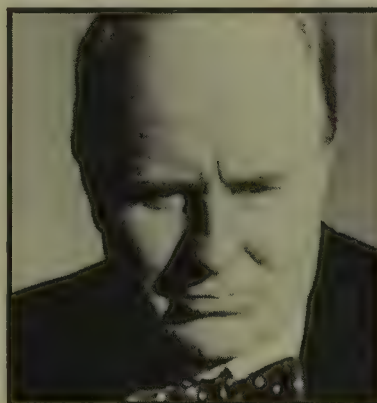
Sept 5. **Technicolour Time Machine (R4)**

This sci-fi drama is cast from Americans living and working in this country.

Sept 6. **Winston Churchill—The Wilderness Years (ITV)**

Based on Martin Gilbert's official biography, this eight-part serial charts the years between 1929 and 1939 when the great man was out of office—and often out of favour with his own party. Robert Hardy may not look quite right physically, but he does convey a credible mixture of ruthlessness, pugnacity and charm. Sympathetically portrayed is Winston's relationship with Clemmie (Sian

Phillips)—or "Dear Pig" and "Clembags" as they affectionately called each other. Others in an impressive line-up of great British actors playing great British politicians Peter Barkworth as Stanley Baldwin, Eric Porter as Neville Chamberlain, Edward Woodward as Sir Samuel Hoare and Nigel Havers as Randolph Churchill. The music is by Carl Davis and the director is Ferdinand Fairfax.



Robert Hardy: a pugnacious Winston.

Sept 6. **Kinvig (ITV)**

Nigel Kneale was the creator of *Quatermass*, the best-remembered science fiction serial of the 50s, and later of the satirical *Year of the Sex Olympics*. His new seven-part comedy series centres on a Walter-Mittyish worker (Tony Haygarth) who, guided by the mysterious Miss Griffen (Prunella Gee), gets caught up in the cosmic forces of the deadly Xux being directed against the Earth.

Sept 6. **Blood Money (BBC 1)**

Michael Denison and Bernard Hepton as the police chiefs on the hunt for the kidnappers of the young son of a United Nations VIP. First of a six-part thriller.

Sept 7. **The Eagle and The Bear (ITV)**

Since the Russians invaded Afghanistan, tension has increased between the United States and the Soviet Union. In the first of a new series, Jonathan Dimbleby reports on possible flashpoints between the two super-powers.

Sept 7. **Never The Twain (ITV)**

Up-market Donald Sinden and not-so-classy Windsor Davies are cut-throat rivals in the antique trade. While they feud and fight, their children indulge in a little romance in Johnnie Mortimer's six-part comedy series.

Sept 8. **Angela Rippon Meets... (BBC 1)**

The first of a weekly series of three programmes in which the former BBC news reader looks at dancers, image-makers and "the people who care". Tonight she performs a little number with choreographer Lionel Blair, meets the veteran Harlem street dancer Honi Coles and chats with dancer and film star Ann Miller.

Sept 8. **Tiny Revolutions (ITV)**

In this drama documentary Freddie Jones plays Jan Kalina, a Czech professor and Communist Party member, who in his spare time collected subversive jokes and performed satirical cabarets in a basement theatre in Bratislava. When eventually arrested, Jan Kalina responded to six months' interrogation with a stream of gags. He was released from a two-year prison sentence on the grounds of ill health. Granada acquired Kalina's unpublished manuscripts, and interviewed him in his West German exile where he died earlier this year.

Sept 8. **On the nature of the word (R3)**

Features Russian poet Mandelstam, a victim of Stalin's purges.

Sept 9. **Diamonds (ITV)**

Another saga of entrepreneurial skull-duggery and steamy family intrigues. *Diamonds* is not forever but for 13 weeks. It is set not as you might expect from the story line in Dallas, but in London's Hatton Garden. The sparkling cast includes John Stride as Frank Coleman, a ruthless businessman following in his father's footsteps, Doris Hare as the family matriarch and Simon Ward as a Dutch diamond buyer who gets entangled with Frank's wife.

Sept 10. **Day of the Trifids (BBC 1)**

Already well known as a novel and as a rather undistinguished film, John Wyndham's science fiction chiller now surfaces again in Douglas Livingstone's six-part dramatization. John Duttine plays the man who leads the human fight-back against the

7-foot-tall Trifid plants.

Sept 12. **Last Night of the Proms (BBC 2)**

This season of Promenade concerts draws to a close with the usual high jinks.

Sept 13. **Showing at the Fringe (R4)**

Documentary from this year's Edinburgh Festival on the Fringe Theatre.

Sept 17. **The Leeds International Piano Competition (BBC 2)**

Richard Baker introduces the first of three daily programmes (also Sept 18, 19) from the competition for pianists aged under 30. On the final night the three finalists play a piano concerto with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Charles Groves.

Sept 17. **Chapter of Adventures (R4)**

A look at five writers with the ability to spin a good yarn. The authors examined in this weekly series are Anthony Hope, A. E. W. Mason, G. A. Henty, Erskine Childers and H. Rider Haggard.

Sept 18. **The Cunning Little Vixen (R3)**

Welsh National Opera's production of Janacek's lively fable of life in the forest among the foxes. Live from Cardiff.

Sept 20. **Priestland's Progress (One of 13 R4)**

Gerald Priestland's pilgrimage into religion and Christianity (repeats on Wednesdays).

Sept 25. **Knife Edge—First Degree (ITV)**

First Degree is the first of three weekly plays based on criminal themes by writers who are new to television. This one focuses on a police informer.

Programme previews carry details of dates and channel only. Transmission times are not available when the *ILN* goes to press.

FREQUENCIES:

Radio 1 MF 1053kHz/285m or 1089 kHz/275m. **Radio 2** MF 693 kHz/433m or 909kHz/330m. **Radio 1/2** VHF 88-91MHz. **Radio 3** VHF 90-92.5 MHz, MF 1215kHz/247m. **Radio 4** LF 200 kHz/1500m and VHF 92-95MHz. Greater London area MF 720kHz/417m. **LBC** MF 1152kHz/261m, VHF 97.3MHz. **Capital** MF 1548kHz/194m, VHF 95.8MHz. **BBC Radio London** MF 1458kHz/206m and VHF 94.9MHz. **World Service** MF 648kHz/463m.

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The bigger stage in Smith Square... Novello enjoys a bicentenary... ENO's music marathon... the classical listings... and (overleaf) introducing a new, popular music column.

WHEN ST JOHN's Smith Square, now in its 12th season as concert hall, reopens on September 10 it will celebrate the installation of its new stage and lighting system. The stage, commissioned from the Projects Office of the Royal College of Art, will double in surface area without any reduction in the audience seating capacity. There will be a forestage, slightly higher than previously, and behind it a number of rising, fixed and pull-out rostra. The new lighting, at ceiling level, will eliminate the problems of glare and shadow which have in the past been particularly troublesome for pianists.

□ Two distinguished foreign orchestras, the **Chicago Symphony Orchestra**, under Georg Solti, and the **Orchestre de Paris**, under Daniel Barenboim, will take part in the last two weeks of the Proms. Both will play symphonies by Beethoven and Bruckner. The Orchestre de Paris's second programme, will include the first UK performance of *Notations*, a work by Pierre Boulez.

□ The music publishing house of Novello is celebrating the 200th anniversary of the birth of its founder Vincent Novello. On September 6 there will be a Radio 4 documentary on his life, and on October 14 an exhibition devoted to him and the company he founded will be opened at the Riverside Terrace of the Royal Festival Hall. On November 2 the RPO will give a concert in celebration of Novello's which will include the world première of a work by Thea Musgrave whose music they publish.



Stage design for St John's, above.
Remembering Vincent Novello, right.



□ A 50-hour music marathon will be raising money for the English National Opera's Jubilee Appeal from September 25 to 27. The non-stop music starts with the ENO production of Mozart's *The Seraglio* and includes a midnight matinée, concert for 10 pianos, children's concert, rock music, Gilbert & Sullivan, morris dancers, street buskers and a production of Lehar's *The Merry Widow*. Details from the London Coliseum (836 3161, CC 240 5258).

CLASSICAL MUSIC GUIDE

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212). 87th Season of **Henry Wood Promenade Concerts**: All in the Albert Hall at 7.30pm unless otherwise stated.

Sept 1. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Groves; Alfred Brendel, piano. Brahms, Piano Concerto No 1; Harvey, Persephone Dream; Janacek, Sinfonietta. (Pre-Prom talk by Jonathan Harvey, Royal College of Music, Prince Consort Rd, SW7, 6.30pm.)

Sept 3. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Pritchard; Clifford Curzon, piano. Mozart, Symphony No 40 K550; Delius, Piano Concerto; Brahms, Symphony No 2.

Sept 4. **Chicago Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Solti. Beethoven, Symphony No 8; Strauss, Don Juan; Barber, Essay for Orchestra No 1; Mussorgsky/Ravel, Pictures from an Exhibition.

Sept 5. **Chicago Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Solti. Bartók, Concerto for Orchestra; Bruckner, Symphony No 4.

Sept 7. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Elder. Buller, The Theatre of Memory; **Black Dyke Mills Band, Grimethorpe Colliery Band**, conductor Howarth; **BBC Singers**, conductor Joly. Arnold, Fantasy for brass band; Delius, The splendour falls on castle walls, On Craig Ddu, To be sung of a summer night on the water; Walton, The First Shoot; Bedford, The golden wine is drunk; Bourgeois, Concerto Grosso for brass band. (Pre-Prom talk by John Buller, RCM, 6.30pm.)

Sept 8. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Portman; Birgit Nilsson, soprano. Schubert, Symphony No 8 (Unfinished); Strauss, Zueignung, Morgen, Cécilie, Barak mein Mann; Sibelius, Symphony No 3; Wagner, Prelude & Liebestod from Tristan & Isolde.

Sept 9. **Orchestre de Paris**, conductor Barenboim. Beethoven, Symphony No 4; Bruckner, Symphony No 3.

Sept 10. **Orchestre de Paris**, conductor Barenboim; Jacques Delecluse, organ. Debussy, La Mer, Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune; Boulez, Notations; Saint-Saëns, Symphony No 3 (Organ Symphony).

Sept 11. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, London Symphony Chorus, conductor Loughran. Linda Esther Gray, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Kenneth Woollam, tenor; Stafford Dean, bass. Haydn, Symphony No 104 (London); Beethoven, Symphony No 9 (Choral).



James Loughran: last night of the Proms.

Sept 12. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, Hallé Choir, conductor Loughran; David Wilson-Johnson, baritone; Iona Brown, violin. Vaughan Williams, The Lark Ascending; Walton, Belshazzar's Feast; Elgar, Pomp & Circumstance March No 1; Arnold, Orchestral dances; Wood, Fantasia on British Sea Songs; Parry/Elgar, Jerusalem. (Ticket holders only.)

ST JOHN'S
Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Sept 10, 7.30pm. Concert to inaugurate the new stage. **English Chamber Choir & English Chamber Choir Players**, conductor Guy Protheroe. J. S. Bach, Suite No 3, Motet: Singet dem Herrn, Magnificat in D.

Sept 22, 7.30pm. **Wren Orchestra**, conductor Snell; Robert Cohen, cello. Shostakovich, Chamber Symphony Op 110a, Cello Concerto No 1; Prokofiev, Andante for Strings, Sinfonietta.

Sept 24, 1.15pm. **Helen Brown**, harpsichord. Balbastre, Prelude, La Monmartel, La Lugeac; Lutyens, Pietà; Handel, Suite in G minor.

Sept 26, 7.30pm. **Cantamus International Girls' Choir**, director Cook; Rohan de

Saram, cello & Kandyan drum. Works by Saram, Osborne, Mayer, Maconchy, Kodály; English & Italian madrigals & music for cello.

Sept 30, 7.30pm. **Regent Sinfonia**, conductor Vass; Alison Kelly, violin. Haydn, Violin Concerto in C Hob VII/1; Vivaldi, Sinfonia in G (Alla Rustica); Bach, Suite No 1.

SOUTHBANK SE1 (928 3191). (FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room.)

Sept 4, 5, 7.45pm; Sept 6, 3pm & 7.30pm. **Gilbert & Sullivan Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Dods; Ian Wallace, Sheila McGrow, Barry Clark, Alan Rice, Paschal Allen sing a fully staged version of Trial by Jury & excerpts from HMS Pinafore, The Pirates of Penzance & The Mikado. EH.

Sept 9, 7.30pm. **Naomi Davidov**, piano. Berg, Sonata Op 1; Beethoven, Sonata in C Op 53 (Waldstein); Ravel, Gaspard de la nuit; Mussorgsky, Pictures from an Exhibition. PR.

Sept 15, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Weller; Henryk Szeryng, violin. Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Dvorak, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). FH.

Sept 17, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Weller; Emanuel Ax, piano. Prokofiev, Symphony No 1 (Classical); Chopin, Piano Concerto No 2; Brahms, Symphony No 4. FH.

Sept 18, 7.45pm. **John Bingham**, piano. Chopin recital. EH.

Sept 19, 7.30pm. **Chicago Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Solti. Mahler, Symphony No 9. FH.

Sept 20, 7.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Kuhn; Boris Belkin, violin. Bruch, Violin Concerto; Beethoven, Symphony No 7. FH.

Sept 20, 7.45pm. **London Concert Orchestra**, conductor Dods. Viennese evening. Music by Suppé, Strauss II, Josef Strauss, Ziehrer. EH.

Sept 22, 8pm. **Ivo Pogorelich**, piano. Chopin, Ballade No 2, Four Preludes from Op 28; Nos 21-24, Three Mazurkas Op 59, Polonaise in F sharp minor Op 44; Beethoven, Sonata in C minor Op 111. FH.

Sept 23, 30, 5.55pm. **Organ Spectrum**: Sept 23, Carlo Curley, organ. Bach, Dupré, Franck, Reger; Sept 30, Nicholas & Stephen Cleobury, organ. Merkel, Byrd, Josephs, Bach, Leighton. FH.

Sept 23, 8pm. **London Mozart Players**, conductor Blech; Marisa Robles, harp; Malcolm Messiter, oboe. Haydn, Symphony No 104 (London); Boieldieu, Harp Concerto; Donizetti/Pasculli, Fantasy for oboe & orchestra (La Favorita); Mozart, Symphony No 38 (Prague). FH.

Sept 24, 8pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Chailly; James Galway, flute. Nielsen, Flute Concerto; Chaminade, Concertino for flute & orchestra; Stravinsky, The Rite of Spring. FH.

Sept 25, 8pm. **English Chamber Orchestra & Wind Ensemble**; Murray Perahia, director & piano. Mozart, Wind Serenade in B flat K361, Piano Concertos in D K175, in C K467. FH.

Sept 27, 3.15pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Chailly; Rafael Orozco, piano. Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 3; Tchaikovsky, Fantasy-Overture from Romeo & Juliet; Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from Prince Igor. FH.

Sept 27, 7.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Fischer; Margaret Marshall, soprano; Felicity Palmer, mezzo-soprano. Mahler, Symphony No 2 (Resurrection). FH.

Sept 27, 3pm. **Bruno-Leonardo Gelber**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in C Op 2 No 3; Chopin, Ballade No 4; Schumann, Fantasy in C Op 17. EH.

Sept 29, 8pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Muti; Jessye Norman, soprano. Berlioz, La mort de Cléopâtre; Franck, Symphony in D minor. FH.

Sept 30, 8pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Pope. Beethoven, Symphonies No 6 (Pastoral); No 5. FH.

WIGMORE HALL
Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141).

Sept 2, 7.30pm. **Galina Vishnevskaya**, soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Mussorgsky, Glinka, Songs.

Sept 3, 7.30pm. **Musicians of the Royal Exchange**. Milhaud, La création du

MUSIC
CONTINUED

monde for piano quintet; Borodin, Piano Trio in D; Enesco, Violin Sonata No 3 (In the Rumanian folk style); Dvorak, Piano Quintet in A Op 81.

Sept 6, 7.30pm. **Janos Solymos**, piano. Bartók, 15 Hungarian Peasant Songs; Beethoven, Sonata in F minor (Appassionata); Rachmaninov, Etudes-Tableaux Op 39.

Sept 7, 7.30pm. **Mark Lupin**, violin; **Paul Hamburger**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in D Op 12 No 1; Grieg, Sonata No 3; Brahms, Sonata in D minor Op 108; Kabalevsky, Rondo Op 69; Wieniawski, Polonaise brillante in D Op 4.

Sept 10, 7.30pm. **Tallis Scholars**, director Phillips. Music for the Saturday night vigil of the Russian Orthodox Church.

Sept 13, 7.30pm. **Elizabeth Connell**, soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Rossini, La Regata Veneziana; Wagner, Wesendonk Lieder; Wolf, Five Lieder; Duparc, Four Songs; Falla, Seven Spanish Popular Songs.

Sept 16, 7.30pm. **Tallis Scholars**, director Phillips. Music for the Sunday morning liturgy of the Russian Orthodox Church.

Sept 17, 7.30pm. **Extempore String Ensemble**. Elizabethan & Jacobean music

for English Consort with improvisation in authentic style.

Sept 19, 7.30pm. **Lindsay String Quartet**. Mendelssohn, Quartet in E flat Op 12; Ravel, Quartet in F; Beethoven, Quartet in E minor Op 59 No 2 (Rasumovsky).

Sept 20, 7.30pm. **Norma Burrowes**, soprano; **David Harper**, piano. Programme includes Debussy, Ariettes oubliées.

Sept 24, 7.30pm. **James Bowman**, counter-tenor; **Christopher Hirons**, violin; **John Turner**, recorder; **Oliver Brookes**, cello; **Keith Elcombe**, harpsichord. Music by Purcell, Ridout, Handel, Hewitt-Jones, Crosse, Fricker, Handel, Arias from Admeto, etc.

Sept 26, 7.30pm. **Gabrieli String Quartet**. Mozart, Quartet No 14 K387; Panufnik, Quartet; Beethoven, Quartet in A minor Op 132.

Sept 27, 7.30pm. **Ian Partridge**, tenor; **Jakob Lindberg**, lute. English lute songs by Dowland, Campion, Rosseter, Morley.

Sept 30, 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**. A song palindrome III: Famous song settings &, avoiding side-by-side comparisons, a second hearing of these same poems in unfamiliar settings. Schubert, Brahms, Fauré, Strauss, Songs.

... AND DEREK JEWELL



Sylvia Williams: *One Mo' Time*.

THE ARRIVAL at the Cambridge Theatre of *One Mo' Time*, the celebration of black jazz and vaudeville music of the 20s, has been one of the summer's happier musical occasions. With bitter irony, it happened in the week that the grim shadow of urban disorder wrecked the plan to present the Capital Jazz Festival on Clapham Common.

One Mo' Time is a very good musical indeed, highly original in the way its inspirer and leading man, Vernel Bagneris, counterpoints the songs with a funny yet pungent plot which suggests the wretched life-style forced upon black performers in New Orleans and other American cities 50 years ago. But it is interesting in other ways.

It joins the battery of highly acclaimed shows in London, including *My Fair Lady* and *Oklahoma!*, which have so successfully been satisfying the indisputably substantial demand for melodic pop of the Rodgers, Kern and Porter vintage. Broadway is no different. Virtually every smash hit there—*Sugar Babies*, *42nd Street*, and so on—has its roots in the music of the 20s to 50s.

But do not leap to wild conclusions, for musical theatre is no certain guide to mass popular taste. Rock and disco still reign, along with frowns ever more deeply etched on the faces of record company executives as they try to work out in a tougher market

precisely what the young will buy. But there are signs beyond the theatre, more potent in America than in Britain as yet, that the strongest challenge for a decade is being mounted to rock's automatic supremacy. Radio stations in major US cities are, for instance, playing more big-band and Sinatra-style music than they have in years.

Meantime, albums and events. The show album of *One Mo' Time* (Warner Bros) is filled with goodtime jazz, blues and ribald vaudeville songs—"C. C. Rider", "After You've Gone" and so on—lustily sung by the original New York and London cast with a bouncy New Orleans band backing them. Also from the theatre, Andrew Lloyd Webber's distinguished score from *Cats* (Polydor, double album) reveals again how his highly personal writing encompasses so many musical styles of our century, from melodic ballads through swing, music-hall, disco and Latin.

There is another straw in the wind of taste in the shape of Joe Jackson. Once a New Wave rocker, he has fallen in love with small-band jump music of the 40s, the sort that Louis Jordan used to play. Jackson's album, "Jumpin' Jive" (A and M) affectionately evokes the jitterbug age as he swings through pieces like "Tuxedo Junction", "Knock Me A Kiss" and the title song.

Events

Sept 8-13, 7.30pm. **The Crusaders** with **B.B. King**. Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

Sept 18, 8pm. **Preservation Hall Jazz Band**. Festival Hall (928 3191).

Sept 18, 11pm. **Hank Wangford Band**. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311).

Sept 28, 7.45pm. **Grace Kennedy**. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

Sept 28-Oct 3. **Johnny Mathis**. Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (580 9562).

Sept 12, 13, **Fairfield Folk Festival**, including concert of American folk & country music from Mike & Peggy Seeger & Doc Watson on Sept 13. Fairfield Halls, Croydon, Surrey (688 9291, cc 681 0578).

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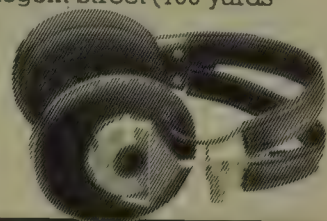
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OPERA MARGARET DAVIES

Colin Davis takes on Samson... Orfeo reaches London... and who's on tour.

THE 1981/82 SEASON at the Royal Opera House opens on September 28 with a new production of *Samson et Dalila* by Camille Saint-Saëns, an opera not heard at Covent Garden since 1928. It will be conducted by Colin Davis, and the title roles will be sung by Jon Vickers, who celebrates the 25th anniversary of his Covent Garden début this season, and Shirley Verrett.

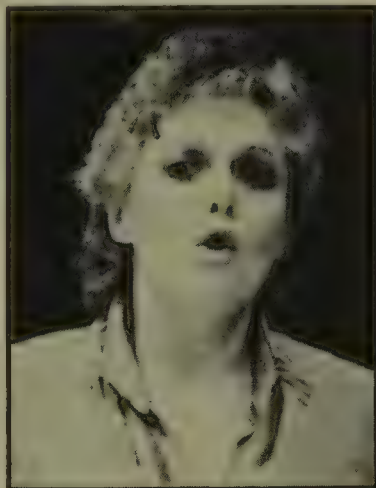
□ English National Opera opened their season last month at the London Coliseum with a new production of *Tristan and Isolde*, conducted by Reginald Goodall and produced by Glen Byam Shaw and John Blatchley, the team responsible for the company's memorable *Ring*. Performances continue this month. It is joined on September 2 by Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, and on September 24 by a new production of *Otello*, with Charles Craig singing the title role in London for the first time.

A further series of four English National Opera Guides devoted to *La Traviata*, *Tristan and Isolde*, *Otello* and *Der Rosenkavalier* has been published at £2 each (+ 40p packing), available now from ENO.

□ Book now for Glyndebourne Touring Opera's visits to Oxford, Nottingham, Southampton and Manchester, which start on October 6. On offer are Peter Hall's enchanting new production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a revival of his *Nozze di Figaro* (the first of his immensely successful Mozart series) and a revival of Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's fine *Falstaff*, with Renato Capecchi and Thomas Hemsley sharing the title role.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2
(836 3161 cc 240 5258).



Della Jones: in *Orfeo* at the Coliseum.

Orfeo, conductor Eliot Gardiner, production, new to London, by David Freeman, with Anthony Rolfe Johnson as Orfeo and Patricia O'Neill as Euridice. Sept 2, 4, 10, 12. *The Seraglio*, conductor Barlow, with Suzanne Murphy as Constanza, Dennis O'Neill/Henry Howell as Belmonte. Sept 3, 8, 11, 17, 19, 22, 25, 29.

Tristan and Isolde, conductor Goodall, new production by Glen Byam Shaw & John Blatchley, designed by Hayden Griffin, with Alberto Remedios as Tristan, Linda Esther Gray as Isolde. Sept 5, 9.

The Merry Widow, conductor Vivienne, with Penelope Mackay as Hanna Glawari, Geoffrey Pogson as Count Danilo. Sept 16, 18, 23, 26.

Otello, conductor Elder, new production by Jonathan Miller, with Charles Craig as Otello, Rosalind Plowright as Desdemona, Neil Howlett as Iago. Sept 24, 30.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066 cc 836 6903).

Samson et Dalila, conductor C. Davis, new production by Elijah Moshinsky, designed by Sidney Nolan. Sept 28.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Dominion, Tottenham Ct Rd, W1 (580 9562).

The Beggar's Opera, conductor Woolfenden, new production by David William, designed by Michael Annals. Sept 16-26.

Out of town

OPERA NORTH

Carmen, *Macbeth*, *Hansel and Gretel*.

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351 cc). Sept 11-26.

SCOTTISH OPERA

The Beggar's Opera, *The Pearl Fishers*.

Theatre Royal, Newcastle (0632 20997). Sept 8-12.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

The Barber of Seville, *Fidelio*, *Madam Butterfly*, *The Cunning Little Vixen*.

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 32446 cc 0222 396130). Sept 4-19.

Empire Theatre, Liverpool (051 709 1555 cc 051 709 8070). Sept 22-26.

Review

Covent Garden's new *Don Giovanni*, part of the Mozart festival which concluded the last season and which will return in December, was less sensitively attuned to the work than the now elderly productions of *Le nozze di Figaro* and *Così fan tutte* which were the other items on the programme. Colin Davis conducted a briskly-paced performance of considerable musical distinction, but the triple-tiered arches which made up William Dudley's bulky set related specifically to none of the scenes and their constant shifting and rearranging was without purpose in Peter Wood's overcharged production. His conception of the characters included a tempestuous Elvira, superbly sung by Kiri Te Kanawa, but too ready to succumb again to her seducer, as also was Merja Wirkkala's sweet- but small-voiced Zerlina, while Ruggero Raimondi's vocally assured but charmless Giovanni treated them both with contemptuous cruelty. The soundly sung Leporello of Richard Van Allan and Masetto of John Tomlinson both suffered from a lack of direction; Stuart Burrows was the admirable Ottavio but Gundula Janowitz was less than secure as the fainting Anna.

BALLET URSULA ROBERTSHAW

Bargains at Sadler's Wells... Cohan opens in Edinburgh... Madgwick signs on.

SADLER'S WELLS is offering dance lovers some genuine bargains in their new subscription scheme. Choose one performance from the programmes of each of the companies visiting the theatre between September 8 and the end of March next year—the companies being Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet with two sessions, Sydney Dance Company, Kabuki, Northern Ballet Theatre, London Contemporary Dance Theatre and Ballet Rambert—and they will give substantial reductions. For example, seven seats at £40 saves £18, or at the bottom of the range seven for £10 saves £6. Booking for this scheme is open only until September 18, so hurry; they have a special subscription "hot line" which is 278 1855.

□ One of the most promising dance events this month, with many companies still in rehearsal, is Robert Cohan's new full-length work for London Contemporary Dance Theatre, *Dances of Love and Death*. It is premièred at the Edinburgh Festival and can be seen in London at Sadler's Wells in November. Characters in the ballet include Persephone in Hades, Tristan and Iseult, Cathy and Heathcliff, the Sleeping Beauty and Marilyn Monroe. It sounds an interesting mixture.

□ Sandra Madgwick is the Royal Ballet School's most notable graduate of 1981. This 18-year-old brown-eyed squib of a girl was the only student this year to be awarded a contract—with the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet. She demonstrated her promise recently dancing Lise in Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardée*, part of the School's 50th anniversary celebrations at Sadler's Wells.

In stature, build and virtuosity, Sandra Madgwick resembles Brenda Last, which is no mean compliment. She has brilliant technique, huge jumps and explosive energy, though her characterization as Lise needs work; it lacks tenderness and is as yet too soubrettish.

Two other young dancers of note, both 17 and with another year to go at the School, are Bruce Sansom who danced Colas with a most elegant line and a good presence and Simon Rice who showed a budding sense of characterization as the zany Alain.

BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO

Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

Directed by Amalia Hernandez, with Marimba, Jarocho & Huasteca bands, dancers in authentic costumes. Until Sept 5.

ESPAÑA

Queen Elizabeth Hall, (928 3191).

A programme of flamenco, regional & classical music, song and dance. Sept 25, 7.45pm.

MARIO MAYA

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (837 1672; cc 278 1871 or 837 7505).

Gypsy flamenco theatre on their first visit to Sadler's Wells. Aug 25-Sept 5.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Sadler's Wells Theatre (see above).

Les Sylphides/Night Moves, David Bintley's new work to Britten & Bridge music/Le Corsaire pas de deux/Sinfonietta; *La Fille Mal Gardée*; *The Taming of the Shrew*; *Les Rendezvous* (revival)/Checkmate/Spring Waters pas de deux (new to the repertoire)/Façade. Sept 8-17.

SYDNEY DANCE COMPANY

Sadler's Wells Theatre (see above).

Three programmes include two full-length works, *Daphnis & Chloë* and *Poppy*, impressions of the life of Jean Cocteau; both these & several of the other 10 ballets shown are choreographed by Graeme Murphy. Sept 29-Oct 10.

Out of town

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

Moray House Gymnasium, Holyrood Rd, Edinburgh.

Dances of Love and Death, a new full-length work by Robert Cohan with music by Carl Davis & Conlon Nancarrow, designs by Norberto Chiesa. Aug 31-Sept 5.



Patrick Harding-Irmer and Siobhan Davies: rehearsing *Dances of Love and Death*.

MAEDEE DUPRES

St Columba's Hall, Upper Gray St, Edinburgh.

New solo programme, *Time Within Time*; choreographers include Mary Fulkerson, Fergus Early, Maedee Dupres. Sept 1-5.

SCOTTISH BALLET

Ursprung/Five Ruckert Songs/pas de deux by Carter/Symphony in D; *The Water's Edge*/Steps to...?/Belong/All the Sun Long. MacRobert Centre, Stirling. Sept 22-26.

Theatre Royal Glasgow. Sept 29-Oct 3.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET in the Big Top, Higher Home Park, Plymouth. Advance booking Plymouth Show Booking Office, Civic Centre, Royal Parade, Plymouth (0752 624847, cc).

La Fille Mal Gardée; *Les Sylphides*/Checkmate/Façade; *The Taming of the Shrew*; *Sinfonietta*/The Two Pigeons; *Papillon*. Sept 21-Oct 10.

LONDON MISCELLANY

Events you might otherwise miss... information of special use to visitors... and (overleaf) news of what's on for children... and what's in the second half of Briefing.

Until Sept 19, Mon-Sat, 6-7.30pm. **Summer entertainments** including flame throwers, morris men & other street artists. National Theatre Terraces, SE1.

Aug 28-Sept 5, **European Festival of Model Railways**. Working model railway layouts & accessories on show. Central Hall, Storey's Gate, SW1. Aug 28 noon-8pm, then daily 10am-7pm, Sept 4 until 8pm, Sept 5 until 5pm, closed Sept 30. £1.50, children £1.

Sept 1-30. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5pm. **War & Philately**. Award-winning display of envelopes & stamps showing how postal services have been affected by war, including items from the Crimean War, the American Civil War, the Siege of Paris & both World Wars. Stanley Gibbons, Romano House Gallery, 399 Strand, WC2.

Sept 3, 3pm. **Cromwell's Day Service**. Annual tribute to the Puritan statesman. Statue of Oliver Cromwell, Parliament Sq.

Sept 8, 9, 6pm. **A Hoard of Unemployed Ventriloquists**. Selection from the *Irish Times* humorous column, compiled & performed by James Hayes. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Sept 8, 9. **City Flower Show**. Guildhall, King St. Tues, noon-6pm, Wed 9am-5pm. 30p.

Sept 10, 7.15pm. **Matchlight: British Poetry Today**—guest poet Kathleen Raine. The Orangery, Holland Park, off Kensington High St, W8. £1.50, students & OAPs £1. Booking: Matchlight, 23 Hereford House, 370 Fulham Rd, SW10 (352 7409).

Sept 10, 17, 7.30pm. **Open-air Military Band Concerts**. Fireworks included in final concert on Sept 17. Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Twickenham. 50p.

Sept 13, 9am. **Taxi Driver of the Year competition**. Crystal Palace Park, SE19.

Sept 17, 5.45pm. **Tom Stoppard** talks & answers questions on his version of *On the Razzle* & other works for theatre. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Sept 18. **Christ's Hospital Boys' March**. Bluecoat boys, in traditional 16th-century costume, attend a service at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct, EC1, at 10.30am, then walk to Mansion House, EC2, to receive gifts of newly-minted coins.

1 Sept 19, 11am-9pm. **Abbey National Thamesday 81**. Aerial displays, barge races, sculling, powered inflatable craft, riverside stalls &



displays are among the many events taking place on the Thames & the South Bank. Between Waterloo & Westminster Bridges.

Sept 19, 20, 11am-7pm. **Psychics' & Mystics' Fair**. Yoga, astrology, clairvoyance, tarot, health & healing exhibition. Alexandra Palace, N22. £1, children & OAPs 50p.

Sept 20, 11am. **Battle of Britain Service**, Westminster Abbey, SW1.

Sept 20, noon. **London Horseman's Sunday**. London's riders & their mounts attend a service at the Church of St John & St Michael, Hyde Park Crescent, W2.

2 Sept 20-30, **Thames Television London to Paris Balloon Race**. New biennial event for hot-air & gas balloons. Competitors start from

Thames Television House, Euston Rd, NW1, go by vintage cars to Brand's Hatch, Fawkham, Kent, then by balloon to France & vintage cars to complete the journey to the Eiffel Tower. Exact date depends on meteorological forecasts.

Sept 21, 6pm. **Poetry by & about Mary Queen of Scots**, a selection from Antonia Fraser's new anthology read by National Theatre actors & directed by David Penn. Cottesloe (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Sept 22-24, **Great Autumn Flower Show**. After Chelsea, the Royal Horticultural Society's largest London show. RHS Hall, Vincent Sq, SW1. Tues, 11am-8pm, £1.25; Weds 10am-8pm, £1; Thurs 10am-5pm, 75p.

Sept 23, 1pm. **Autumn Equinox Ceremony**.

Druids gather to celebrate the beginning of the harvest. Primrose Hill, NW3.

3 Sept 23, **Gala Day** in aid of Westminster Cathedral & Choir School starts with a "silent auction" between 11.30am & 6.30pm where written bids are displayed & added to until the close of the sale. Admission free to this sale, but the evening auction & buffet dinner, with entertainment by Bob Hope & Dickie Henderson, costs between £20 & £40 (tickets from 42 Francis St, SW1). Guildhall. Sept 23, 5.45pm. **Adrian Mitchell** talks about his adaptations of *Marat/Sade* & *The Mayor of Zalamea*, & reads poems from his new book. Olivier (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Sept 26, 27, **Games Day 81**. Festival of indoor games including board, war, fantasy



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4 Sept 27, 10am-5pm. **Sunday Times National Fun Run** in aid of Stoke Mandeville Hospital Restoration Fund. Classes for all age groups, families & individuals, culminating in a mass jog open to all. Hyde Park, W1. Last entries by Sept 4, send s.a.e. to PO Box 2014, SE1.

Sept 28, 11.30am. **Procession** preceding the Admission of Sheriffs of the City of London, which includes the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs-elect & Liverymen. Mansion House to Guildhall, EC2.

Sept 29-Oct 2, **British Philatelic Exhibition**. Displays from dealers, postal administrations & individual collectors. Wembley Conference Centre, Middx. Sept 29 £1.50, then £1. Tues 11am-8pm, Weds, Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri until 6pm.

RAIL STATIONS

East Anglia & Essex: **Liverpool St** or **Fenchurch St** (283 7171).

Eastern England, NE England & Scotland via the east coast: **Kings Cross** (278 2477).

East Midlands, NW England, West

Midlands, Scotland via the west coast & N Wales: **Euston, Broad St, Marylebone** or **St Pancras** (387 7070).

South Midlands, West of England & South Wales: **Paddington** (262 6767).

Southern England: **Blackfriars, Cannon St, Charing Cross, Holborn Viaduct, London Bridge, Waterloo** or **Victoria** (928 5100).

FOR VISITORS

Teletourist (246 8041). For ideas on what to do in London.

London weather, 246 8091.

British Tourist Authority. There is an excellent bookshop and advice & information are most generously tendered. 64 St James's St, SW1 (499 9325).

London Tourist Board. For written or telephone inquiries only, 26 Grosvenor Gardens, SW1 (730 0791). Personal callers welcome at Victoria Station, near platform 15; Harrods, Knightsbridge; Selfridges, Oxford St; Heathrow Central Station, Heathrow Airport.

City of London Information Centre, St Paul's Churchyard, EC4 (606 3030).

London Transport Inquiry Office, 222 1234.

Post offices with long opening hours:

Trafalgar Sq, 24 William IV St, WC2, 8am-8pm.

King Edward Building, King Edward St, EC1. 8am-7pm.

Continuing Events

Changing Guard: Whitehall, SW1, Mon-Sat 11am, Sun 10am; Buckingham Palace, SW1. Daily, 11.30am.

London bus tours:

London Transport **Round London Sightseeing** two-hour bus tour departs hourly from Grosvenor Gdns, SW1, Piccadilly Circus or Marble Arch, W1.

Cityrama. Bus tour with taped commentary in several languages departs Grosvenor Gdns, SW1, 9.30am, 12.30pm, 3.30pm. £2.40, children £1.50.

Back-street Tour. 50-minute London Transport bus tour to Hampstead through lesser-known areas of London departs Baker St Station, NW1. Mar-Oct 10am, 11.30am, 2pm, 3.30pm. £1.95 (children under 14 £1).

Vintage Bus Service Route 100. Ordinary bus route but travelled in a vehicle of the 20s or 30s. Tavistock St, WC2 (beside the London Transport Museum) to Charing Cross, Piccadilly Circus & Oxford Circus, 11am, noon, 1, 3, 4, 5, 6pm. Return fare 70p (children under 14 40p).

River Trips:

Information from 730 4812.

Canal Trips:

Information from 730 0791.

Walking tours:

Discovering London. Guided tours & visits £1, students & OAPs 75p. 0277 213704.

Hidden London. 600 8244. Tues-Sat outside Holborn Station 10.30. 3hr £5.

London Walks. 882 2763. 11am, 2pm, 7pm. £1.20.

Other tours:

National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. Tour of backstage area. Advance booking from Lyttelton Information Desk, 633 0880. £1.50.

Wembley Stadium, Middx. Tour of players' changing rooms, Royal Box, walk up the Players' Tunnel into the arena accompanied by the roar of spectators. Book in advance 902 8833. £1.50 (children under 15, 90p).

Looking ahead

Booking is open for **Spanish Riding School of Vienna** Oct 15-17, 20-22, 8pm. Wembley Arena, Middx. Tickets 902 1234. ➡➡➡

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LONDON MISCELLANY CONTINUED

MARKETS

Berwick St & Rupert St, Soho W1. Lively fruit & veg market. Mon-Sat 9am-6pm.

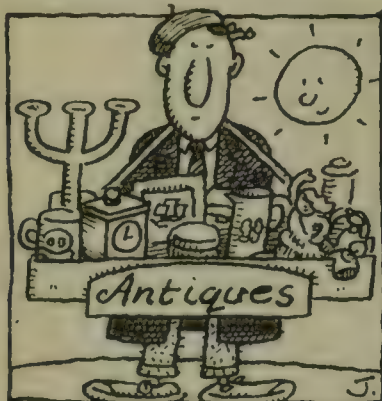
Camden Passage, N1. Stalls & small shops offering wide assortment of antiques. Tues, Wed & Sat 8am-4pm, Thurs & Fri 9am-5pm.

Jubilee Market, Covent Garden, WC2. Antiques on Mondays, crafts on Saturdays & Sundays, general market with fish, cheese, flowers & fruit Tuesdays to Fridays.

Leather Lane, EC1. Fruit, flowers, clothes, soft goods, hot water bottles of every size & texture, bicycle spare parts, soles & heels for do-it-yourself shoe repairs sold with great vigour to teeming lunch-time crowds. Mon-Fri 11am-3pm.

New Caledonian, Tower Bridge Rd, SE1. A variety of antiques. Fridays only, go as soon after 5am as you can manage.

Petticoat Lane, Middlesex St, E1. London's most famous street market, crowded & noisy with something for everyone. 9am-1pm. Sunday only.



Portobello Rd, W11. Busiest on Saturday mornings when tourists crowd the antique shops and stalls at the south end of the street. Cheap and cheerful fruit & veg. Some chic delicatessens, bookshops & household shops on the periphery. Mon-Sat 8am-5pm. Thurs only until lunch-time.

FOR CHILDREN

Until early Sept, **Dreams & fantasy**, a gallery trail. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm; until Sept 6, **Love & marriage**, junior & senior versions of gallery trail, National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Until mid Oct, **Circus Hassani**. Free performances several times daily by this circus without animals. Chessington Zoo, Surrey (78 27227).

Sept 1-3, 2.30pm. **Animal masks & puppets**, demonstration & workshop with Hugo Colville. Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415).



CAT by Keith Homer, on show in the Cadbury National Exhibition of Children's Art at the Mall Gallery, The Mall, SW1, from September 11 to October 9, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Keith Homer was highly commended in the under-sevens category.

Sept 1-5, **Brian Cant's Fun Book 1981**. Revue with jokes, songs, games, audience participation from *Playaway's* Brian Cant & Jonathan Cohen. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311), 11am & 2.30pm, Sat 11am.

Sept 19, 26, 10.30am. **Sparks**. Melodrama exploring the magic & mystery of electricity, for 7-11-year-olds. Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 9521).

Sept 27, 3.15pm. **Gerard & Jean**. Concert for children & parents, including Penteclesmas & the Pea, The Frog Prince & Pet's Corner. Music by Shostakovich, Satie, Adorjan, Grovlez & Saint-Saëns. Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

The Royal Mews, horses & carriages on view Wednesday & Thursday 2-4pm. Buckingham Palace (930 4832). Adults 25p, children 10p.

Pollock's Toy Museum, Victorian toy theatres, peep shows & teddy bears are among the treasures crammed into an old terraced house. 1 Scala St, W1 (636 3452). 30p, children 15p.

Geffrye Museum. Calm, elegant almshouses in which period rooms show the change in domestic interiors from 1600 to the present. Kingsland Rd, E2 (739 8368). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Coram's Fields, daily 9am-dusk. Adults only if accompanied by a child. Colombo the sheep, tortoises, goats, ducks, hens & geese wander around the swings. Guildford St, WC1 (837 6138).

Regents Park Zoo. A season ticket admits the holder plus one adult or two children, price £18. (Phone inquiries 722 3333.) Daily 9am-6pm, Sun until 7pm. £3.50, children 5-16 £1.50 (under 5s are free), OAPs £1.

Children's Book Centre, Mon-Sat 9.30am-6pm. Excellent range of books including some in foreign languages, also toys & fancy dress. 229 Kensington High St, W8 (937 6314).

For Ed Stewart's suggestions for events around town phone 246 8007.

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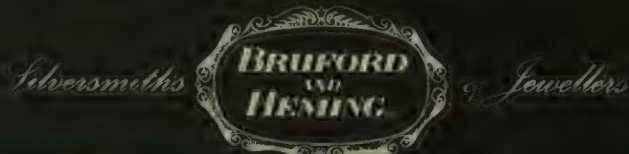


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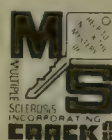
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BRIEFING CONTINUES...

SPORT p83. ART p84. MUSEUMS p87.

SALEROOMS p89. LECTURES p90.

SELECTIVE SHOPPER p91. RESTAURANTS p92.

WINE p94. OUT OF TOWN p96.

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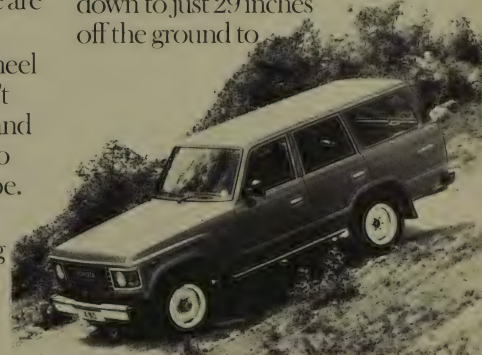
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When our defence is unsure



Soviet tanks on display.

When the Foreign Ministers of the 15 Nato countries met in Rome earlier this year they recorded their concern at the continuing threats to security and international stability. One of the particular threats they identified was the increase in the military power of the Warsaw Pact nations, which had created "a disturbingly adverse trend" in the military balance between East and West. In the communiqué published after the meetings it was declared that the Allies had agreed that assuring an overall military balance between Nato and the Warsaw Pact was "fundamental to the security of the Alliance, the enforcement of restraint and the maintenance of peace". Though the Allies were apparently not officially consulted it was no doubt with this agreement in mind that the United States announced, on August 8, that it would proceed with the full production of the so-called neutron bomb.

The name is misleading, and has perhaps contributed in some measure to the public disquiet that has followed the American announcement. In fact the neutron bomb is not a bomb but a warhead designed to be fired by guns or short-range rockets, and the primary use for this weapon would be against tanks, of which the Russians have a very large number in Europe. The neutron bomb is more realistically described as an enhanced radiation weapon, or even as a reduced blast weapon. Its specific characteristic is that it can produce a great amount of direct radiation with less blast, heat and fallout than other nuclear weapons. In a "normal" atomic bomb, if one may use such a term, about half its destructive energy comes in the form of blast or shock waves, whereas in the neutron weapon less than 20 per cent comes in this form, the larger part comprising an intense pulse of lethal radiation. Exploding in the air over a column of enemy tanks it would direct lethal radiation over

a comparatively small area, with a blast that would be felt only directly below it. It would kill the tank crews without destroying cities or large areas of countryside.

In any conflict in such a highly populated area as Europe the enhanced radiation weapon has considerable advantages over other nuclear weapons, but not over non-nuclear weapons. The need for the neutron weapon is limited, and is caused by the sheer size of Russian conventional forces, particularly tanks in which the Soviet Union has a three-to-one superiority over Nato. The West is at present highly vulnerable to an attack in Europe by conventional forces, to which its only effective defence is likely to be a swift resort to the use of nuclear weapons. The neutron weapon would provide another layer of response which might be effective in slowing or halting a conventional attack in Europe, but it has the disadvantage of being nuclear and therefore carrying with it the risk of nuclear response from the other side.

To avert escalation the best defence against an attack with conventional force can only be the deployment of other non-nuclear weapons, and the most effective weapon against a tank is another tank. New non-nuclear anti-tank weapons are being developed, but they are not ready yet. Hence the need for neutron warheads, though no decision to deploy them in Europe has been taken. All President Reagan has agreed to do is to manufacture them for stockpiling within the United States.

It is odd that the President's announcement should have caused such public concern. The neutron warhead is far less destructive than the other nuclear weapons already deployed in Europe, would certainly kill far fewer civilians,

and its characteristic of being more destructive of life than of property, which appears to have been a major anxiety, is one, as has been pointed out on these pages before, that it shares with the rifle bullet and the bow and arrow. And its parts have already been under manufacture in the US for some years, though they have not previously been put together. Nonetheless European sensitivity to the possible introduction of new nuclear weapons is a matter of significance, for it suggests that there is a political as well as an economic price to be paid, at least in some countries, for the maintenance of an effective defence.

Yet there remains no better or more effective defence than the nuclear deterrent. A world which has suffered two massively destructive wars in less than three decades can hardly afford to abandon a system that has since kept the peace for a rather longer period, mad though it may seem to have to depend on the threat of total annihilation and to run the risks attendant on the existence of such weapons. It must be hoped that in time this situation will be ended by mutual agreement, but until it is the West must look to its defences. It cannot ignore the fact that the Soviet Union, which already has a vast superiority of conventional forces in Europe, is continuing to add to its arsenal of nuclear weapons. Within the last 18 months the number of its SS-20 missiles, each carrying a destructive power more than 20,000 times that of the neutron warhead, has been more than doubled, and it is estimated that 250 are now deployed. Such developments, together with the Soviet action in Afghanistan and the threat to Poland, have forced the United States to take the lead in modernizing Nato's weaponry, including the planned introduction of cruise and Pershing missiles as well as the production of the neutron warhead. It has the right to demand that the rest of Nato should play its part.

Tuesday, July 14

Sterling's rate against the dollar fell 2 cents to \$1.8625, the lowest level for over three years.

Britain's 400,000 nurses accepted the Government's 6 per cent pay offer.

The Party Congress in Poland voted to expel former President Edward Giersek from the party and to elect the country's leaders and its new 200-member Central Committee by secret ballot. Stanislaw Kania was re-elected First Secretary of the Polish Communist Party.

The Israeli Air Force shot down a Syrian MiG jet fighter over southern Lebanon during a raid on Palestinian positions round the towns of Demour, Naameh and Saadiyat.

The Central Intelligence Agency announced the resignation of Max Hugel, deputy director of operations, following allegations in the *Washington Post* that he had been involved in illegal share operations.

The French yachtsman Marc Pajot completed the 2,925 mile crossing from New York to the Lizard in 9 days 10 hours and 6 minutes, beating Eric Tabarly's record by more than 19 hours.

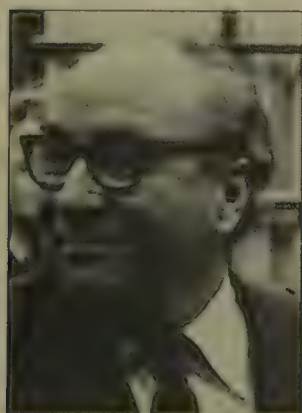
Wednesday, July 15

About 100 police sealed off part of Brixton and raided premises in a search for petrol bombs, illegal drinking premises and drugs in the early hours of the morning. In 24 hours of violent protests that followed cars were set on fire and barricades were erected; 10 policemen were hurt, and six arrests were made.

The Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Humphrey Atkins, announced that the International Committee of the Red Cross would visit the Maze Prison, Belfast, to examine conditions there. On July 18 an IRA spokesman for the hunger-strikers declared the Red Cross's efforts had failed and requested that the team should be withdrawn. The IRC left Northern Ireland on July 23 saying they saw no hope of a settlement of the hunger strikes.

Thursday, July 16

The Labour candidate, Douglas Hoyle, polled 14,280 votes, retaining the seat in the Warrington by-election, with a majority reduced from 10,274 to



1,759. Roy Jenkins, standing for the Social Democratic Party, came second with 12,521 votes. All the other candidates, including the Conservative, lost their deposits.

Michael Heseltine, Secretary of State for the Environment, was appointed to head a delegation to go to Merseyside for two weeks for discussions with local authorities, representatives of industry, the trade unions and community leaders to try to identify the causes of and seek solutions to the recent civil disorders.

The railways' national staff tribunal recommended a 10.5 per cent pay increase, which would add a further £50 million to British Rail's bill. BR was ex-

pecting losses of £100 million this year.

More than 3,000 people were reported killed in Sichuan province of China, which suffered the worst floods for more than 75 years as the Yangtze overflowed after heavy rains there and in the central and southern provinces.

Friday, July 17

Israeli aircraft bombed Beirut, killing over 100 people. The United States announced it would send no more F-16 bombers to Israel for the time being.

At least 111 people died and more than 200 were injured when two crowded balconies collapsed on to a dance floor at the Hyatt Regency hotel in Kansas City, Missouri. The 40-storey hotel had been opened in 1980.

Saturday, July 18

Some 200 people, including 120 police, were injured in Dublin when supporters of the Maze Prison hunger-strikers tried to break police cordons and rush the British Embassy.

Sunday, July 19

Bill Rogers of Texas won the British Open Golf Championship at Royal St George's, Sandwich, by four strokes.

Monday, July 20

Leaders of the seven main industrial powers—Canada, West Germany, the United States, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan—at a two-day economic summit meeting in Ottawa, called for restraint by all parties in the Middle East. They also announced a new initiative to end the threat to free trade in the face of growing protectionism, and expressed concern at the effects on other countries of the current high American interest rates.

Tuesday, July 21

The total registered jobless in the United Kingdom rose to 2,852,000.

The Spanish royal family refused an invitation to the royal wedding following the announcement that Prince Charles and his bride were to board the royal yacht *Britannia* from Gibraltar at the start of their Mediterranean honeymoon cruise.

In protest against the South African Springboks' rugby tour of New Zealand, the Commonwealth Southern Africa Committee decided that the Commonwealth Finance Ministers' meeting due to be held in September would be moved from New Zealand to the Bahamas. The New Zealand government announced it would not be represented in the changed venue.

England beat Australia by 18 runs in the third Test match at Headingley.

Wednesday, July 22

Keepers left the Eddystone lighthouse for the last time. The beacon was to be converted to unmanned operation, and in the meantime a light vessel was to be stationed south-east of the rock.

The Severn Barrage Committee reported that a £5,600 million scheme to lay a barrage across the Severn estuary, to provide about 6 per cent of the electricity needs of England and Wales, was technically feasible and might be economically viable. It would take about nine years to build and create 21,000 jobs for up to 10 years.

Mehmet Ali Agca was sentenced by the Rome Court of Assizes to life imprisonment for his attempt on the life of Pope John Paul II on May 13.

Thursday, July 23

The British Printing Company's Park Royal plant, closed on July 11 over a dispute with print workers, reopened after settlement.

The Polish government announced plans to cut food rations and quadruple prices. Hunger marches began on July 25 and protests included a 50-hour blockade and a two-hour general strike in Warsaw on August 5.

Friday, July 24

The British Government approved in principle the £20 million redevelopment

of the 50 acre disused Albert Dock in Liverpool as a trade, industry and export centre.

The British police were awarded a 13.2 per cent pay increase.

A ceasefire between Israel and Lebanon, organized by the US envoy Philip Habib, brought a halt to two weeks of hostilities.

Saturday, July 25

A mob of youths riding motor cycles and scooters terrorized the Lake District town of Keswick. One policeman was injured and 14 arrests were made.

The second match of the Springboks' rugby tour of New Zealand, in Hamilton, was cancelled because of anti-apartheid demonstrations and a threat by the pilot of a stolen aeroplane to crash it into a crowded grandstand.

Sunday, July 26

Rioting broke out again, and continued on the night of July 27, in the Toxteth district of Liverpool, as black and white youths armed with petrol bombs confronted the police.

A fire, apparently started deliberately, damaged St Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

A week of torrential rain brought floods to several Indian states. Eight villages were washed away, 100,000 houses collapsed, and in Rajasthan, the worst affected state, over 500 people were reported killed.

Lord Widgery, Lord Chief Justice of England and Wales from 1971-80, died aged 70.

Monday, July 27

The Prime Minister announced measures to relieve unemployment, particularly among young people, costing an extra £90 million net for the current financial year and between £400 million in 1982-83. They would include cash incentives of £15 a week for employers giving jobs to under-18s earning less than £40 a week, and longer school or college education for many.

A document published by the national executive committee of the Labour Party included plans to withdraw Britain from the European Economic Community within a year of the Labour Party being elected to office. There would be no referendum.

Tuesday, July 28

The House of Commons voted by a majority of 77 to make the wearing of seat belts compulsory for drivers and front-seat passengers.

A major earthquake, measuring 7.3 on the Richter scale, struck the Tabas area of Iran, about 350 miles south-east of Teheran. At least 8,000 people were killed and many hundreds injured.

Wednesday, July 29

The Prince of Wales married Lady Diana Spencer in St Paul's Cathedral.

The deposed President of Iran, Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, flew to France where he received political asylum.

Thursday, July 30

In the UK civil servants called off their 21-week strike and accepted a 7½ per cent pay offer.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that the setting of a minimum lending rate (MLR) by the Bank of England would end on August 20.

Marxist rebels led by Kukli Samba Sanyang attempted to seize power in The Gambia while President Sir Dawda Jawara was in London attending the royal wedding. The *coup* was finally put down on August 6 with the aid of Senegalese troops; more than 300 people were killed in the fighting.

Friday, July 31

A seventh hunger striker, Kevin Lynch, 25, died in the Maze Prison having refused food for 71 days. The family of Patrick Quinn, 29, authorized doctors to try to save his life after he had refused food for 47 days. On August 2 an eighth hunger striker, Kieran Doherty,

25, MP for Cavan Monaghan in the Irish Republic, died on the 71st day of his fast.

BP Oil announced it was to close its oil refinery on the Isle of Grain, Kent, with the loss of 1,700 jobs.

General Omar Torrijos, 52, commander of Panama's National Guard, was killed in a plane crash.

The eight-week baseball strike in the United States was ended by negotiation; play was to resume on August 9.

Saturday, August 1

At least 29 people were killed and over 1,000 taken to hospital after a freight train carrying liquid chlorine became derailed near Montana, 300 miles north of Mexico City.

Abu Daoud, the Palestinian terrorist and a leader of El Fatah, was shot and seriously wounded in Warsaw.

Paddy Chayefski, the American stage, screen and TV writer, died aged 58.

Sunday, August 2

President Sadat of Egypt arrived at Heathrow for the first stage of a tour also to include Washington and Vienna in an effort to revive the Palestine autonomy talks.

England won the fourth Test match against Australia at Edgbaston by 29 runs.

American air traffic controllers went on strike over pay, severely disrupting airports. On August 5 US judges sent five officials of the air traffic controllers union to jail for violating a temporary order restraining them from striking. Dismissal notices were sent to those on strike and swingeing financial penalties were imposed on the unions and their leaders.

Monday, August 3

Pay talks between British Rail's management and the unions broke down. A railway industrial tribunal had recommended an 11 per cent increase; BR agreed to pay 8 per cent of this, back-dated to April 20, but wanted productivity concessions in return for the extra 3 per cent. The two main rail unions called a national strike from August 31 unless agreement was reached.

The pleasure steamer *Prince Ivanhoe* hit submerged rocks off the Gower peninsula and had to be beached 100 yards offshore.

Two Explorer satellites were put into orbit from the Vandenberg air base, California, with a two-year mission to examine the effects of the Sun on the Earth's atmosphere.

Tuesday, August 4

The second secretary at the Russian embassy in London, Viktor Lazin, was declared *persona non grata*, suspected of espionage, and ordered to leave Britain within seven days.

Wednesday, August 5

Much of southern England, the west country and South Wales was disrupted by a failure in the electrical national grid system.

M Guy Georgy, the French ambassador to Iran, was ordered to leave Teheran within three days because France had not extradited former president Bani-Sadr. The French government advised all French residents in Iran to return to France.

An operation to reactivate the Pope's intestine, damaged during the attempt on his life on May 13, was successfully performed in Rome.

Friday, August 7

British Airways announced losses of £145 million in the financial year 1980-81.

Cambridge University proposed to reduce its 1,500 academic staff by more than 100 and cut the number of students by about 6 per cent in the next three years to compensate for the loss of £4 million in its annual grant.

Saturday, August 8

President Reagan announced that the United States would go ahead with full production of the neutron bomb.

A ninth hunger striker, Thomas McElwee, 23, died in the Maze Prison after refusing food for 62 days. Widespread rioting in Northern Ireland followed during demonstrations also marking the 10th anniversary of internment. Two people were killed and 40 arrests were made.

Monday, August 10

British shipbuilders won a £57 million order to build three bulk carriers for Canadian firms at the Govan firm on the Clyde.

Shell, BP and Esso increased the price of four-star petrol by 5½p to £1.69½ a gallon, the fourth increase since January.

Tuesday, August 11

The Soviet helicopter-carrier *Leninograd*, escorted by a Soviet cruiser and supply ship, passed through the English Channel *en route* to join 50 other Russian warships on an amphibious landing exercise in the Baltic due to start on August 15.

Wednesday, August 12

The Prime Minister of Sri Lanka, Mrs Sirimavo Bandaranaike, escaped unhurt when bombs were thrown at the platform from which she was addressing a political meeting in Gampaha. Seventy people were injured.

Thursday, August 13

The European Court of Human Rights ruled that it had been a violation of human rights for British Rail to dismiss in 1976 three employees for refusing to join a trade union.

A helicopter carrying workers from the Leman gas field crashed into the sea off Norfolk, killing all 13 men on board. Two days earlier another helicopter ferrying rig workers had come down off the Shetlands, killing one man.

Friday, August 14

Rembrandt's portrait of Jacob de Gheyn III, valued at £1 million, was among 14 paintings stolen from the Dulwich Picture Gallery.

A Belgian jetfoil, *Princess Stephanie*, collided with the 10,300 ton freighter *Buenos Aires* in fog in the English Channel 8 miles north of Calais. All the 208 passengers were rescued.

Karl Böhm, the conductor, died in Salzburg aged 86.

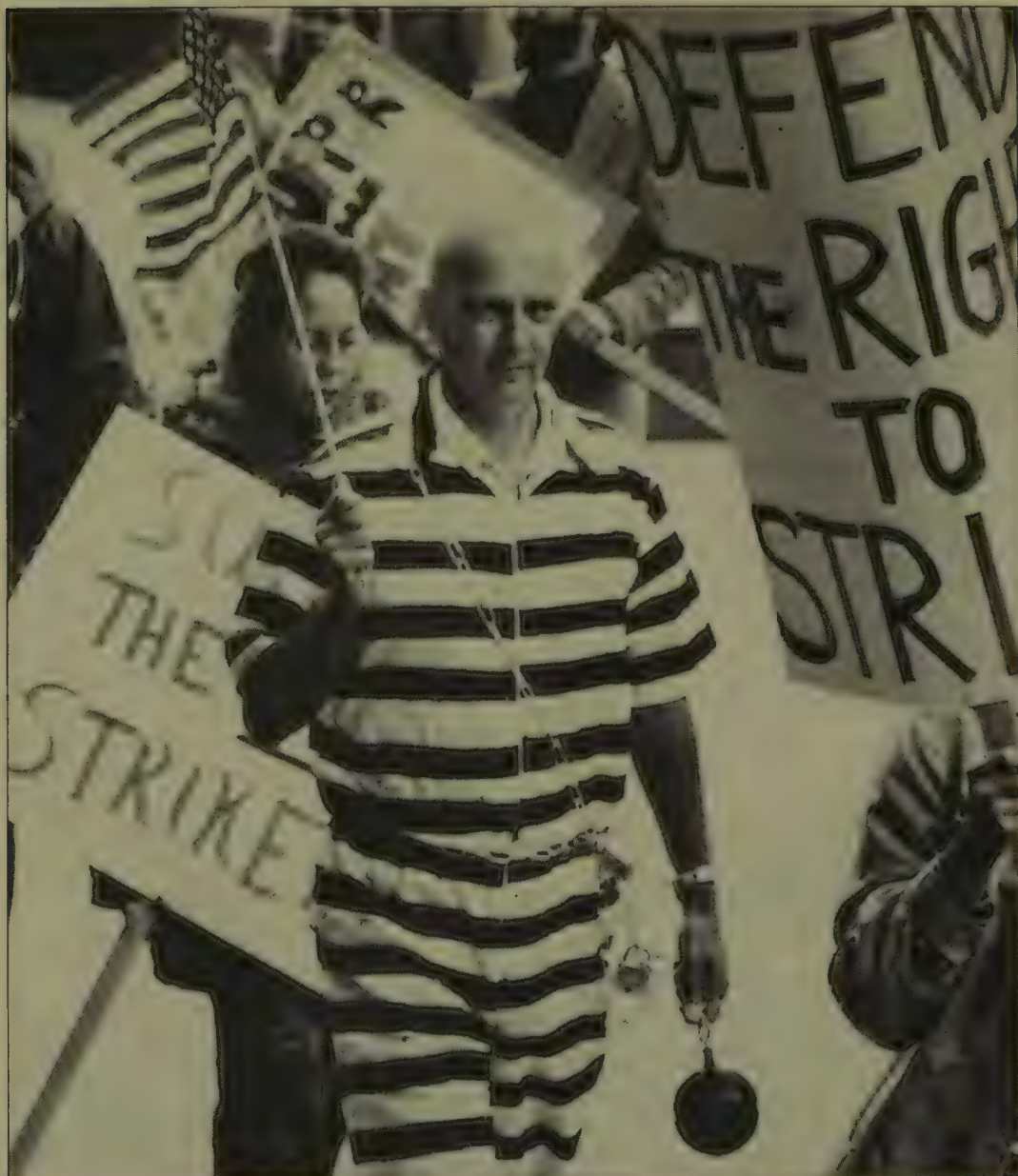
Saturday, August 15

During an anti-police march by about 2,000 demonstrators through Liverpool, 15 policemen were injured, two of them with stab wounds bringing the total of police injured in six weeks of rioting to 767.

Sunday, August 16

A series of explosions rocked a military barracks 20 miles south of Salisbury, Zimbabwe, and a large amount of ammunition was destroyed.

The Soviet Union agreed to postpone repayment by Poland of about £2.3 million in credits until the mid-80s.



US air strike: Members of America's air traffic controllers' union were dismissed and five union officials sent to jail for taking part in an illegal strike. Their action, which began on August 2, caused flights to be disrupted and inconvenience to thousands of travelers. Air travel returned to normal within 10 days as non-union staff and military controllers manned the system and flight schedules were cut.



In San Francisco demonstrators picketed the Federal building. In Washington union official Steven Wallaert, on the right, was among strikers sent to jail.



Stormy tour: Anti-apartheid protests continued throughout the South African Springboks' tour of New Zealand. At Gisborne demonstrators battled with police before the first match and a stand was burnt down at Christchurch on August 13.



Holiday dampener: More than 400 day trippers were rescued by a variety of small craft when the pleasure steamer *Prince Ivanhoe* struck a submerged rock off the Gower peninsula and had to be beached 100 yards offshore. The vessel later sank.



FRANK SPOONER



CAMERA PRESS

Royal christening: Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips's second child, born May 15, was christened Zara Anne Elizabeth at the private chapel at Windsor Castle.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Peaceful honeymoon: The Prince and Princess of Wales enjoyed a honeymoon free of commitments—and photographers—after they embarked on *Britannia* at Gibraltar, top left. Their only official engagement was with President Sadat of Egypt and his wife, whom they entertained to dinner on the royal yacht at Port Said.



Darkness at noon: On August 6 two violent storms hit London, bringing 1.8 inches of rain between 9am and 2pm and disrupting travel on the Underground.



Automated landmark: The Eddystone lighthouse is being converted to unmanned operation. In the meantime a light vessel shines forth warning to shipping.



Himalayan conquest: Alan Rouse, Peter Boardman, Chris Bonington (leader) and Joe Tasker conquered 25,325 foot Mount Kongur in an expedition that also carried out experiments to help scientists understand the effects of oxygen deficiency.

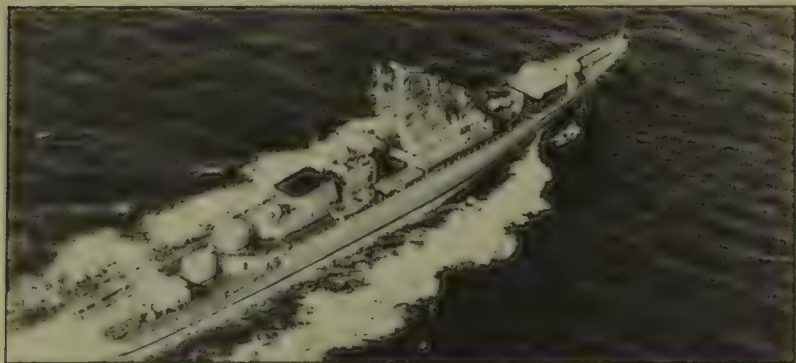


Honoured at Sandhurst: Officer Cadet Bijay Kumar Rawat, the first Gurkha to receive the Sword of Honour, is acclaimed by Gurkha soldiers after graduation.

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GAMMA FRANK SPOONER



GAMMA FRANK SPOONER

Soviet naval strength: More than 50 ships of the Russian navy, including a Kivak class warship, top, the landing ship *Ivan Rogov*, above, and the aircraft carrier *Kiev*, right, took part in an amphibious landing exercise in the Baltic.



GAMMA FRANK SPOONER



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Third theft: A Rembrandt portrait of Jacob de Gheyn III, worth an estimated £1 million at auction, was stolen for the third time from the Dulwich Picture Gallery in south London. The painting had previously been stolen in 1967 and 1973.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Brilliant Botham: In the fifth Cornhill Test match at Old Trafford former England captain Ian Botham scored 118 runs, including six sixes and 13 fours, his century coming off 86 balls. England won the match and thus retained the Ashes.



Victory at sea: The British yacht *Victory*, pursuing the Italian competitor *Almagores* in an Admiral's Cup race during Cowes Week, crossed the finishing line second in the Fastnet Race to herald Britain's winning of the 13th Admiral's Cup, last won in 1979 by Australia, who this year finished eighth.



Golf champions: Americans Bill Rogers, left, and Larry Nelson both won their first major championship victories by four strokes, Rogers winning the British Open at Royal St George's, and Nelson the United States PGA Championship in Atlanta.

UTOMASON

ALLSOPP/STAVE ROWELL

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As we were saying...

by Roy Hattersley

The Parliamentary session ground to its summer end dominated by the problem which preoccupied Members at its autumn beginning nine months ago: unemployment. The more minor themes—race and Northern Ireland—were equally persistent. And although some people might argue that burning buses and looted shops are a new item on the House of Commons agenda, the Ulster MPs will not agree, or at least will insist that we should have been debating street violence for 10 years and have only neglected to do so because St George's Channel separates six counties of the United Kingdom from the mainland. The Opposition believes that the trouble in our cities is a product of the despair that comes with the dole, and Enoch Powell blames it all on the immigrants, their children and their grandchildren. We all went round in the same circles as before.

Mrs Thatcher began to offer firm opinions about the economy on the day that she was elected, and has been insisting on the efficacy of her remedy ever since. Even the end of term package of help for the young unemployed was sufficiently ineffectual to protect her from the charge of changing her mind and actually intervening in the economy. This year, as last, the Prime Minister won high marks for single-minded determination. But as she is single-mindedly determined to preserve a policy which is obviously not working, half her Cabinet colleagues are beginning openly to hope that a little infirmity of purpose will set in.

The Opposition has succeeded superbly well in articulating the country's anger at the waste and suffering caused by dole queues that will lengthen to three million by Christmas. But it has been far less successful in its attempt to convince the public that the Labour Party could provide economic growth without inflation. The formula does exist—but it requires the re-introduction of an incomes policy, anathema to those sections of the movement that believe free collective bargaining has something to do with socialism. Until such theological arguments are finished, the Opposition will not sound a loud, clear note.

This year the differences on the Labour Party benches have been institutionalized by the deputy leadership election and the little local conflicts that have broken out in some constituencies. Inevitably the waves of internal dispute have washed their way into Parliament. A new party sits below the Opposition gangway, arousing animosities of civil war proportions among Labour Members who fought the last election under the same banner as the SDP apostates but remained true to their colours. The speeches made by suspected defectors are analysed like Dead Sea Scrolls to see

if they provide new evidence about departure dates.

Tony Benn, who would gladly accept responsibility for the maelstrom that whistles around his party, possesses a voice that Parliament never hears. Even before his illness, when his regular denunciations of his old Cabinet comrades made the daily headlines, he rarely spoke in the House. Having squeezed into Labour's Parliamentary Committee only because of the resignation of Bill Rogers, he arrived too late to be allocated a Shadow portfolio. But his silence reverberates around the Chamber whenever one of his rivals speaks or the future of the Labour Party is mentioned.

Like Mr Benn, the Tory aspirants to the party throne never directly criticize the Leader they hope to depose and replace. Norman St John-Stevan, returned to the back benches (in his view both temporarily and prematurely), has spoken out in an economics debate. But Mr Stevan is not, and never was, one of the contenders. The real challengers—Francis Pym, James Prior and Peter Walker—deliver stealthy blows that begin with bland vows of loyalty to the Prime Minister and turn into dissociation from her policy. Mrs Thatcher, at Question Time, obliquely rebukes them for their oblique attacks.

If William Whitelaw thinks of treason, he does not do so very deeply. Unfortunately, he has behaved in much the same way with the legislation which he has brought to the House. The Representation of the People Bill contained a flaw which made it, initially, unworkable. The Nationality Bill—the most controversial measure of the whole session—was pronounced inadequate by the Administration within days of its Second Reading. Having changed its mind on two important definitions of British citizenship, the Government fought other amendments through 150 hours of Commons Committee and, despite the wrath of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr Whitelaw is defended by his friends who insist that if he understood his legislation, he would oppose it, too. Nobody doubts his goodwill.

In the autumn we will return with few of our problems solved. Tony Benn will or, more likely, will not have unseated Denis Healey. Mrs Thatcher will or, more likely, will not have changed course. The Government will have absorbed its defence-cut critics and will have reassured its party conference that the economic corner is about to be turned, that the slump has bottomed out and that the clichés of civilization are not yet exhausted. The SDP will make enough progress to enable them to claim they are on their way without being asked to prove it. Then Parliament will get on with the job of discussing race, Northern Ireland and unemployment.

Roy Hattersley is Labour MP for Birmingham, Sparkbrook.

Democrats in waiting

by Sam Smith

Tip O'Neill, the Democratic House leader, says wait until October. That is the start of the government's new fiscal year, when the Reagan austerity era begins in earnest. It will also be almost one year since Ronald Reagan's election, a year which has been marked not only by the loss of Democratic control of the Senate and White House, but the seeming disappearance of the Democratic Party itself. For many Democrats the passivity of its party's leadership in the face of the Reagan initiatives compounds their sense of frustration and, among frustrated Democrats, Speaker O'Neill may be at least as unpopular as the President.

But the Democrats may not be as pliant as they appear. For one thing, the problem of political opposition in America is rather special. The President fulfils a dual role—as a political leader and as crypto-monarch. Whenever a new president is elected the air is filled with the joyous sounds of national unity. To engage in what the trade calls "narrow partisanship" (that is, normal politics) during this initial period verges on unpatriotism. Even beyond the 100-day Statute of Limitations of the mythic "honeymoon", a president who retains popularity and has a programme which fits neatly in a headline can maintain considerable immunity from opposition censure. Few wish to be accused of sabotaging the "President's programme" or defying his "mandate".

As long as the President is perceived as working on behalf of the American people he can engage in the most cynical politics with relative impunity. The impression of invulnerability is reinforced by the media, which refer constantly to the President's popularity and obsessively to his programme, tending to ignore the alternatives of the Opposition. For example, when congressional Democrats began a mild counter-offensive last summer and called newspaper editors around the country to explain their tax bill, they were surprised by the number of supposedly well-informed journalists who did not even know that the Democrats had tax legislation of their own (this despite the fact that the Constitution requires revenue bills to originate in the House, which the Democrats control). Further, the media's assumption of presidential popularity can outlast the fact, as has apparently been the case in recent months when polls have shown the President at best as being of average popularity for such a point in his administration, but the Press have still been speaking of him as though he were overwhelmingly favoured.

In such an environment, it can be argued that Democratic caution is politically sound. O'Neill is confident that the popular trend is moving against

the President, but that many House Democrats have not caught the scent. He appears certain that when the public discovers the reality of the Reaganista economic programme for each particular community, there will be howls from the heartland and the period of Reagan's immunity will be over.

Optimistic Democrats can point to signs of change: a congressional by-election last summer which the Republicans were expected to take was won instead by a Democrat who refused to bow to the President's popularity. This was in the south where the President is considered strong; testing Reaganesque economic theory in the sacrosanct area of social security programmes appears to have been a political error of some consequence. One Democratic Congressman returning to his district expecting that his constituents would be urging fuller support of the President, found that "all they wanted to talk about was social security"; the Democratic strategy of pointing out that Reagan's domestic programmes favour the rich rather than the middle class and poor is working.

And there are rumbles on the right as well. Not only is the President out of favour with evangelical conservatives for appointing a Supreme Court justice considered soft on abortion, but even Republicans are starting to complain about the policies of Interior Secretary James Watt. The National Wildlife Federation, a conservative outfit which pre-dates the environmental movement, released a survey of its members which found that while they had voted two to one for Ronald Reagan, they oppose his Secretary's controversial policies. Some 96 per cent object, for example, to Watt's desire to open wilderness areas for mineral exploration, and the president of the organization called for his dismissal. Watt laughed off the NWF action just as, earlier, administration officials had dismissed Moral Majority protests over the Supreme Court appointment and Reagan himself had rejected Wall Street criticism, saying "I have never found Wall Street a source of good economic advice."

As the summer wore on, such signals were encouraging those Democrats itching for more vigorous opposition. The President was still popular but the pedestal was showing cracks.

When and if the President slips across that imaginary line drawn by politicians and the Press between popularity and unpopularity, you can expect the Democratic leadership to show no mercy. It has been waiting in pained silence, accumulating its grievances, until it is deemed safe to resume political business as usual. Richard Nixon may have been tricky and distasteful, but this President threatens every Democratic idea of the last 50 years. They are angry and they are anxious to prove that the Democratic kitten is really a tiger.

Turning point for Poland

by Norman Moss

In August, 1968, Czechoslovakia's communists were engaged in an exciting and novel exercise. At party meetings across the country they were choosing delegates to a party congress, and choosing them freely instead of simply endorsing the selections of their leaders. The party congress was to be unprecedented: the leaders would be elected by a secret ballot and there would be free and open discussion of all the issues. Two weeks before the congress was due to open, the Soviet Union, assisted by four of its Warsaw Pact allies, invaded Czechoslovakia from several directions and put the country in a clamp which has not yet been loosened.

When future historians tell the story of the Soviet empire in eastern Europe, the week that began on July 14, 1981, in Poland will be seen as a turning point. In that week a congress of the Polish Communist Party took place where delegates were freely chosen by a secret ballot, the party leaders themselves were freely elected, and there was open discussion of all the issues.

During the weeks preceding the congress, as party groups throughout Poland chose their delegates, rejecting many long placed in position by the party hierarchy, Poles held their breath. But no tanks rolled in across Poland's flat, exposed borders and the party congress went ahead. The rules in eastern Europe were changed for all time. What has previously been impermissible is now permitted.

The rules have developed over the years. In the post-war period, after communism was established in eastern Europe by the Soviet armies, these were simply an extension of the rules that prevailed in Stalin's Russia. There was to be no deviation from the ruling Soviet ideology or from party policy, not even by an inch, though there may have been some differences in application—in the collectivization of agriculture, for instance, which had been disastrous in Russia. When Tito claimed a measure of independence Yugoslavia was expelled from the communist bloc and anathematized. Stalinist-type purges of the party leadership took place in every communist country except East Germany, at which leading communists were put on trial as deviationists, convicted on patently ridiculous charges which echoed the Trotskyite trials in Russia in the 1930s, and executed.

The thaw in Russia that came with the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party and the sensational denunciation of Stalin's crimes spread also, and Khrushchev accepted Yugoslavia's right to go its own way. But in Hungary in 1956 the sudden liberalization started a ferment of free discussion which infected the Communist Party and also threatened its monopoly

of power. Khrushchev sent in Soviet troops to crush the incipient rebellion and bring Hungary back into line.

A story of the time had it that Stalin left two envelopes to be opened by his successor on the first two occasions that he found himself in trouble. Khrushchev opened the first envelope when he found the Soviet structure dangerously ossified but difficult to change. The message inside read: "Blame it all on me." He opened the second at the time of the Hungarian upheavals, and the message read: "See? I was right all along."

In the 60s some deviation was permitted. In Hungary Janos Kadar made his restoration of communist control on the heels of the Soviet invaders as liberal as he dared. There is in Hungary today more economic freedom and more freedom to speak out and to travel abroad than in any other communist country. In Rumania President Ceausescu took his own line in foreign policy: he has remained within the Warsaw Pact (though he took no part in the invasion of Czechoslovakia) but has established independent trading relations with the West and has taken a different line from the Soviet government at a number of international conferences.

But these deviations were strictly within limits—Hungary has never differed publicly from Russia on foreign policy, and in Rumania the whole society is under tight communist control. Also, Rumania has no border with a Western country to make its independent line a strategic danger. In neither country is the ruling position of the Communist Party in question.

In 1968 Czechoslovakia exceeded these limits. The government was allowing the Press wide freedom to criticize, and the establishment of independent political discussion groups. You can see why the Russians feared the scheduled Communist Party Congress in 1968. Who knows what ideas it might have thrown up? Some hotheads in the leadership might have thought of allowing criticism of the Soviet Union, the advocacy of neutralism, even non-communist political parties.

And who knows what the Polish Communist Party might now take up, with its freely elected leadership and its new middle-rank officials, many of them members of Solidarity, the independent trade union organization? Well, of course, you cannot be sure of what they will do: that is one of the characteristics of freedom. But you can be reasonably sure of what they will not do because Poles, despite their reputation for heroic and futile gestures, are not suicidal.

The Polish Prime Minister, General Wojciech Jaruzelski, set limits to the change that can be contemplated in his speech to the party congress. He said with surprising frankness that Poland's geographical situation meant that it could never cease to be a communist country. In other words, it is the prox-

imity of the Soviet Union and its military might that is the buttress of communism in Poland, and nothing else. He also said, in the same speech, that, while there was no thought of going back on the reforms of the past year, "There are limits which cannot be crossed... When needed, the State will use all its constitutional means to save itself from disintegration."

The reforms of the past year have been sweeping. The granting of trade union rights to Solidarity, and later to Rural Solidarity, has meant the ending of the Communist Party's monopoly of power and decision making. The infection of free discussion spread to the party and created a number of offences against communist orthodoxy which look like remaining in being. One is horizontal lines of communication. Traditionally, the lines of communication in a Communist Party run vertically, between the higher echelons and each individual branch. Any questioning or discontent from one branch can be dealt with and contained by the leadership. Horizontal communication is between different branches, which can discuss among themselves any differences they may have with the leadership. Another is factionalism, for which members have been expelled from many communist parties; this is the maintenance of an independent viewpoint by a group of party members.

It is significant that as these reforms went ahead the most worried protest came not from the Soviet Union but from Czechoslovakia and East Germany, where the party leaders must have been anxious about what party democracy could do to their own positions. The Soviet leaders also displayed concern, and must have debated among themselves whether the situation was serious enough to require another military intervention. It is impossible to say what swayed their decision against it, but one factor must surely have been the knowledge that the Poles would fight and that there would be a bloody and drawn-out struggle, which would disrupt not only relations with the West but also the Warsaw Pact.

The reforms may go further in Poland. Other organizations, following Solidarity, might achieve a degree of autonomy: academic or intellectual organizations, for instance, and perhaps even newspapers. But, as General Jaruzelski indicated, the possibilities are not boundless. The Communist Party will remain in power; a multi-party system is not even on the distant horizon. But it will be a very different Communist Party from others, its leadership chosen by the rank and file, its policies thrashed out in open discussion.

One striking feature of the argument within the party in recent months has been the absence of ideology. It still calls itself a Communist Party, but arguments over which course to follow have

been tactical, or else have revolved around values such as civil liberty, which would be more familiar to a Western liberal than to an orthodox Soviet communist. There has been no argument about whether or not a particular policy is truly socialist, or conforms to the tenets of Marxism-Leninism. The new Polish party may be prepared to make vast internal changes.

It is under pressure to make some changes. The industrial upheavals have disrupted production and foreign trade, both of which had already taken a downturn. The chairman of the US Federal Reserve Board, Paul Volcker, recently explained Poland's plight with rare simplicity to a congressional hearing: "The Polish situation is precarious. They have run out of money."

This means that Polish workers will have to accept lower real wages for the next two or three years to enable industry to be financed and get on its feet again. If the Polish government can persuade the workers to accept this, Mrs Thatcher will be asking it for the formula. If it cannot, it must look ahead to more strikes and more disruptions with the possibility of economic collapse and disorders. This would constitute an invitation to the Russians to intervene to restore order. The Polish crisis is not over yet.

But whatever happens to Poland in the future, the implications of what has happened so far will make an impact on the rest of eastern Europe. What Russia has permitted there, she is less likely to deny elsewhere. This message must be spreading to rank and file members in other Communist Parties in eastern Europe, and to non-party working men and women also. We face the prospect of other transformed Communist Parties discussing issues freely, with the leadership democratically chosen by the members, accepting the constraints of membership of the Warsaw Pact but less committed to Marxism, ready to tackle situations pragmatically and to change drastically their societies and the way they are governed.

One country where there appears to be no prospect of liberalization is the Soviet Union. The few literary and intellectual dissidents who have produced eloquent testimony to the freedom of the human spirit, and who have been publicized in the West, have made no impact on the Soviet Communist Party or the governmental system. There is some cultural diversity and slightly more freedom than there was in Stalin's time, but the party remains in tight control of the country and the leadership in tight control of the party.

The Soviet Union has always claimed to be the first socialist country of the world, and as such the natural leader along the road to complete communism. As eastern Europe-style socialism evolves, Russia may find itself, instead, bringing up the rear.

That two-handed engine at the door

by Sir Arthur Bryant

At the time of writing this page in the immediate wake of the hooligan riots in Liverpool, Brixton, Manchester, Hull and Leicester, as well as other places in our urbanized and over-populated country, there is for the first time a widespread feeling among ordinary people that something is fundamentally and dangerously wrong with the state of Britain. It is not a feeling shared as yet by the majority of professional politicians, either by those in power who still persist in believing that the policies they advocate will automatically result, in the teeth of all evidence to the contrary, in the achievement of their proclaimed aims of a thriving and self-reliant industrial economy; or by their political opponents who equally, and as complacently, persist in believing that the remedies they advocate, and have applied in their own earlier days of power, will as miraculously and improbably result in a satisfied egalitarian and compassionate Utopia.

Nor, so far as I can judge, is it shared by our vast army of civil servants and tax supported administrators who, with their statutory security of employment and their index-linked pensions, seem well content to abide by rule-of-thumb methods and to assume that because their heavy and mechanical hand is still nominally on the rudder of the ship of the state the latter, despite every appearance to the contrary, is on course and will continue on the passage they direct and administer. Least of all is there any sense of their own inadequacy among the rival army of trade union bureaucrats to whom during the present century our political rulers have increasingly entrusted suprallegal rights which enable them to override and nullify the objectives set by those in nominal authority and so impose a brake on our national and personal economic activities and the fulfilment of our needs.

But the rest of us, whatever our political or ideological alignment, are uneasy. Something is wrong, we feel, and no one, despite the awareness of approaching calamity, seems able to put it right. For, for all the habitual calm and certitude of our shepherds and shepherding dogs, we are uneasily aware of nearing calamity.

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.

But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread;

Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw

Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

In our case "that two-handed engine" of merciless tyranny which threatens us

lies in the climate of 20th-century Moscow not of 17th-century Rome, but the young poet Milton's words, wrought out of an awareness that a national society formerly united was about to tear itself in pieces through the folly and imperception of its rulers, has an ominous ring.

Many reasons are put forward for our present malaise: by the rival politicians, by the self-centred and all powerful trade union bureaucrats, by the leaders of industry, by so-called racists and anti-racists, by disputing economists and political and social theorists of every kind. Yet there seems to me one overriding reason: an inability on the part of those who rule us in the present and have ruled us in the past, to distinguish between accountancy or the presumed monetary measure of wealth, and the creation of real wealth. For these are not necessarily the same and often, as at present, are very far from being so. Whatever accountants' or economists' figures may show, there is only one primary creator of real wealth: the individual human being, the basic unit of wealth-creation in any national society. The actual or potential degree of wealth-creativeness in the individual citizen or wealth-creator varies enormously from individual to individual. Some of them indeed, such as the unemployed and destructive young hooligans or idle and over-endowed "society" parasites, create no wealth at all. But if the supreme need of our national society is, as everyone agrees, the creation, for whatever purpose, of more real wealth, the first object of those who govern, or compete for the right to govern should be to raise the potential for wealth-creation, ideally, in all our citizens.

And the difference between the capacity for creating real wealth in the vast majority of us and the actual potential at present being achieved is enormous. What are the qualities which, when

realized, enable a human being to create wealth—not just money for the purchase of wealth from others, but real wealth itself? They are industry, integrity, patience and persistence, skill in craft or profession, knowledge, judgment and wisdom, above all that charity towards others without which, as St Paul so truly said, men who speak with the tongues of men and angels become as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal". The measure of wealth-production in the individual is human virtue, in the fullest sense of the words, and the evocation and creation of that virtue in the individual—every individual—should be the supreme economic policy of any government seeking to increase the sum total of the nation's wealth and economic well-being.

At the time of the last general election, one of the main contestants for power, Margaret Thatcher, in a speech, showed that she was aware of this, to me, obvious but, by professional politicians, little regarded truth; and this reinforced my conviction that the country had found a political leader who saw and intended to apply this fundamental truth to her policies and those of her party. Yet, though my belief in Margaret Thatcher's sincerity, integrity and courageous capacity for leadership has never wavered, I have increasingly come to distrust her Government's apparent reliance on the orthodox Treasury remedy for inflation which every Conservative administration since before the war has automatically applied to cure that evil and which invariably and inevitably has produced the manifest and socially destructive and divisive absurdity of millions out of work in need of the very goods and services their own labour could create. And her application of other people's monetarist theories can only result, in ever increasing measure, in the same dis-

astrous absurdity, because in an already half socialized national economy any effective bargaining balance between organized Labour and Capital is nullified by the immense suprallegal powers granted by past Parliaments to the former; these obstructive powers make the automatic economic laws of *laissez-faire* supply-and-demand as politically and morally ineffective as they were when the wage-earner was isolated, helpless and starving.

Mrs Thatcher—potentially, I believe, a great Conservative leader—is at the head of a Conservative administration with an effective House of Commons majority and two more years of assured office before it, if it can continue to govern the country; but as a result of the Treasury and monetarist policies it is pursuing, it is intensely unpopular with a majority of the electorate which returned it to power. The historic purpose of English Conservatism is to conserve and renew. That which it has, as its first duty, to conserve and, where eroded, restore, is the traditional virtue of the British people which throughout the centuries had made us until recently, with all our human imperfections, both the most successful and most humane and just national polity recorded in history. That which it has to renew is the former sense of national unity and purpose, without which no political scheme of amelioration can hope to succeed in a libertarian country like ours.

I am wholly in approval of the Prime Minister's resolute resolve to fight inflation wherever it takes the form of financing and encouraging idleness and waste. But no anti-inflationary theory or device can cure the moral and economic ills of society which result in vast numbers of our people being subjected to the demoralizing and debasing effects of prolonged unemployment; which turn a majority of school leavers, white or coloured, on to the streets of our cities without employment, leadership, discipline, ideals or training in virtue and craftsmanship; which allow decaying city centres to fester and become breeding grounds for hatred and violence.

And if unimaginative bureaucrats and accountants or economic pedants say we cannot afford to eliminate these cancers in our society, I, as a would-be conservative of all that is good in our past, can only reply that we cannot afford *not* to take every step, however nominally costly in purely money terms, to eradicate them. And Government itself must create the necessary money or purchasing-power—if and where necessary free of the 14 or 15 per cent indebtedness which at present is hamstringing every attempt to mitigate the deflationary effect of a national credit and currency anchored to such exorbitant usury rates—to start to rebuild and renovate the individual moral virtues on which society depends for its very being and survival.

100 years ago



This engraving from the *ILN* of September 17, 1881, shows the Lord Mayor of London inaugurating work on the Inner Circle underground extension between High Street, Aldgate, and Trinity Square, near the Tower.

The new men in charge at the GLC

Since the Labour Party won control of the Greater London Council in May, the impression created by its political opposition has been of a capital city fallen under the rule of a régime more revolutionary than that of Fidel Castro in Cuba and more potentially destructive than the Great Fire, the Plague and the Blitz rolled into one. As GLC leader Ken Livingstone and his colleagues storm from one contentious headline to another, it is difficult to tell whether they are accident-prone, deliberately provocative, or as misrepresented as they claim. We recently spent a day at County Hall to find out what they are trying to do.

We found the place in turmoil. At council meetings Sir Horace Cutler, the Conservative leader, and his remaining supporters, most of them well into middle age, sat dressed in immaculate suits behind desks that at times took on the semblance of riot shields, over which they peered in a state of shock at 30-year-olds in jeans enthusiastically tearing up all the Cutler policies of the past four years. Committee chairmen, some so inexperienced that they have not served on a council before, let alone wielded the considerable power of a decision-maker on an authority serving more people and spending more money than a sixth of the member countries of the UN, were half-running from meeting to meeting followed by breathless and bemused bureaucrats who in a few weeks have seen their world turned upside down.

We began the day with Tony Banks, chairman of the Arts and Recreation Committee, and found him in the midst of the biggest row to hit the London arts world that anyone can remember. Banks had begun his rule by trying to cut over £250,000 already granted to the Royal Opera House and had been defeated by one vote as some Labour members sided with the Tories. His comment after this setback was, "You win some, you lose some. If we didn't have so many Tories on our side we might win some more."

Now this last remark may confuse readers unaccustomed to the complexities of GLC politics. We must, therefore, digress from Banks to explain briefly that Labour won the GLC election under the leadership of the moderate (or right-wing, depending on your viewpoint) Andrew McIntosh. Within 24 hours the newly elected Labour majority replaced McIntosh, to whom the voters had entrusted power, with the left-wing Livingstone. McIntosh now sits disconsolately at the back of the council chamber toying with bits of paper which might or might not be membership forms for the Social Democratic Party. It was McIntosh and his friends, the so-called "moderate" wing of the party, to whom Banks was referring as "Tories". A characteristic of Banks is that you are either with him or



Ken Livingstone, leader of the GLC.

against him and there is no middle ground that he can see.

As far as the arts are concerned, Banks explained that he wished to give greater priority to policies "recognizing the need for community involvement of professional performers, the unemployment crisis in London, the need for closer links with the Inner London Education Authority and local councils, and the multi-ethnic nature of London's culture". The GLC, he believes, should cease to support "national institutions" like the National Theatre and the English National Opera, and should take over the role of the Greater London Arts Association as the distributor of arts funds in the capital. The South Bank concert halls should still be supported, "but their identity as GLC centres must be made more evident". Money would be redistributed from the traditional arts institutions to communities through street performers, entertainers attached to housing estates, and events such as "the Londoners' festival for May Day". The GLC should aim for a greater allocation of tickets for subsidized arts activity to schools, working clubs, and pensioners' and tenants' associations.

Banks has produced a discussion paper outlining these thoughts and it has caused an uproar. The Minister for the Arts, the Secretary General of the Arts Council, and the leaders of Equity and the Musicians' Union have formed an alliance of indignation. Even the arts correspondent of the usually radical *Guardian* has written that "underlying an apparently radical manifesto is a deeply conservative conception of the arts". We found Banks unimpressed and unapologetic. "We're quite clear that we were elected here with responsibility for a set of political objectives and we are going to achieve them, and that goes for the arts as it does for any other area."

At 37, Tony Banks is deputy general secretary of a broadcasting union. He lives in Tooting and has been a London councillor for 10 years. He has stood

unsuccessfully for Parliament three times. He is one of a number of newly elected GLC councillors from the Lambeth stable of Ted Knight ("Red Ted" as he is known to critics), leader of one of London's most controversial borough councils. He is—and this should be said of each of his colleagues with whom we were to spend the day—approachable, friendly, obviously hard-working, and lacking in self-importance. One of his more likeable qualities, and this, too, has to be said of most of his colleagues, is that while he is intensely political, he does not talk and act like a politician. That, of course, may come. We left him hurrying back to yet another meeting and went to see Michael Ward, chairman of Industry and Employment.

Michael Ward is 31. He left University College, Oxford, in 1972 a BA in philosophy, politics and economics, and in 1980 added an MA in social and economic history. He is a serious-looking, self-confident man who is spearheading the GLC's drive to develop London industry and reduce unemployment. To do this, he said, he was establishing a programme that by its third year would be costing £100 million a year. There is to be a London Enterprise Board with three main functions: first, to "promote strategic or structural change" by putting money into new kinds of organization with increased democratic accountability, such as co-operatives, new public and municipal enterprises; second, to invest in enterprises at risk of closure, those operating in areas of high unemployment and those with retraining opportunities; third, to buy sites and build or re-equip factories. There is to be a Manpower Board to encourage training and job mobility, and a direct labour organization, London Community Builders, to carry out public works.

All this represents a complete about-turn in GLC policy. Cutler's Tories had been committed to private enterprise solutions to London's declining manufacturing industry and had ruthlessly cut back the council's direct labour force, together with its housing and other works programmes. Ward and his colleagues are committed to a socialist approach with a substantial injection of public money, some of it in loans, both to encourage industrial enterprises and to finance a new GLC housing programme and other public works. Ward told us that private enterprise had conspicuously failed to sustain manufacturing and industrial employment in London, and that he also rejected the suggestion that London should base its economy on service industries. "If there is no skilled industrial employment in London the city will end up with a relatively well paid white-collar élite and a very poorly paid manual working group in service industries and without a reliable economic base."

Now that he is in power is he disheartened by the sheer size of London's economic problems? "I find the strongest card I hold is a surging insistent demand in London for something to happen. I have seen the leaders and senior officers of London borough councils come with their shopping lists of industrial projects to create new jobs in the next few months, not just Labour councils but Tory ones as well. The voluntary sector has been coming through with projects for co-operatives and local resource centres enabling people in particular areas to get their own enterprises together. We're now putting those submissions together with our own plans in order to go to the Government in the aftermath of the recent serious social disturbances to say 'We have in London £30 million worth of projects to create jobs. Put some money into them.'"

Apart from Ken Livingstone, it is hard to establish who the Tory opposition look at with the greater fear—Ward, or the chairman of Planning, Ed Gouge, who at 34 has suddenly been elevated from obscurity as a lecturer in planning at an institute of higher education in Chelmsford to chairman of the GLC's Planning Committee. Even Gouge admits he was stunned when it happened. "The first council committee I ever saw, I had to chair," he said. "I must admit I felt a bit apprehensive at first." Quietly-spoken and serious, he has shattered the hopes of more than one developer in his first few weeks in office. Ambitious schemes for offices and leisure complexes on South Bank sites and elsewhere have been sent back to the drawing board and most will probably never re-emerge.

Ed Gouge has no doubts about his priorities. "Public transport before cars, homes before offices." A freeze has been put on planning permission for all office developments requiring GLC approval (one presumably unintended and non-socialist effect being immediately to raise the value of all existing office blocks and further enrich the very property companies they dislike).

The Coin Street site will be the focus of a particularly bitter battle in the council chamber. The Conservatives before the election pushed through a contract to sell this land on the South Bank to Greycoat Properties, who have a spectacular scheme designed by Richard Rodgers. The public inquiry has been suspended while the GLC under Labour prepare to oppose the scheme strongly by putting forward evidence supporting homes, light industry and open space.

Does it make sense for the GLC to be so opposed to the private investor? "We are not opposed to private investors as such. We just don't accept they have the answers to London's fundamental problems. For instance, there is no clear link between investors and jobs."

FROM OUR REPORTERS

Much of the investing in London is in property and land, even if they remain empty. Also a lot of new investment goes into technology which is fair enough, but it often means even fewer jobs."

And do they have no sympathy for the private developer? "Basically they are bad news. We are a socialist party and we don't think capitalism is a good thing or that it solves many problems. In politics, however, you are all the time making compromises, so no doubt we will still from time to time approve schemes, but we would have to be convinced that the office or whatever was the best use for that particular site and we will take a lot of convincing."

Dave Wetzel, 39, is a good-natured, silver-haired former bus driver who now finds himself responsible for the financial policy of one of the world's biggest urban passenger authorities, London Transport, as chairman of the GLC Transport Committee. Wetzel, too, came on to the Council and went straight into a chairman's job. He was a Hounslow councillor and his wife still is. We found her in his office helping him with his filing. Labour Party politics is the Wetzel family life. He showed us his diary. On one day his first meeting was at 6.30am and his last began at 8pm and went on until nearly midnight. Wetzel, like his party leader Ken Livingstone, is a full-time councillor, living on a combination of members' attendance allowances of £14 a day plus a £2,000 a year special responsibility allowance. This is yet another new feature of the GLC; none of the Conservatives is or has been a full-time councillor before, though some have been close to it, noticeably Sir Horace Cutler who, as a millionaire, could obviously afford more time than most.

Wetzel began his rule by carrying out the Labour pledge to cut bus and underground fares by 25 per cent as the first step to what he hopes will eventually be a free public transport system. "Motorways and roads have destroyed too many communities in London. The car as a commuting vehicle is both an inefficient and an anti-social form of transport. We had a choice whether to use the carrot or the stick to persuade people to travel by bus and train and we chose the carrot—lower fares. We aim to make them cheaper and better."

His committee is looking for ways to increase worker control of public transport. He already sends shudders down the spine of the Tory front bench by talking in the council chamber of "the transport collective" instead of "committee". He is, in fact, reflecting yet another radical change in the way the GLC is being run. In the past, power has dwelt with the leader and then with the committee chairmen he appointed. These chairmen had power of decision between meetings. The newly elected Labour Group themselves chose the committee chairmen, thus taking from the leader his power of patronage, and the committee chairmen have in turn broken down their responsibilities and



Ed Gouge, chairman, Planning; Dave Wetzel, chairman, Transport.



given power of action to individual backbench members. No longer are backbenchers just "lobby fodder" on committees; now each has a specific responsibility. Collective or committee, Wetzel says it is "more democratic, more rewarding for councillors, and more effective because more councillors are giving more attention to more matters than was possible under the old system of concentrated power".

Wetzel is also organizing an inquiry into the social and economic implications of banning big lorries in London and is exploring ways of using the river and canals for transporting freight.

His political views all start from the position that "the underdog, the person in our society who is treated as the least important, is usually the most important". He tells a story of a sewerage worker who was expressing a view to him but then qualified it by saying, "but I'm only a sewer worker". Wetzel says he replied, "You should not say that apologetically. You should say it with pride. It's people like you and dustmen who stop diseases, not the doctors or specialists. Doctors play a small role, they're actually working on the margins. The main reason people lead a relatively healthy life is because people like you are doing an essential job. You save more lives in one day's work than a surgeon will in his working life. Yet you are ashamed of your life and say you're only a sewer worker. A surgeon doesn't say 'I'm only a surgeon'."

"People who do real jobs, who are actually providing the services and creating the wealth in our society, are the people who are always treated worse. Others like lawyers, or journalists, who juggle around with words, do a completely non-productive job. They are treated like gods or kings and given fantastic salaries. I want to see ordinary people, who have a tremendous wealth of experience and common-sense, share the wealth, because they deserve it."

It was time for us non-productive journalists to "juggle words" with the leader. We first saw him in the council chamber, laughing with boyish glee at a rather hysterical attack on him during question time by a Tory frontbencher, George Tremlett. "Mr Livingstone is clearly seeking to destroy all the established institutions of our society as the first step to a revolution," said Tremlett.

The GLC leader rocked with laughter. He brushed off a censure motion with skill and then came to talk.

Ken Livingstone persistently claims he is represented by the media as a dangerous firebrand rather than the thoughtful and relaxed personality that he actually is, and on the evidence of our meeting it is a claim with some validity. He is a young-looking 36-year-old who has a bed-sitting room in a house full of students, prefers the Underground to travelling by the leader's car, and works at being a councillor for 16 hours a day or more, his only diversion being sleeping or feeding a tankful of salamanders. He has always been fascinated by natural history and told us, "It really is true that my attitude to politics and the issues and problems before us is based on my knowledge of animal behaviour rather than on political texts. Man is only a highly organized form of animal, though not as highly organized as some insects."

Despite the greater democracy within the GLC Labour Party, Livingstone is now a powerful and highly significant figure, not only in London but in national politics. He is the most powerful left-winger in office anywhere in the country. It was because the traditionally right-wing GLC Labour leadership saw him coming that Sir Reg Goodwin retired before the last election so that the Labour Group as then constituted would replace him with someone in the same mould, namely McIntosh. Livingstone, however, had foreseen a Labour win at the polls and devoted his time to helping young left-wingers to become Labour candidates. After the election they formed a majority on the Labour Group and it was they who deposed McIntosh and elected Livingstone. They not only respect his leadership qualities but are fond of him as a person; there is a rather attractive camaraderie on the Labour benches, apart from the small group of still bitter McIntosh supporters, including people like former ILEA chairman Sir Ashley Bramall, who was also deposed and is now more than a little disaffected.

Livingstone listed his three main objectives. "The first priority is transport. There's no question that if we fail with London Transport this authority will be abolished because it's the last big function we have. We believe public transport is one of the key factors in

whether people can live in a city in comfort. A declining public transport system means a declining city. Ours is declining and to reverse that process will involve a bitter uphill struggle with the Tory Government. The cost of cutting fares and improving services is to the ratepayer about 65p a week and for doing that, as we had a mandate to do, the Government has penalized us with cuts in our rate support grant and doubled the cost to the ratepayer to about £1.30 a week. Our real problems will come if we don't get a Labour government within two or three years, because if the Tories continue to restrict capital spending we won't be able to buy the buses, extend the tube lines and do those sort of things. You would get a well used service on increasingly dilapidated stock.

"The second priority is to restart the housing programme. The Tories last year started 35 new homes and we're trying to get 1,500 off the ground this year and modernize another 1,000 council flats. Unfortunately the Government has imposed such restrictions on capital spending in housing that we need a major campaign to get them to release the money to do it. The third area is industry and employment and Michael Ward is pushing ahead with loans and help for projects. If what we are trying to do with the new Enterprise Board does work it will not only create 10,000 new jobs a year but provide the basis for an industrial strategy for the next Labour government."

This programme, if carried out, will, Livingstone admits, double the rates.

What brand of socialist is he? "First, I don't believe you can achieve social change without widespread support and therefore I am totally committed to democracy. I think we should strengthen the democratic process by fixed elections after no more than four years and elections of more local organizations such as school boards. You cannot achieve socialism without the overwhelming consent of the people. The left don't have the power of the Army, the police, the financial institutions, so the only way we could hold power is by the support of a mass of people. Second, I am a committed democratic socialist and I support all the moves for greater accountability within the party. I don't worry too much about whether I can carry my local party with me because, with all the information at my disposal, if I can't convince my party that a course of action I would like to follow is right, I think I have to accept I'm wrong. The third point is that it's not enough to be on the left rather than the right, you also have to be radical rather than conservative, because you can be left-inclined and still ineffective unless you adopt radical approaches to problems."

Livingstone went off to yet another meeting. Much later that night we passed County Hall. The lights on the first floor, where Livingstone and his committee chairmen have their offices, were still blazing.



Photograph by Lord Lichfield, specially commissioned by Daimler Cars. Taken at Blenheim Palace, courtesy of the Duke of Marlborough

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The changing Commonwealth

by Des Wilson

As Commonwealth leaders prepare for this month's meeting in Melbourne, the author reviews the dramatic changes that have taken place in this unique international association and investigates its value to 44 member countries of different size and race.

It was once the British Empire, then it became the British Commonwealth and now it is just the Commonwealth, and the difference, says its Secretary-General Shridath Ramphal, is that "Commonwealth is the negation of empire". Harold Macmillan's "wind of change" has now blown its full course, sweeping away all but a few tiny vestiges of British colonialism and leaving in its wake in Africa, as he predicted, but also in Asia, the Caribbean and the Pacific, 43 sovereign states who with Britain are now fully-fledged members of an association dominated more by their own ideas and needs than by those of its founder.

New Zealand Prime Minister Robert Muldoon may be at odds with the Commonwealth over his country's sporting links with South Africa, but he still speaks for most of its members when he says, "While it may be difficult to detail specific benefits, we all know it is better to be in it than out." This view is reinforced by the fact that while a few small former dependencies have not applied for membership on receiving their independence, the overwhelming majority have joined and stayed. (In the past 30 years only two have withdrawn, both because of their unpopularity within it: South Africa, criticized for its apartheid policies, was pressured into resignation in 1961, and Pakistan, angered by Commonwealth support for the founding of Bangladesh, left in 1971.) The Commonwealth now incorporates a quarter of mankind and its membership is likely to increase to 50 countries by the end of the decade, a reflection of the realism and political skill Britain demonstrated during the dismantling of the old empire, and of recognition by the former colonies and dependencies of the political, psychological and practical advantages of maintaining ties with Britain and the other member countries.

There have been two key dates in the transition from empire to Commonwealth, and this year is the 50th anniversary of the first. At the beginning of the century Britain ruled an empire of 13 million square miles and 360 million people. Its colonies fell into two groups, the "white" ones, such as Canada, New Zealand and Australia, where the British had settled in considerable numbers, and others in Asia and Africa and the Caribbean which the British administered rather than occupied. The first group graduated to full independence in 1931 when the Statute of Westminster made them "self-governing, equal and united by allegiance to the Crown, freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth". This



The meeting of the Queen with Commonwealth Prime Ministers in Buckingham Palace in 1952, top, and the Heads of Government meeting in Lusaka, Zambia, in 1979; the pictures show how the Commonwealth has changed. In 1952 there were nine Prime Ministers, six of them white; in 1979 there were 41 leaders, 10 white and 31 of other races.

created what became known as the "white Commonwealth", but the empire still remained.

The second key period was 1947 to 1949. In the first of these years the newly created states of India and Pakistan decided after gaining their independence to apply for Commonwealth membership. Their decisions made it respectable for emerging nations to maintain an association with the former colonial power. Then in 1949 India was allowed to remain a member after becoming a republic and refusing allegi-

ance to the Crown. This concession was crucial to those former colonies which felt it was impossible to have genuine independence while owing allegiance to a monarch living in another country. (All members continue to accept the Queen as a symbolic Head of the Commonwealth, but in a personal capacity.)

The growth and the change in the association since then is well illustrated by the two photographs on these pages: the first, of the Prime Minister's meeting in 1952, the opening year of the Queen's reign, shows nine premiers, six of them white and three of other races; the second, taken at the Lusaka Heads of Government meeting (as it has become known) in 1979, shows 41 leaders, 10 white and 31 of other races. The British Prime Minister is centrally positioned in the first photograph and relegated to the end of the front row in the second. In those 27 intervening years the old "white Commonwealth" had become the multi-racial, highly-diverse Com-

monwealth as we know it today.

In 1965 the member countries decided to set up a Commonwealth Secretariat and accepted an offer of Marlborough House in London as its base. In 1971 they adopted a Declaration of Commonwealth Principles and set up the Commonwealth Fund for Technical Co-operation (CFTC), its development arm. In 1977 they united behind the Gleneagles Declaration discouraging sporting links with South Africa and in 1979 behind the Lusaka Declaration on Racism and Racial Prejudice. At that 1979 conference, too, the Commonwealth made a substantial contribution to solving the Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) crisis. There have also been disputes and set-backs, but even the most vociferous members have preferred to stay and argue from within rather than resign in fits of pique. Why? What is so valuable to members that they will live with sometimes sharp differences in order to keep the Com-

monwealth in being?

The answer is not to be found in the highly flexible official definition of Commonwealth: "A voluntary association of independent sovereign states, each responsible for its own policies, consulting and co-operating in the common interests of their peoples and in the promotion of international understanding and world peace." I prefer the less formal wording adopted by Andrew Walker in his 1978 book *The Commonwealth, a new look*. He describes "a voluntary association of countries whose histories were intertwined for a period and therefore have certain things in common, such as language and working methods. They find it an advantage to remain loosely associated because it helps them to co-operate in a number of ways which are beneficial to their people."

The outstanding benefit of membership is an enhanced position in world affairs. The smaller countries especially can have a more influential voice in the world than they could hope to have acting on their own. Some obtain from the Commonwealth a greater sense of security, albeit more psychological than real; others find that membership reduces the adverse effects of geographical isolation—they may seem to be in some far-flung corner of the world but Commonwealth membership helps them to feel more involved in what is happening in the centre. Above all, every member benefits from a special channel of communication across the continents. Eustace Seignoret, the High Commissioner for the Caribbean country Trinidad and Tobago, says, "Being a member of the Commonwealth gives us direct access, immediate when we want it, to countries of power in the world, countries well positioned across it, such as Nigeria, the most powerful of the African members, India the most powerful of the Asian members, Britain with its membership of the European Economic Community, Canada, one of the two North American powers, and Australia and New Zealand in the Pacific. We have not had need to mobilize this link for our political defence but it is there as insurance and we hope we could use it if we needed to. That link is a considerable psychological advantage of membership, as well as a practical one on trade or other matters."

The voice of the Commonwealth is heard most clearly at its two-yearly Heads of Government meetings. These are political, not bureaucratic, occasions. There are no speeches, votes, or formal resolutions. There is, however, a lot of manoeuvring behind the scenes to settle misunderstandings and disputes. The frankness and informality of the meetings have contributed to the solution of a number of thorny problems, but the outstanding success was probably the Lusaka conference in 1979. Approached with some apprehension by everyone involved, it succeeded in creating the atmosphere and circumstances in which the Lancaster House agreement on Zimbabwe could be reached.

Australian Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser told his Parliament on return from Lusaka that "there can be no doubt in anyone's mind that this was a critical conference in the history of the Commonwealth. The way things turned out should not cause us to forget that. Before the event responsible and reasonable people were expressing serious concern as to whether the Commonwealth would survive the conference. There was talk of a break-up. This was not altogether idle talk. Had the conference gone badly the institution would have been seriously maimed and could have been destroyed. As it happened the conference did not go badly; it went extremely well, and far from breaking up the Commonwealth has emerged a stronger, more vital and cohesive body."

Shridath Ramphal describes the Lusaka meeting as the greatest moment in the Commonwealth's history, and argues that the Zimbabwe story as a whole demonstrates "the unique capacity of the Commonwealth for moulding consensus out of difference and sometimes even out of discord. It was a facility displayed in its full potential at Lusaka. The Lusaka accord derived from the interplay of many factors but, most of all, because it was possible to have a political discussion among a relatively small group of the Commonwealth leaders freed of polemics and formal positions, one which acknowledged differences of perception but sought to build on shared principles and purposes. The Lusaka accord, the Lancaster House agreements and Zimbabwe's election and independence would not have been possible had the Commonwealth not developed this facility for political dialogue."

The meetings have in the past tended to be dominated by one major issue and at the last two, London in 1977 and then at Lusaka, it was southern Africa, predominantly Zimbabwe. It had been hoped that the leaders would come to Melbourne this month without the pressure of a "local" issue so that they could concentrate on wider issues of world poverty and the need for a North-South common approach to tackling it.

Unfortunately an element of tension is likely to be introduced as a result of the tour of New Zealand by the South African rugby team. Mr Muldoon was one of the five prime ministers at the 1977 meeting who over a weekend at the Gleneagles Hotel came up with an agreement ratified by all their colleagues discouraging sporting links with South Africa. While he opposed this year's tour he refused to ban it, much to the anger of African members of the Commonwealth who retaliated by changing the venue of the meeting of Commonwealth finance ministers from New Zealand. Mr Muldoon, a pugnacious politician, responded by questioning the quality of human rights in some other Commonwealth countries and asking why they would not enforce a trade embargo with South Africa. All the signs are that he intends to take the offensive in Melbourne. "There I pro-

North-South advocate



Shridath Ramphal, widely known as "Sonny", celebrates his 53rd birthday during the Melbourne meeting. He has been Secretary-General of the Commonwealth since June, 1975, and heads a secretariat of 350 staff from 29 countries with a budget of over £3 million a year.

Ramphal is an articulate, self-confident, youthful-looking Guyanese, whose grandfather travelled from India to the Caribbean in the 1880s and whose father was a schoolteacher in Guyana. He read law in London and was working as a barrister in Jamaica when the Prime Minister of Guyana, Forbes Burnham, invited him to return as Attorney-General to draft the country's independence constitution. He later became Foreign Minister and

he was also the Minister of Justice.

He succeeded the shrewd Canadian, Arnold Smith, as Secretary-General and has adopted a more visible approach to the position, travelling widely and becoming increasingly outspoken on behalf of Commonwealth principles and in support of decisions by Heads of Government, not all of which are reflected in their subsequent actions. This sometimes brings him into discreet conflict with member countries, but their confidence in him was reflected in the unanimous decision at Lusaka in 1979 to offer him a second five-year term of office.

Ramphal is deeply committed to the over-riding needs of the Third World and has been a consistent spokesman for greater North-South co-operation.

pose to initiate an examination of New Zealand's record [on race relations] and place it alongside that of such countries as may see themselves as our accusers in this matter."

Whatever is thought of Mr Muldoon's cynicism on the Springbok issue, or on the rights and wrongs of the question itself, it has to be said that he is touching a raw Commonwealth nerve, for its critics have frequently attacked its "selective indignation" and the hypocrisy and double standards of some countries which are happy to join in the

universal condemnation of South Africa, or of New Zealand for having contact with South Africa, while being undemocratic or discriminative themselves. They point to one-party states, the existence of political prisoners, and to racism in non-white countries, such as the treatment of Asians in East Africa. If Mr Muldoon wants to make an issue of this he could make the Melbourne conference very edgy.

While the Springbok tour may seem a minor issue, and Secretary-General Ramphal says he hopes it "will

PHIL SAYER

Commonwealth profile



The Commonwealth also includes some six million people in the self-governing states and dependencies associated with member nations. The self-governing states associated with Britain are: Antigua and St Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla. Britain's remaining dependencies include: Belize (until September 21 when it becomes independent) Bermuda, British Virgin Islands, Cayman Islands, Falkland Islands, Gibraltar, Gilbert Islands, Hong Kong, Montserrat, Pitcairn Islands, St Helena, and

Turks and Caicos Islands. Also associated with the Commonwealth are Brunei, through its treaty relationship with Britain, and the Anglo-French condominium of the New Hebrides. The Cook Islands and Niue are self-governing territories in association with New Zealand. The Tokelau Islands are a non-self-governing territory of New Zealand. Australia's external territories include Norfolk Island, Heard Island, McDonald Island, Cocos (Keeling) Islands and Christmas Island.

The changing Commonwealth

be an insignificant item on the agenda", it is a hot potato for a number of reasons. For one, Australia is deeply concerned because it stages the Commonwealth Games next year and there is a real threat of an African boycott if New Zealand participates. Such threats to the Commonwealth Games are perturbing for the whole Commonwealth because they are one of the few visible manifestations of the ideals of brotherhood and friendship between peoples and races that the organization is supposed to represent. More serious still, the Muldoon stance raises the whole question of how serious Commonwealth politicians are about what they say and do on the Commonwealth stage. Do they just use these occasions to raise their political standing at home, or do they really care? How can a prime minister's word be taken seriously if he helps to formulate a plan to cut sporting contacts with South Africa and then allows a major event to take place in the face of widespread appeals from throughout the Commonwealth, a powerful plea from the Secretary-General, the opposition of half the

people of his own country, and the threat of a variety of repercussions, including the destruction of the 1982 Commonwealth Games?

Assuming that the New Zealand affair can be contained, the Melbourne meeting is likely to be overshadowed by the implications of the recent Ottawa economic summit and the Mexico summit of 22 countries to be held in October. But Commonwealth leaders see this as fortuitous because they will be able to hear first-hand reports from Mrs Thatcher and Mr Trudeau who were at the Ottawa summit, and they will hope to influence the positions adopted at Mexico by the Commonwealth countries, including Britain, represented there.

Mr Ramphal, who is a member of the Brandt Commission, is likely to play an unusually prominent part in discussions on international co-operation to develop poorer countries. In his report to the Melbourne conference he reminds leaders that the Commonwealth has more than its share of the world's poor. More than three-quarters of its people are in the poorest countries, those with an average *per capita* income of less than \$200 a year, the equivalent of about two weeks' unemployment benefit that would be paid to an industrial

worker in the European Community.

Mrs Thatcher is likely to find herself on uncomfortable ground during these discussions, not least because of Britain's lack of enthusiasm for overseas aid expenditure since she came to power. Commonwealth leaders, especially those from the Third World, will be anxious to influence her performance at the Mexico summit. It will not, however, be unusual for a British Prime Minister to be in the hot seat at a Commonwealth Heads' meeting; it has become a familiar sight. In the past Britain has been roundly condemned for selling arms to South Africa, for immigration policies, and for its performance over the Rhodesia-Zimbabwe problem. Edward Heath was once provoked to strike back by telling the assembled leaders that the Commonwealth was supposed to be a body of friends, "not a court of judgment".

Britain has more opportunities for international summitry than other Commonwealth members, with a place on the Security Council of the United Nations and membership of the EEC. As already indicated, Mrs Thatcher was a participant at the Ottawa summit of world economic powers and will be at the Mexico gathering of world leaders. In view of these opportunities, together

with the criticism Britain often suffers at Commonwealth meetings, the UK could be forgiven for wondering whether the meetings represent for her the powerful case for Commonwealth membership that they do for the other countries. To put it crudely, what's in it for Britain?

Shridath Ramphal answers, "There is as much, even more, as there always was in it for Britain. Britain has to exist as a country that does business with the rest of the world and it is immensely important to have special relationships with as much of the world as possible. It is particularly important for Britain to have relationships with countries of the new world, the developing world, because those are the ones that are going to be greatly sought after in the future. They are being sought now by Britain's partners in Europe. You only have to look at the efforts the French or the Germans or the Dutch are making to influence Third World countries, to recognize what a valuable reservoir of friendships and special relationships exists for Britain in the Commonwealth."

Britain's attitude to the Commonwealth has become a cause of growing concern to some of its members. When Mr Ramphal spoke to the Royal Commonwealth Society last year

Country	Capital City	Head of Government	Population 78	GNP per Cap 78	Date of Independence
1 Australia	Canberra	PM Malcolm Fraser	14,200,000	7990	1931
2 The Bahamas	Nassau	PM Lynden Pindling	218,000	2620	1973
3 Bangladesh	Dacca	Acting Pres Mr Justice Abdus Sattar	84,700,000	90	1972
4 Barbados	Bridgetown	PM J. M. G. M. Adams	254,000	1940	1966
5 Botswana	Gaborone	Pres Dr Quett Masire	747,000	620	1966
6 Britain	London	PM Margaret Thatcher	55,800,000	5030	
7 Canada	Ottawa	PM Pierre Trudeau	23,500,000	9180	1931
8 Cyprus	Nicosia	Pres Spyros Kyprianou	646,000	2110	1961
9 Dominica	Roseau	PM Eugenia Charles	77,000	440	1978
10 Fiji	Suva	PM Sir Kamisese Mara	599,000	1440	1970
11 The Gambia	Banjul	Pres Sir Dawda Jawara	570,000	230	1965
12 Ghana	Accra	Pres Dr Hilla Limann	11,000,000	390	1957
13 Grenada	St George's	PM Maurice Bishop	106,000	530	1974
14 Guyana	Georgetown	PM Forbes Burnham	836,000	550	1966
15 India	New Delhi	PM Indira Gandhi	643,900,000	180	1947
16 Jamaica	Kingston	PM Edward Seaga	2,100,000	1110	1962
17 Kenya	Nairobi	Pres Daniel arap Moi	14,700,000	330	1963
18 Kiribati	Tarawa	Pres Jeremiah Tabai	56,000	690	1979
19 Lesotho	Maseru	PM Chief Leabua Jonathan	1,300,000	280	1966
20 Malawi	Lilongwe	Pres Dr H. Kamuzu Banda	5,700,000	180	1964
21 Malaysia	Kuala Lumpur	PM Hussein bin Onn	13,300,000	1090	1957
22 Malta	Valletta	PM Dr Dom Mintoff	347,000	2170	1964
23 Mauritius	Port Louis	PM Dr Sir Seewoosagar Ramgoolam	918,000	830	1968
24 Nauru	Nauru	Pres Hammer de Roburt	7,500	830	1968
25 New Zealand	Wellington	PM Robert Muldoon	3,200,000	4790	1931
26 Nigeria	Lagos	Pres Alhaji Shehu Shagari	80,600,000	560	1960
27 Papua New Guinea	Port Moresby	PM Sir Julius Chan	2,900,000	560	1975
28 St Lucia	Castries	PM Winston Cenac	120,000	630	1979
29 St Vincent & The Grenadines	Kingstown	PM R. Milton Cato	105,000	380	1979
30 Seychelles	Victoria	Pres F. Albert René	63,000	1060	1976
31 Sierra Leone	Freetown	Pres Dr Siaka Stevens	3,300,000	210	1961
32 Singapore	Singapore	PM Lee Kuan Yew	2,300,000	3290	1965
33 Solomon Islands	Honiara	PM Peter Kenilorea	205,000	430	1978
34 Sri Lanka	Colombo	Pres Junius R. Jayewardene	14,300,000	190	1948
35 Swaziland	Mbabane	PM Prince Mabandla Dlamini	526,000	590	1968
36 Tanzania	Dar es Salaam	Pres Mwalimu Julius Nyerere	16,900,000	230	1961
37 Tonga	Nuku'alofa	PM Prince Fatafehi Tu'ipelehake	93,000	430	1970
38 Trinidad & Tobago	Port of Spain	PM George Chambers	1,100,000	2910	1962
39 Tuvalu	Funafuti	PM Toaripi Lauti	10,000	690	1978
40 Uganda	Kampala	Pres Dr Milton Obote	12,400,000	280	1962
41 Vanuatu	Port Vila	PM Father Walter Lini	113,000	540	1980
42 Western Samoa	Apia	PM Tupuola Efi	157,000	350	1970
43 Zambia	Lusaka	Pres Dr Kenneth Kaunda	5,300,000	480	1964
44 Zimbabwe	Salisbury	PM Robert Mugabe	6,900,000	480	1980

he even wondered whether Britain had become the Commonwealth's least enthusiastic member. "Often I wonder whether in the great machine of British government there beats a Commonwealth heart," he said. "Whether in the domain of policy stirs a spirit of belonging? For how many does the Commonwealth seem to be 'the others', as if the others 'overseas' had collectively become the Commonwealth and Britain was somehow associated with it but not of it?" He pleaded for "greater acknowledgement, greater evidence, greater reassurance, that for Britain, too, the Commonwealth does matter".

Recent cutbacks by the Thatcher Government have deepened the concern. One had the effect of sharply increasing charges to overseas students coming to British colleges and universities. There are now no advantages for Commonwealth students, even those from the least developed countries, over those from other overseas countries, some of them wealthy. This has caused considerable bitterness and hardship. Mr Ramphal thinks Britain is being short-sighted: "It is no coincidence that other European countries increased scholarships to developing countries at the same time as Britain was increasing its fees. This is a link with developing

countries that is desired by other progressive countries. Britain had it as an inheritance and is now throwing it away." He points out that educating their youth is one way in which developed countries can help the undeveloped; it also has the advantage of creating personal relationships between students of different countries who may later become their administrators and politicians.

Mr Ramphal is outspoken in his criticism of the role Britain has played in development. "The step Britain took with the US and Germany in frustrating the consensus at the special UN session on development last year struck deeply at Commonwealth developing countries' hopes and aspirations, and I believe that in the whole North-South dialogue Britain has not made much use of its Commonwealth links with developing countries to play an enlightened role."

There has been severe criticism of the cutback in Britain's contribution to the Commonwealth Fund for Technical Co-operation by £750,000. Mr Ramphal describes it as "generating immense hostilities far out of proportion to the value of the saving to Britain". The main part of the CFTC's budget is spent on enabling technical experts from one part of the Commonwealth to work in other

parts where they are needed. The number of these experts has been reduced by a third and the number of students from Commonwealth developing countries being educated and trained in other Commonwealth developing countries under CFTC-financed schemes has been reduced by half. In his report for Melbourne the Secretary-General points out that the CFTC funds have been reduced even though the input from the developing countries, the poorest Commonwealth members, has increased.

British ministers, including the Prime Minister, will be quick to reject charges that they are apathetic about the Commonwealth, but Commonwealth counterparts, and especially Commonwealth administrators, believe that the British tend to be preoccupied with Europe, if not with their own UK problems, and that Commonwealth issues no longer receive the priority that they once did.

As the other members have come to rely less on Britain for leadership or help, especially since Britain entered the EEC, so they have related more to each other, particularly within their own parts of the world. This has led to increasing regionalism within the Commonwealth, especially in the Asia-Pacific areas

where separate Heads of Government meetings now take place and strenuous efforts are being made to develop practical forms of partnership.

The increasing involvement of its member countries in other international organizations, many of them of more obvious and practical value to them than the Commonwealth, is said by the Secretariat to be an added strength of the Commonwealth, and the Secretary-General argues that it is "at a high point in its evolution". The reality, however, is that the benefits of membership are more obvious to politicians than to their peoples, and this makes the institution more vulnerable than would otherwise be the case. A feeling for the Commonwealth exists much more with the older generation than it does with the young. Typical was the contrast I found in New Zealand between Mr Muldoon's firm support for the Commonwealth and the scepticism of one of his younger National Party Members of Parliament. Dail Jones from Auckland, who said, "The Commonwealth is an irrelevance. We are a Pacific country. The Commonwealth is dominated by Africa; we don't have any involvement with Africans, who tend to be hostile towards us anyway because they see us as a racist country." Jones summed up the view of a great number of younger people in countries like New Zealand, which once counted on Britain as its main export market: "Britain deserted us when it entered the EEC," he said.

Eustace Seignoret, of Trinidad and Tobago, admits that while the Commonwealth is still of importance to his country's politicians it is held in little esteem by the people. "The younger generation still equate Commonwealth membership with a relationship with Britain and Britain's treatment of us in the areas of trade, since it entered the EEC, and education, since it made it almost impossible for us to send many students there, has not done much for its image. Nor are relations with Britain improved by the problems of West Indians in Britain."

The Commonwealth, then, seems to have a problem of identity. Many young people in its member countries hardly know it exists and many of those who do are either indifferent or sceptical. Many still see the Commonwealth as a relationship between their country and Britain. Shridath Ramphal has been saying for some years that the Commonwealth must do more to communicate its value to ordinary people, but is not helped when actions of member countries remain inconsistent with their stated ideals. For instance, he says in his report for the Melbourne conference that the CFTC has become "a touchstone of caring for the Commonwealth". If that is the standard, its budget of around £12 million is derisory.

Mr Ramphal may be right in saying that the Commonwealth has reached a "high point" but, if it is not to be a peak from which there is a downward slide, there has to be a realistic facing-up to a number of considerable problems ●

The shadow over Stansted

by John Winton

The site for London's third airport has been a matter of controversy since the early 1960s. Now battle is about to be joined again, for the third time, by those who want and those who do not want Stansted to be the designated site.

We have been hearing about Stansted—should it, or should it not, be expanded as London's third airport?—for a very long time. It has become one of those long-running sagas of almost Dostoevskian complexity in which bureaucracy and the private citizen are seen to confront each other head on.

In the 1950s it was Crichel Down. A civil servant behaved in a quite indefensible manner to a private citizen over the return of property requisitioned during the war. The official concerned quite rightly had his bureaucratic backside kicked, and his Minister felt constrained to resign. In the 60s it was the city of Manchester against the people of the Lake District over the abstraction of water. Again, it was a private citizens' triumph, sealed by a speech in the House of Lords by Lord Birkett.

In the 60s and into the 70s it was Stansted. After a public inquiry at which the bureaucrats' evidence varied from the inept to the downright deceitful the Inspector found in favour of the protesters. The airport would not be further developed. But the Government announced that they would ignore the inquiry and allow Stansted to go ahead. At which there was a furore which eventually forced the setting up of a Commission under Mr Justice Roskill. Stansted was not even among Roskill's list of recommended sites. The issue seemed settled. Stansted was safe.

In the 80s it is Stansted again. After all the evidence, after all the money, all the reassurances and all the promises, John Nott, then Secretary of State for Trade, announced in December, 1979 that the Government had invited the British Airports Authority to bring forward proposals for a major expansion of Stansted as the third London airport. Incredulously, in view of all that had gone before, the Stansted protesters woke up to the knowledge that the battle was on again.

After the war ended in 1945 Heathrow was chosen as the site for development as the main airport for the London area. Perhaps this was where things first began to go wrong. To place a major international airport in an area of such high population potential (Heathrow was actually still quite rural at the time) is now regarded as a planning disaster.

Meanwhile civil flying went on at six other fields: Northolt, Blackbushe, Bovingdon, Croydon, Gatwick—and Stansted. By 1953 these seven airfields were causing air traffic control problems and it was proposed to concentrate traffic on Heathrow, with Gatwick to be



Coming in to land at Stansted Airport, at present used by 400,000 passengers a year compared with 28 million at Heathrow.

developed as the main alternative airport and Blackbushe as a supplementary alternative. Stansted, a former United States Army Air Force field just north of Bishop's Stortford, was a reserve, to be used if traffic justified it.

In 1955 a committee looked at Heathrow's requirements and future development. By then Northolt had been closed for civil flying, and Blackbushe was to follow in 1960 because of air traffic problems. In 1957 development of Gatwick was considered urgent and the possibility of a third London airport was mentioned.

After the Americans left Stansted the field was still used for various charter flights, training and trooping. Eventually the airfield was maintained on a "care and maintenance" basis. This sounds cheap but in fact involves unexpectedly high expense—a 24-hour customs presence is required, for example.

In 1960 a Select Committee on Estimates inquired into expenditure on Stansted. Some local residents now believe that this was the start of all the trouble. Much energy has been devoted to showing that the Civil Service has been blameless of "incurring nugatory expense". In other words, having once allowed the money to be spent, the bureaucrats have been trying ever since to

justify themselves. The same Select Committee envisaged Stansted as a possible third London airport. Their report was published in 1964. It said that Heathrow and Gatwick would be overloaded by 1972 and traffic would have to be turned away. From a shortlist of 18 sites they chose Stansted. It already had a runway (then the longest in Europe), the field was already in use, and there were possibilities for expansion in population locally.

People living in and around Stansted now became thoroughly alarmed at the threat. In the same year of 1964 the veteran of all the campaigning societies, the North West Essex and East Hertfordshire Preservation Association (NWEHPA), was formed with the late Sir Roger Hawkey and John Lukies as joint chairmen. It was NWEHPA who did a great deal to ensure that there was a properly presented and co-ordinated opposition to the Stansted Third London Airport proposal at the public inquiry which was held, in an atmosphere of intense local apprehension and indignation, at Chelmsford in the winter of 1965-66.

The Inspector, Mr G. D. Blake, found that Stansted was perfectly viable as an airport but he was against its development on five major counts. He said

that it "would be a calamity for the neighbourhood if a major airport were placed at Stansted. Such a decision could only be justified by national necessity. Necessity was not proved by evidence at this inquiry."

This verdict burst like a bombshell among the bureaucrats. They had not bothered to present proper evidence, regarding the issue as a foregone conclusion. Certainly Mr Blake received no public thanks or recognition for his long, hard and patient work in the public interest. He had recommended that a "review of the whole problem should be undertaken by a committee equally interested in traffic in the air, traffic on the ground, regional planning and national planning".

This review, known locally as the "Star Chamber review" because its members' names were kept secret, in fact included many of the same personalities whose feckless and incompetent evidence had been treated with such richly deserved contempt at the inquiry. Naturally, they reached the same conclusion as before, which was published in a White Paper in 1967: the Government had carefully considered all the possibilities and decided that there was no alternative site for a third London airport that was better than

Stansted. In short, the Chelmsford findings were ignored. Stansted was to go ahead.

If there had been alarm before, there was now a brilliantly organized and orchestrated campaign of persuasion and protest locally, in the national media and in Parliament, which eventually caused the Government to lose its nerve. Stansted-watchers were treated to the unedifying spectacle of bureaucrats scuttling for cover. The upshot was the announcement in May, 1968, of a non-statutory Commission under Mr Justice Roskill to inquire into the timing of the need for a four-runway airport to serve the London area, to consider various alternative sites and to report.

The new airport was to have a future capacity of 100 million passengers a year (Heathrow has a present throughput of about 28 million). The Commission looked for sites less than 80 miles from the centre of London but more than 30 miles from Heathrow, away from towns with populations of more than 50,000 but having a possible 10,000 acres ready for development.

They found 78 possible sites. From them they extracted a "medium list" of 29 sites, including Stansted. Eventually they came down to four: Cublington, Foulness, Nuthampstead and Thurleigh. But not, repeat *not*, Stansted. The Commission suggested Cublington in Buckinghamshire, but Professor (now Sir) Colin Buchanan dissented: he preferred Foulness, or Maplin as it became better known.

The Government accepted the Commission's findings and, after some deliberations, announced that the third London airport would be built not at Cublington but at Maplin. Planning continued until March, 1974, when the Government changed. The oil crisis, a drop in air traffic and spiralling costs caused Maplin to be dropped.

It is important for outsiders now to understand just what the Roskill decision meant locally. The scheme to expand Stansted into a third London airport was finished, kaput, dead. People rejoiced. They had won, so they thought, a famous victory. Convinced that the threat had been lifted once and for all, people began to move, buy houses and prepare to make their lives in the area. Unfortunately, as local people are now bitterly aware, "unlike the rest of us, Civil Service policies never grow old, and never die". As the 70s went on, there were ominous developments: another review, another White Paper, the creation of more bodies such as ACAP (Advisory Committee on Airports Policy) and SGSEA (Study Group on South East Airports), with an unceasing flow of forecasts and statistics and surveys and reports and rumours, all of which should have aroused local suspicions.

As it was, Mr Nott's statement on airports policy in the House on December 17, 1979, caught local people utterly by surprise. "Our first feeling," they say, "was absolute disbelief. Then a feeling of 'Oh no, not *again*'. Then, a feeling of 'Let's go get 'em!'" At once,

both sides sprang into their old attitudes of confrontation. NWEHPA was still very much in existence—it held its 17th annual general meeting earlier this year. The old files, the old lists of names were taken down and dusted off. The protesters have lost some of their number through death or departure from the district or sheer weariness.

The great financial advantage enjoyed by civil servants is not generally understood, except by those who have taken part in such campaigns. If the bureaucrats lose they can appeal, and go on appealing, using taxpayers' money. But the campaigners have to keep on passing the hat round. However, the protesters have gained new recruits from those who thought in the past that it was not possible to beat the bureaucrats, but who now see that it can be done. There is also a second generation of campaigners: the torch has been passed from father to son and daughter. And there are newcomers to the area, who feel their hopes and plans for themselves and their families have been betrayed.

But some of their opponents have also learnt. As the more percipient local residents have realized, the BAA is more businesslike this time. For instance, consultants with agricultural expertise, who were formerly retained by such organizations as the National Farmers' Union, have this time been preempted by the BAA. For the first time ever in such cases, the Authority is empowered to buy property in advance of the inquiry. The inquiry is set to begin on September 15. The venue, at the time of writing, is not settled. "It had better be Wembley Stadium," say the protesters, "to get us all in."

Granted the need for extra capacity at airports, why, ask local people, do they *always* pick on Stansted?

Some blame it, simply, on the runway. The BAA owns Stansted. Expansion at Stansted would be cheaper, at least in the short term and at least as far as the Authority itself is concerned. The opposers say that Stansted will end up being far more expensive—and not just in money. Despite all the BAA's persuasion and inducements, such as preferentially low landing fees and airport charges, passenger traffic at Stansted has stayed obstinately low, at around a quarter of a million passengers a year. But, Stansted is a going concern and, above all, the runway is *there*.

The BAA took over on April 1 (All Fools' Day, as the locals do not fail to point out), 1966. Passenger traffic went up tenfold, to 147,000, and a new terminal building was finished in 1969. Traffic rose to nearly 500,000 passengers in 1970. For a time it did seem that Stansted was going to take off. But two airlines withdrew in 1972 and the figures dropped away to 200,000 passengers a year. They have climbed back to nearly 400,000 a year but, compared with Heathrow at 28 million a year and Gatwick at over nine million a year, Stansted is not even remotely in the same league.

But there have always been those who thought Stansted could, and

should, be in that league. From 1978 onwards ACAP and SGSEA both studied the problem of London's airport capacity in exhaustive detail. ACAP did not mention Stansted by name, but SGSEA certainly did. Of its seven short-listed sites, Stansted was the clear winner. For an airport assumed to be able to handle 15 million passengers a year, Stansted was several hundred million pounds cheaper and, just as important, could be ready three years earlier than any of the rest. It was largely these recommendations that led the Minister John Nott to announce that the Government had decided to go for Stansted after all.

Local Stansted people are infuriated by the way the BAA keeps on coming back, in their opinion unjustifiably, to Stansted. The reason is that, looked at purely from the BAA's own point of view, Stansted is the best and cheapest and quickest. For those who are not professionally concerned with issues of planning and green belts and hospitals and roads and houses, but whose business it is to load and unload aircraft and get them on and off the deck, Stansted does have a deal to recommend it.

The BAA argues that air traffic is increasing and will go on doing so. It is already an important part of the national economy and it will become even more important. The capacity of Heathrow and of Gatwick, even with the second terminal, will only last as far as the late 80s or early 90s. It is idle, they say, to talk of putting a third London airport somewhere far out in the provinces. Most people want to come to London. If frustrated, they might not come to the United Kingdom at all.

The Authority says it is no longer talking of the four-runway, 100 million passengers a year airport of the Roskill era, but of a Phase One development of up to 15 million a year and a possible Phase Two increase of up to 50 million a year. ("They don't want a colossal airport," say the locals, sardonically, "just a teeny weeny gigantic one.") The BAA points out that the airport will enormously boost local employment. The number of jobs in the airport itself will

soar from the present 1,500 or so up to around 20,000, with perhaps another 10,000 in the service and ancillary firms that always come to cluster round a big airport. Yet the BAA argues that this will not demand many more houses—only some 6,000 at the very most and it will be surprised if all those are needed. There will be no need for a new town, no need for a new regional growth area.

On the point of noise, the Authority says the next generations of large aircraft will be much quieter than their predecessors and in any case noise barriers will be erected and landscaping carried out. On communications, there is the new M11 from Cambridge to London, which runs right past the airport and which will have a connexion to the M25. There will be improved access to the A120 and a new British Rail spur right into the terminal.

As for farming, the BAA says it will need 1,500 acres for Phase One and will take another 2,500 to safeguard Phase Two. Only a few farms will be affected and only two will disappear. Representatives of the BAA speaking at local meetings in and around Stansted often state confidently that "there will be sheep still grazing at the ends of the runways".

For the new airport the BAA plans a new terminal, 80 feet high, with a floor area of a million square feet, on the east side of the runway (that is, on the opposite side to the existing terminal, which would be demolished) with a British Rail station adjoining it. There would also be a hotel, offices and car parks. The airport would have two new taxiways, one of them capable of being used as a runway in emergency, and additional lighting and landing aids for the existing runway. There would be hard standing for between 40 and 50 aircraft, and what are referred to as "areas designated for future aircraft maintenance, cargo and ancillary airport developments".

The BAA submitted its planning application for all this on July 25, 1980. It was "called in" for determination by the Secretary of State for the Environment on December 2.

For and against

Fortescues is a duck farm just off the main road between Bishop's Stortford and Chelmsford. Certainly there are plenty of ducks, but at times there seem to be almost as many cars parked in the driveway. People are ceaselessly coming and going, the telephones constantly ringing. This is the campaign headquarters of NWEHPA and on any given day there will be four or five volunteers in the farmhouse kitchen answering the telephone, opening the mail, filing correspondence, working the photocopier.

The campaign organizer and owner of the kitchen is Mrs Sue Forsyth. She meets the BAA's case head on, point for point, and disagrees with every bit of it. She is almost wholly wrapped up in the campaign—obsessed does not really seem too strong a word—and is ab-

solutely and totally convinced that NWEHPA is going to win at the inquiry. She believes, as its campaign literature says, that the proposed development of Stansted is an environmental and social disaster, to be resisted in every legal way.

Sue Forsyth was having the first of her two children at the time of the Roskill Commission 10 years ago and, as she says, "had other things to think about then". But now she has taken on the mantle of her father, John Lukies, NWEHPA's chairman, and you get the strongest feeling that if things do not go right the two children will take over NWEHPA in due course. But Sue Forsyth is certain they will win—so sure, in fact, that as things in life never are so certain, you almost begin ➡



The shadow over Stansted

to tremble for her.

John Lukies was one of the original group of 10 who formed NWEHPA back in 1964, each putting in £100 to "prime the pump". They were all men and women of local standing and repute who knew that it was no use lying down in the road or crying hysterically "we wuz robbed" when the airport came. The bureaucrats had to be beaten at their own game, with counsel pitted against counsel, propaganda matched by propaganda, point answered by point.

They did extremely well, and they "won" twice. But victory was not cheap. They raised £25,000 for the Chelmsford inquiry in 1965, another £15,000 for Roskill. This time they will be briefing counsel again, and there are all manner of expenses: the campaign office alone costs £1,000 a month. So far they have raised over £100,000 in a variety of ways. A sponsored walk brought in £16,000 last September. One volunteer, Maxine Harvey, does £5,000 worth of business a year in "Stansted—No" T-shirts and sweatshirts. The rest comes from barbecues, dances, bring-and-buys, cheese-and-wines, jumble sales, cricket matches, teas, lunches, festivals, fêtes, dog shows, fashion shows, garden parties and, most of all, donations: anything from £1 from a pensioner to £200 from a rare and generous donor.

NWEHPA acts as a clearing house

for information and a central mouth-piece for some 200 other affiliated associations, clubs, societies and councils, from the Abbess and White Roding Conservation Society to Wyddial Village Association. Some give themselves punchy acronyms (as NWEHPA would do, if it had its time again) such as GREASE (Great Easton Against Stansted Expansion) and SPASE (Stortford People Against Stansted Expansion). The astounding geographical spread of some of these affiliated bodies, from Cambridge in the north, down to London, and right across the breadth of East Anglia, indicates the strength of local feeling.

Some of the acronyms sound cosy, but the societies have some very determined members. Dorothy Cooper is activities organizer for SPASE. She and her husband, a credit assessor, moved from north London to their house in a pleasant, tree-lined avenue in Bishop's Stortford after they heard that the Stansted threat had been lifted by the Roskill Commission.

She pours scorn on the BAA's "sheep may safely graze on the runway" theory. "You can't tell me there's any such thing as your friendly neighbourhood airport." She is also conscious of a waste of time and talent. "We're tired of it. We could be doing so much more than raise money to pay lawyers. It would be different if it was war-time. We'd be up there like a shot digging trenches on the airfield. The point is, why should we let these people do this to us?"



Expansion plans include hard standing for up to 50 aircraft and two new taxiways.

John Latham farms some 400 acres at Waltham Hall on the edge of the airfield. About 130 acres is in Phase One, the rest in Phase Two. He has noticed a new determination, a new sense of purpose in the BAA. "Depend upon it," he says, "they mean business this time." He feels the Authority has a chance of winning and this is an extra incentive to sell. "Every farmer in Phase One has sold or is in the process of selling," he says.

The farmers are caught in a cleft stick between the present state of the tax laws and out-dated rules on compensation. They do get extra for loss of working the land, loss of machinery and inconvenience but, as John Latham says, "We're

all unwilling sellers. We feel we have to sell. We'll never get back into agriculture round here. If the airport does come, everybody knows that more land must be released for building and development. We'd be outbid at every auction."

When all is over and the dust has settled, that part of England round Stansted will be the most closely examined and described of any in history. Almost the only paid person in NWEHPA is the planning consultant, Reg Hookway, who used to be director of the Countryside Commission. He says, "We're asking the towns and villages, more than 100 of them, to prepare what we call an 'environmental chronicle'. We're going to present them



CHARLES MILLIGAN



RICHARD COOKE



RICHARD COOKE



RICHARD COOKE

Farming land is threatened by the possible expansion of Stansted, as are villages like Thaxted, many private homes and historical East Anglian landmarks.

all at the inquiry and say to the Inspector, 'Look, this is what we stand to lose if the airport is expanded.'

For their chronicles, local communities have taken a close look at themselves and their surroundings: a pleasant view, an old house, a row of trees, a favourite garden seat, an elegant building, a quaint chimney—anything and everything that gives a place its own flavour and character. And not just fittings, but doings: local customs, ceremonies, activities—how many church services a year, how many parish council meetings, whist drives, keep-fit classes, discos—they all go into the chronicles which with their drawings and photographs and tables of figures, are going to be a priceless record of the life and times of mid-20th-century East Anglia and a permanent memorial, whatever happens at the inquiry.

One of the fullest chronicles will be from Thaxted, whose church steeple will be half a mile from the end of the runway. With its huddled houses and its annual morris dancing festival in the streets, Thaxted is the archetypal East Anglian small town. Its church, unusually large and magnificent for a town of that size, took 170 years to build. Highly praised by Sir John Betjeman, it is reputed to be acoustically perfect and is much used for concerts. Of Thaxted's 2,000 people, nearly half have lived there all their lives. Some two dozen Thaxted families can claim continuous residence in the town for several hundred years.

Not everybody by any means agrees that expanding the airport will be such a bad thing. Among all the car stickers saying "NO to Stansted", there are some—not so many, but some—saying "I'm for Stansted, I'm for Jobs" and "Stansted: We've Got It, Let's Use It". There are certainly many people in the area who never go to meetings, never write to the papers, never take any action at all, but who think that if the airport does come it will not affect them, or if it does it will be for the good.

One airport supporter is John Middleton Brown, an indefatigable writer to the local papers. He came originally from the north-east of England and spent a working life of

more than 40 years as a joinery hand in Sawbridgeworth. He respects the campaigners' right to their point of view, but says, "They haven't got a leg to stand on. Not the slightest doubt about it, that airport will come. For the workers in this area, the airport will be one of the finest things that ever happened." He takes a somewhat jaundiced view of the societies and their chronicles. "They're searching the hedgerows and the bridle paths and the country lanes hoping to find someone to tell them what to say at the inquiry."

Those who want Stansted expanded have their own pressure group called STAG (Stansted Airport Action Group), which was formed in 1971 at a time when it seemed that if any other site were chosen Stansted might well close down. This point is well put by John Millikin, leading-hand fitter with Aviation Traders (Engineering) Ltd, an important employer of labour at the airport. He is a member of STAG and a branch secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, who often goes to meetings, writes letters and actively campaigns.

He has a reluctant admiration for the protesters' success so far. "You have to hand it to them," he says. "You go to a meeting and there's their literature all over the place. But nobody stops to think what might happen to Stansted if this scheme doesn't go through. There's a chance Stansted will close. We're interested in safeguarding our jobs, and bringing in more jobs. It's a myth to say there are going to be no extra jobs. There must be. Somebody's got to build it, haven't they?"

The local authorities, at county and district level, are totally and implacably opposed to the airport scheme. There are dozens of contentious points, but in the end it comes down to planning. For 30 years the local authorities have built up a planning structure for the area, based on the principle that this is one of London's last remaining "green lungs". A new airport of the size suggested would wreck the planning structure.

Peter Milton, of Essex County Council planners, says, "It's a very complicated issue, but basically there are two main disagreements. First the

number of new houses. The BAA says 6,000. It believes most of the people employed at the airport will not mind driving 45 minutes each way to work. Well, we believe some of them, the pilots probably, will want to live away, but most of the semi-skilled and skilled workers like to live much closer—10 to 15 minutes' drive away. We've worked out that the total number of new houses could be 73,000. We're talking about a new town, in fact.

"The other point is, what sort of new airport are we talking about? The BAA says it's going for 15 million passengers a year. But it's buying land to safeguard 50 million. We say that once approval has been given for 15 million it will be extremely difficult to oppose a further application for 50 million."

This is strenuously denied by Stansted's airport manager, Alan Proctor. He points to the frequent public inquiries, the painstaking progress at every stage, over the second terminal for Gatwick and the fourth terminal for Heathrow. Stansted, he says, "would not become the environmental monster everybody says it will". He believes it is perfectly possible to have 15 million passengers and still safeguard the future of the area. Stansted, he says, "is a prominent contender and it would be difficult to reject it. It is the best site for the whole lot, customs, fuelling, maintenance, catering, air traffic control system, navigational aids."

Caught somewhere in the middle of all this argument are the actual airfield users. Instone Air Line, run by the brothers Jeremy and Giles Instone, is the newest arrival at Stansted but the oldest name in British civil air history. Their grandfather and three great-uncles were pioneers, starting with a converted First World War Vickers Vimy bomber in 1919. They and three other firms eventually became Imperial Airways.

Instone now specialize in transporting up-market livestock such as racehorses and polo ponies. They came to Stansted because of the lower charges and the nearness to their main customers in Newmarket. They have one fairly ancient, fixed undercarriage Bristol Freighter, which they bought and had flown home from New

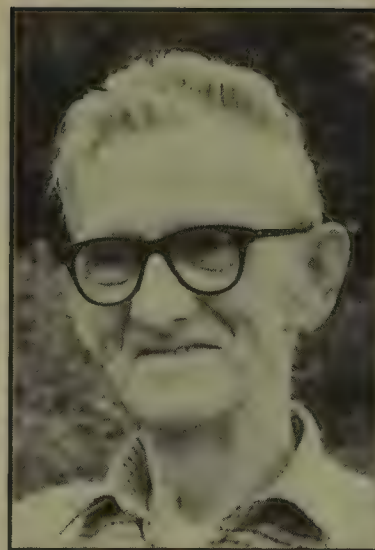
Zealand. They have great hopes at Stansted but, as Jeremy Instone says, "not much security of tenure" on their premises, which would be demolished if the airport were developed. They would like the whole matter settled for the future of their firm and their employees.

It is this question of jobs that is central to the whole dispute and which, you sense, is the weakest part of the protesters' argument. One recent mass meeting of local parish councils (of 100 parishes, 93 were represented—a measure of local feeling) was addressed by Chris Knight, Director of Planning for Uttlesford District Council, in whose domain the whole airport and all its future development lies. Mr Knight gave a fluent and flawless exposition, with film slides, of the likely impact on the neighbourhood of the BAA's plans in terms of urbanization, planning and the environment, with its social and economic costs.

But there is an element of *Alice Through the Looking Glass* in some of the local authorities' arguments, although it is not likely to affect the airport's destiny in the end. The authorities gloomily list the extra houses, schools, hospitals, clinics, police stations, sewerage, waterworks, roads, parks and old people's homes that will have to be provided if the airport comes. But at the same time, they insist that there will be no extra jobs in the area because of the airport. In other words, like the Red Queen, the planners are going to have to run like hell to stay in the same place.

The real fear of NWEHPA members and the others is a more primitive one, not of unemployment but of being swamped by outsiders. As Mark Arman says, if the airport comes, the place they knew will be destroyed. It is not a wildly exciting piece of countryside, but it is green and pleasant, especially to eyes from London. They are prepared to go to some lengths to defend it. Last time there was a *Dad's Army* element, ready to take extreme measures, and there is a feeling now of something similar running not far beneath the surface. If the inquiry goes wrong, people are confidently predicting civil unrest in the area.

Suppose the inquiry did go ➡



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN WINTON

Four people who feel strongly about Stansted: NWEHPA's campaign organizer and chairman, Sue Forsyth, and her father, John Lukies; farmer John Latham, who stands to lose 400 acres; and John Middleton Brown, who thinks that for local workers the airport will be one of the finest things that ever happened.

The shadow over Stansted

wrong, would NWEHPA accept the verdict? "No," says John Lukies, "we would not. We'll do as the bureaucrats do and have to be beaten three times,

like them, before we accept it. Why should we have to keep on fighting like this? In 1965 we would have abided by the Inspector's decision if it had gone against us. We would have pressed for proper compensation for our members. But it's quite different now. All this began as a protest. It's now a crusade."

The other choices

If not Stansted, then where? Given that a third London airport is necessary—and not everybody would concede that by any means—where can a suitable place be found? There must be, say, up to 5,000 acres of scrubland or wasteland, so that nobody will complain about the quality of the agricultural land lost, but it must be firm enough not to need expensive draining or pile-driving. It must be so remote that nobody will be disturbed by aircraft noise, vibration or all-night illumination, but near enough for passengers to travel quickly by motorway or railway or helicopter from the centre of London to the airport. There must be thousands of skilled or semi-skilled workers in the area who would not, however, need extra schools or hospitals. There must be plenty of housing within reasonable commuter-driving distance, but no medieval barns or acoustically perfect Norman churches or schools for handicapped children or Ministry of Defence firing ranges. It must be free from rare plants or birds that people travel hundreds of miles to collect or watch, from Roman excavation sites, from local business vested interests, and from power-gaming and empire-building and sheer bloody-mindedness in bureaucratic departments.

There may be such a place to be found, somewhere up in the Elysian airfields, but not near London. But it is not for want of trying. The Select Committee of the 60s considered 18 sites. Roskill began with 78, whittled it down to 29, and finally to four. More recently, SGSEA had seven sites. So many places have been looked at, so many names have been bandied about, that at one time it must have seemed that any

Home Counties farmer with two flat fields to put together stood a real chance of having the third London airport on his doorstep.

At the moment London has, for all practical purposes, four airports: Heathrow, Gatwick and Stansted, all owned by the British Airports Authority, and Luton, owned by Luton Corporation. The four are, geographically, neatly spread out around the capital. But they are vastly different in capacity.

Heathrow is the largest international airport in the world. There may be airports in the United States which handle more passengers but many of those passengers are on internal flights. More people start and finish international flights at Heathrow than anywhere else. Gatwick with an annual throughput rising to 10 million passengers a year, is subsidiary to Heathrow but is an airport of considerable size in world terms. Luton, with between two and three million passengers a year, does not figure in any plans for expansion, at least as far as a third London airport is concerned.

Heathrow and Gatwick do, however, have expansion prospects in the comparatively near future. A lengthy public inquiry considered a fourth terminal at Heathrow and decided for it: it is planned to be in service in the summer of 1985. Gatwick has only one runway and there is no question of a second, due to development over the area where the second runway would have been. But there has been a public inquiry over a second terminal there and the decision is awaited.

The problem is, what happens when Heathrow and Gatwick have reached their present planned capacities, some-

time in the late 80s or early 90s? As the years and the seemingly interminable series of investigations and reports have passed, the options have narrowed to an expansion of Stansted; conversion of a military airfield; or a brand new airfield.

A great deal of money, reputedly some £2 million, was spent on planning and preliminaries at Maplin before it was cancelled in 1974. Recently, environmental officials in town and country planning have recommended Maplin again and, taken purely from the planning point of view, Maplin does have many advantages. But John Nott, speaking in the House on February 21 this year, said, "I must make my own opinion absolutely clear. There is in my view not the remotest possibility of any government ever resurrecting the Maplin project." The Opposition spokesman on airports, Clinton Davis, concurred, saying, "The Minister has convincingly deployed a case against Maplin... I believe that it is a non-runner" and "an idea which should be buried once and for all and never again disinterred." That, as far as any politicians' statements can be believed, seems to dispose of Maplin.

Nobody appears to have any realistic proposals for converting a military airfield and the options seemed to be converging on Stansted. But yet another solution is now proposed: a fifth terminal at Heathrow. The fourth terminal inquiry took the view that "enough was enough". Citizens around Heathrow should not be subjected to any more noise and disturbance. But the case for a fifth terminal is now being pressed by British Airways, whose statement of case on Stansted, published in June, must have come as a real body-blow to the BAA (whose chairman, Norman Payne, said some statements in it were "amazing").

To cut a long story short, British Airways do not want to come to Stansted. For any large airline there are enormous advantages in cost, convenience and "image" in concentrating all its activities at one international airport. Dispersion always leads to extra cost and less convenience. British Airways were reluctant to divert some of their activity even to

Gatwick and still complain that it is costing them business which their competitors, especially on routes to Spain and Portugal, have now taken over.

British Airways claim that a fifth terminal at Heathrow will not mean any more flights in a year: increases in aircraft size and quietness mean that the limiting factor is now terminal capacity, not the number of aircraft flying in and out. Stansted would mean, so British Airways say, another 40 aircraft and added costs of £150-200 million a year, at 1980 prices.

There is a good site for the fifth terminal, between the runways where the Perry Oak sludge works are now. It is on the western side of the airport, convenient for a link to the M25. The Piccadilly Underground line could be extended to serve the terminal. The existing Heathrow station was, in fact, aligned with just this extension in mind. British Airways' case has naturally given great heart to the Stansted campaigners. If British Airways, one of the major prospective users of an expanded Stansted does not want to come—well, then!

In his statement John Nott said, "We believe that the time is long overdue for a settlement of the airports question for a much longer period, so that the demand can be met if it develops into the next century. Years of indecision, decision and counter-decision reflect no credit on this country's capacity to make difficult but necessary choices."

These were regarded by Stansted campaigners as singularly obtuse and ignorant remarks, even for a politician. What, they ask, did the Chelmsford inquiry and Roskill achieve? It is only the politicians, aided and abetted by the Civil Servants, who cannot make up their minds. The local campaigners fear that even this inquiry will settle nothing in the long term. In 10 years' time, when a new generation of bureaucrats wants to use Stansted, like its predecessors, as a kind of bureaucratic initiation rite, or teething-ring, the whole matter will come up again. In the meantime, Solomon himself would be hard pressed to decide. The Inspector, whatever happens, deserves a knighthood.

Further protection for our wildlife

by Tim Sands, Assistant Secretary, Royal Society for Nature Conservation

The Wildlife and Countryside Act 1981, which comes into force this autumn, differs in one very important respect from earlier legislation: it tackles not only the inexcusable acts of destruction and killing of our endangered wild flowers and animals, but the root cause of their recent decline—the loss of the wild, natural areas on which they depend for their survival.

The Government's Bill, unveiled in 1979, was drafted against a background of an estimated loss of or damage to the country's top wildlife sites—called Sites of Special Scientific Interest (SSSIs)—of 4 per cent every year. They proposed statutory protection of a mere 30-40 "super" SSSIs, involving a two-stage stop on damaging operations: there would be a three-month stay, during which the Nature Conservancy Council would give a ruling on whether the land use could go ahead; then, if the ruling were against the land-owner, up to a further nine months would allow for further negotiations, and either agreement would be reached or the land could be compulsorily purchased.

During the passage of the Bill a survey revealed that damage to or loss of SSSIs in 1980 far from slowing down was double the previous estimate and was an alarming 8 per cent. Something more had to be done and under pressure from conservation organizations and strong opposition in both Houses of Parliament a new deal was worked out. In addition to the "super" SSSI pro-

visions the Government conceded that both owners and conservation interests in the nation's SSSI network would benefit from a further package of measures. The new Act was changed so that in future landowners of all SSSIs will be told they have such a site on their land, why it is important, and the operations which might harm the wild flowers and animals it supports. On new sites the owner will also be consulted three months before a site is scheduled.

The richness of these sites is appreciated and respected by most owners and many find it possible to continue their existing use of the land in a way which is compatible with its scientific interest. However, some losses are still occurring and in these cases the Government is putting faith in a voluntary approach—the production of a code of conduct—which will spell out the procedure to be adopted if an owner contemplates a change of practice on his SSSI. This will be backed by a statutory requirement for him to give three months' notice to the NCC before he wants to go ahead. Given adequate finance—a big question mark in these gloomy economic days—it is to be hoped this framework will help to reduce the number of species which have been so threatened by habitat destruction in the past that they have had to be included on the protected species schedules of our wildlife laws.

However, only six years after our endangered wild flowers and animals

first received legal protection the number of species and the degree of their protection has had to be greatly extended by the Wildlife and Countryside Act 1981.

In 1975 only two species of bat—the Greater Horseshoe and Mouse-eared—the smooth snake, sand lizard, natterjack toad and Large Blue butterfly were afforded full protection, while today all the species of bat and another 24 rarities have been added to this select band. Of these perhaps the most publicized is the otter, whose protection has been extended to Scotland as well as England and Wales. But the insects are now well represented and include the New Forest burnet moth, collected to extinction in the New Forest and now known from one locality in Scotland, which was added at the Lords' committee stage; and the East Anglian rarity the spectacular Swallowtail butterfly, which was put on the list at the last moment during the Commons' report stage. The red squirrel was another species added by amendment in the Lords. Found in most counties of England in 1945, it is today almost absent from the English countryside. Perhaps the most exciting additions are the Common and Bottlenosed dolphin and the Harbour porpoise, protection for which was resisted in 1975.

The new Act continues the restrictions on the killing, injuring, taking and possession of these protected animals as well as their sale. Indeed it is now illegal

to trade in the eight commoner amphibians and reptiles, including the common frog and toad. It is also an offence, for the first time, to destroy places used by protected species for shelter or protection, or to disturb them.

In 1975, 21 wild flowers were protected from picking and uprooting. The new Act extends this list to 60 species, including the attractive, pale lilac-flowered fen violet, which has declined mainly because of the destruction of its fenland habitat, and the creeping marshwort, a semi-aquatic which has suffered in the same way. The rough marsh mallow, found in marginal habitats, field borders and the edges of woods, also appears on the schedule for the first time, and so does the field cow-wheat, an annual weed of cornfields, which is now restricted to rough grassy areas, mostly roadside verges and borders. Plants in a range of habitats are represented on the new list but the main threats remain the same as in 1975—the destruction of their habitat by ploughing and drainage and other changes in agricultural practice which have affected the species of arable fields particularly. Undoubtedly collecting, digging up and damage are still the next biggest threats, and it will now be an offence to sell the protected species, while the digging up of all wild plants, without permission, remains illegal.

Some of the protected land animals are illustrated overleaf. Next month the flora will be illustrated ●

Protected species

Fauna

Adder	<i>Vipera berus</i>
Bats, Horseshoe (all species)	<i>Rhinolophidae</i>
Bats, Typical (all species)	<i>Vespertilionidae</i>
Beetle, Rainbow Leaf	<i>Chrysolina cerealis</i>
Burbot	<i>Lota lota</i>
Butterfly, Chequered Skipper	<i>Carterocephalus palaemon</i>
Butterfly, Heath Fritillary	<i>Melitica athalia</i>
Butterfly, Large Blue	<i>Maculinea arion</i>
Butterfly, Swallowtail	<i>Papilio machaon</i>
Cricket, Field	<i>Gryllus campestris</i>
Cricket, Mole	<i>Gryllotalpa gryllotalpa</i>
Dolphin, Bottle-nosed	<i>Tursiops truncatus</i>
Dolphin, Common	<i>Delphinus delphis</i>
Dragonfly, Norfolk Aeshna	<i>Aeshna isosceles</i>
Frog, Common	<i>Rana temporaria</i>
Grasshopper, Wart-biter	<i>Decticus verrucivorus</i>
Lizard, Sand	<i>Lacerta agilis</i>
Lizard, Viviparous	<i>Lacerta vivipara</i>
Moth, Barberry Carpet	<i>Pareulype berberata</i>
Moth, Black-veined	<i>Siona lineata</i>
Moth, Essex Emerald	<i>Thetidia smaragdaria</i>
Moth, New Forest Burnet	<i>Zygaena viciae</i>
Moth, Reddish Buff	<i>Acosmetia caliginosa</i>
Newt, Great Crested	<i>Triturus cristatus</i>
Newt, Palmate	<i>Triturus helveticus</i>
Newt, Smooth	<i>Triturus vulgaris</i>
Otter, Common	<i>Lutra lutra</i>
Porpoise, Harbour	<i>Phocaena phocaena</i>
Slow-worm	<i>Anguis fragilis</i>
Snail, Carthusian	<i>Monacha carthusiana</i>
Snail, Glutinous	<i>Myxas glutinosa</i>
Snail, Sandbowl	<i>Catinella arenaria</i>
Snake, Grass	<i>Natrix helvetica</i>
Snake, Smooth	<i>Coronella austriaca</i>

Spider, Fen Raft
Spider, Ladybird
Squirrel, Red
Toad, Common
Toad, Natterjack

Flora

Alison, Small
Broomrape, Bedstraw
Broomrape, Oxtongue
Broomrape, Thistle
Catchfly, Alpine
Cinquefoil, Rock
Club-rush, Triangular
Cotoneaster, Wild
Cow-wheat, Field
Cudweed, Jersey
Diapensia
Eryngo, Field
Fern, Dickie's Bladder
Fern, Killarney
Galingale, Brown
Gentian, Alpine
Gentian, Spring
Germander, Water
Gladiolus, Wild
Hare's-ear, Sickie-leaved
Hare's ear, Small
Heath, Blue
Helleborine, Red
Knawel, Perennial
Knotgrass Sea
Lady's-slipper
Lavender, Sea

<i>Dolomedes plantarius</i>
<i>Eresus niger</i>
<i>Sciurus vulgaris</i>
<i>Bufo bufo</i>
<i>Bufo calamita</i>

<i>Alyssum alyssoides</i>
<i>Orobancha caryophyllacea</i>
<i>Orobancha loricata</i>
<i>Orobancha reticulata</i>
<i>Lychnis alpina</i>
<i>Potentilla rupestris</i>
<i>Scirpus triquetrus</i>
<i>Cotoneaster integerrimus</i>
<i>Melampyrum arvense</i>
<i>Gnaphalium luteoalbum</i>
<i>Diapensia lapponica</i>
<i>Eryngium campestre</i>
<i>Cystopteris dickieana</i>
<i>Trichomanes speciosum</i>
<i>Cyperus fuscus</i>
<i>Gentiana nivalis</i>
<i>Gentiana verna</i>
<i>Teucrium scordium</i>
<i>Gladiolus illyricus</i>
<i>Bupleurum falcatum</i>
<i>Bupleurum baldense</i>
<i>Phyllocladus caerulea</i>
<i>Cephalanthera rubra</i>
<i>Scleranthus perennis</i>
<i>Polygonum maritimum</i>
<i>Cypripedium calceolus</i>
<i>Limonium paradoxum</i>
<i>Limonium recurvum</i>

Leek, Round-headed
Lettuce, Least
Lily, Snowdon
Marsh-mallow, Rough
Orchid, Early Spider
Orchid, Fen
Orchid, Ghost
Orchid, Late Spider
Orchid, Lizard
Orchid, Military
Orchid, Monkey
Pear, Plymouth
Pink, Cheddar
Pink, Childling
Sandwort, Norwegian
Sandwort, Teesdale
Saxifrage, Drooping
Saxifrage, Tufted
Solomon's-seal, Whorled
Sow-thistle, Alpine
Spearwort, Adder's-tongue
Speedwell, Spiked
Spurge, Purple
Starfruit
Violet, Fen
Water-plantain, Ribbon leaved
Wood-sedge, Starved
Woodsia, Alpine
Woodsia, Oblong
Wormwood, Field
Woundwort, Downy
Woundwort, Limestone
Yellow-rattle, Greater

<i>Allium sphaerocephalon</i>
<i>Lactuca saligna</i>
<i>Lloydia serotina</i>
<i>Althaea hirsuta</i>
<i>Ophrys sphegodes</i>
<i>Liparis loeselii</i>
<i>Epipogium aphyllum</i>
<i>Ophrys fuciflora</i>
<i>Himantoglossum hircinum</i>
<i>Orchis militaris</i>
<i>Orchis simia</i>
<i>Pyrus cordata</i>
<i>Dianthus gratianopolitanus</i>
<i>Petroragha nanteuillii</i>
<i>Arenaria norvegica</i>
<i>Minuartia stricta</i>
<i>Saxifraga cernua</i>
<i>Saxifraga cespitosa</i>
<i>Polygonatum verticillatum</i>
<i>Cicerbita alpina</i>
<i>Ranunculus ophioglossifolius</i>
<i>Veronica spicata</i>
<i>Euphorbia peplis</i>
<i>Damasonium alisma</i>
<i>Viola persicifolia</i>
<i>Alisma gramineum</i>
<i>Carex depauperata</i>
<i>Woodsia alpina</i>
<i>Woodsia ilvensis</i>
<i>Artemisia campestris</i>
<i>Stachys germanica</i>
<i>Stachys alpina</i>
<i>Rhinanthus serotinus</i>

Endangered wildlife: fauna



Red squirrel
Sciurus vulgaris



Bat (typical)
Vespertilionidae



Common otter
Lutra lutra



Sand lizard
Lacerta agilis



Smooth snake
Coronella austriaca



Great Crested newt
Triturus cristatus



Black-veined moth
Siona lineata



Barberry Carpet moth
Paranopsis barborata



New Forest Burnet moth
Zygena viciae



Heath Fritillary butterfly
Melica athalia



Wart-biter grasshopper
Decticus verticarius



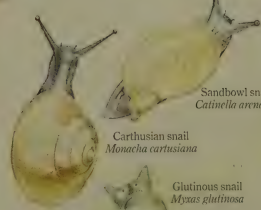
Mole cricket
Gryllotalpa gryllotalpa



Large Blue butterfly
Maculinea arion

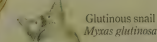


Ladybird spider
Eresus niger



Sandbow snail
Catinella arenaria

Carthusian snail
Monacha carthusiana



Glutinous snail
Mysas glutinosa



Swallowtail butterfly
Papilio machaon



Fen Ralt spider
Dolomedes plantarius



Chequered Skipper butterfly
Caricropialus palaemon



Rainbow lent beetle
Chrysolina crotalis



Norfolk Aeshna dragonfly
Aeshna insculpta

THE COUNTIES

Julian Critchley's

SHROPSHIRE

Photographs by Anne Cardale

Writing in *The Listener* some weeks ago, the historian A. J. P. Taylor told how instead of going to Venice for Whitsun he had gone to Shropshire. He described the county as "remote", and told how on a visit to the industrial museum at Ironbridge he had discovered the best pork pie he had tasted since his youth in Skipton. Shropshire is remote, a fact which has helped to preserve it from the horrors of development; and I have tasted the pie—it is quite excellent.

Shropshire is a castellated county, blue, green and gold, a county of long vistas in which the horizons are indented with the sharp profiles of distant hills. The north of the county is pastoral and quiet, an extension of the Cheshire plain, but south of the Severn you enter a different world. The area of the south Shropshire hills was the first in England to be designated as of outstanding natural beauty after the passing of the 1949 Act, and the crown is well deserved.

Travelling across the south of the county from east to west you are aware that the country changes perceptibly from English to Welsh. The Cleve Hills dominate a landscape where the soil is Devon-red, while the view from Wenlock Edge, a wooded ridge 20 miles long, is of the bare white back of the Longmynd and beyond it to the wild country of the Superstones, with their tors and the dark Welshness of the Clun Forest.

Shropshire has always been for me "the land of lost content" and Housman its poet:

"Wenlock Edge was umbered, and bright was Abdon Burf,
And soft between them slumbered, the sweet green miles of turf."

Housman was a Worcestershire lad who fell in love with an unknown Shropshire. Looking westwards, the Clees were his "blue remembered hills" and when later he wrote *A Shropshire Lad* in the aftermath of an unrequited love-affair with Moses Jackson, he plucked from the gazetteer such Shropshire names as Clun, Wenlock and Ludlow as the settings for his melancholy, even morbid, poems.

My mother was born in a cottage in Wistanstow in 1898, the fifth of six children of a railwayman later killed by a shunting engine. My grandmother brought up her family on next to nothing and her eldest son, my uncle, now well into his 90s, still lives there. I was evacuated to that cottage in August, 1939, and I can remember quite clearly listening to Neville Chamberlain's sombre yet peevish broadcast on Sunday, September 3, the hot sun streaming in through the open door. The talk was of war and, on the part of my girl cousins, of soldiers. The county regiment was the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, the KSLI, known irreverently as the King's Silly Little Idiots, or, reversing the initials, "I Love Soldiers' Klisses". Somehow I did not share in the excitement.

My grandparents were proud Salopians. They were poor and they were Tory. This was not so much from conviction, although they held strongly to their views, as from the fact that they

were English and went to church. Shropshire is border country into which the Welsh, once driven safely beyond Offa's Dyke, have returned. They did labouring jobs, went to chapel and voted Liberal. Politics were as simple as that.

My idyll, which consisted of rabbiting, riding on the cross-bar of my uncle's bike and of running a stick along the corrugated iron sides of the outdoor lavatory inside which crouched one or other of my terrified female cousins, was brought to an end by school. I went to three Shropshire schools. To the first, the village school, I was packed off at the age of eight. I was placed for my safety in the girls' half.

I survived, although my piping West London accent seemed to anger the natives who would pursue me up the lane yelling "rotten tatters" in West Saxon. No sooner had my voice taken on a Shropshire lilt than I was moved to Brockhurst, a preparatory school up the road in Church Stretton. There I was punched for not talking sufficiently posh and my education took on that hard, middle-class gloss brought about by gym and God.

Church Stretton is a Shropshire beauty spot situated between the Longmynd and the Stretton hills, a row of neat volcanic peaks which are like a fleet of great ships in line ahead. In the van is the Wrekin, some 15 miles to the north, the hill which is the subject of the Salopian's toast "All friends round the Wrekin". Towards the end of the last century Church Stretton, then a black-and-white village with a market- ➡



Top, looking north-westwards over rich agricultural land from the wooded ridge of Wenlock Edge. Far left, the cricket pavilion at Shrewsbury School, where the author spent "four undistinguished years". Left, the oldest house in Coalbrookdale, built in 1636, contains a forge. Above, Norman and Saxon Diddlebury Church.

Shropshire

hall by John Abel, Charles I's carpenter, became a fashionable holiday centre, and the Wirral rich moved south to build their Victorian villas. The market-hall disappeared. On half-holidays the school, in pink blazers and caps, would take to the hills, scrambling to the summit of Caer Caradoc in search of its cave, or following the course of Ashes Hollow as it climbed the 1,600 feet to the top of the Longmynd. There it was all wind and whinberries, with views over the Black Mountains and Plynlimmon, and the school and its formidable headmaster—a sailor who called the dormitories after admirals—happily reduced to size.

At the age of 13 I went from Brockhurst to Shrewsbury. The county town can be pronounced in one of three ways: "Shrozebury", like the school; "Shroosbury", which is the most common, or "Salop", which is not the alternative name of the county as Peter Walker believed, but the name given to Shrewsbury by the older country people. The school on its site above the Severn suffered from no such equivocation. We were not allowed to have doubts. The régime was rigorous, the food execrable (we were on almost permanent hunger strike) and the heating non-existent. I am told its living standards now match those of the public sector. In our spare time we either rowed or ran. In the winter terms the whole school would stream out of the gates on 6 mile runs, urged on by huntsmen and whippers-in. My chief memory of four undistinguished years was running for my life through the indescribable mud and filth of some Shropshire farmyard chased by savage dogs. But life at Shrewsbury had two compensations: the town, to which I went as often as I could get permission; and Sunday afternoon bike rides.

I cannot pretend that I went down town to look at the beauties of Shrewsbury. Spots and aesthetics do not go together. I went to escape the school and look at the shops. Sometimes I would stop and watch the girls of the grammar school playing tennis. But I got to know Shrewsbury, and more recently I have been back as often as I can to stroll along its streets, admire its churches, especially new St Chad's, and absorb its atmosphere which is part medieval, part Georgian. Were I to choose my time I would walk around Belmont on a summer Sunday morning, listening to the bells, gazing at the decoration of Ireland's Mansion, a pre-Reformation dwelling-house, and savouring the roast beef of Old England. Shrewsbury has not escaped the planners. The Victorian market-hall was no beauty but it was pulled down in the 1950s and replaced by a building which must rank among the ugliest in the country. Its appalling tower has elbowed its way among the vanes which Housman wrote "gleamed" over Shrewsbury "islanded in Severn stream".

On Sunday afternoons from a quarter to two until six o'clock we were free



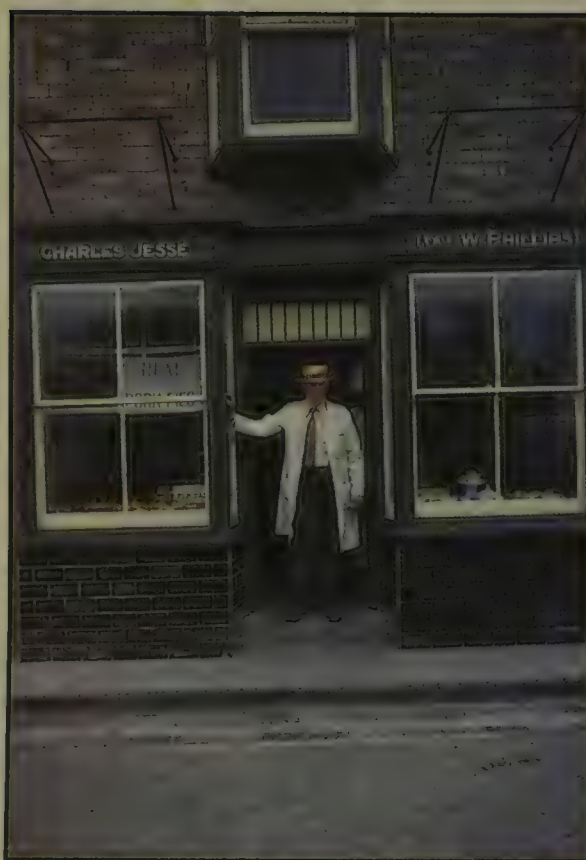
to bicycle across the country. The whole of Shropshire to a radius of 15 miles or so was ours, and the roads in the late 40s were empty of traffic. We would pedal along Telford's A5 as far as Nesscliffe, where we would climb the rocks and finish with egg and chips at a pub. In the opposite direction we would scale the Wrekin and explore the ruins of Uriconium, the Roman city once the fourth largest in England and to this day largely unexcavated. To the south we could get as far as Stretton and to the west to Pontesbury on the fringes of the Stiperstones, a wild and desolate stretch of hill country pitted with lead mines and on the top of which is the Devil's

Chair, a 200 foot mound of frost-fractured quartzite which, when shrouded with cloud, indicates the Devil's presence. "He's in his chair," mothers warn their children.

The Stiperstones is Mary Webb country. The novels of Mary Webb, praised by Stanley Baldwin and so popular in the 30s, were to be found on the shelves of the House library along with Henty and Rider Haggard. I read them greedily, which is more than could be said for my housemaster who was unaware of their lubricity. The heroes were petty squires with names like Gideon and Seth, who galloped across Shropshire in pursuit of virgins called

Hazel who were disappointingly fleet of foot. Good was symbolized by earnest young preachers who went equally unrewarded, and rainstorms were for ever battering upon cottage windows. There was a lot of hot breath and purple prose, much of which was written in a Shropshire dialect which my experiences in Wistanstow village school allowed me to decipher.

My favourite town in Shropshire is Ludlow, confidently proclaimed by Professor Joad as the "prettiest small town in England". I agree with that cantankerous and wrong-headed old man. Ludlow is beautiful and is not yet pickled in aspic like so many other small



Opposite, Ludlow, which in Tudor times was capital of the Welsh Marches. Above left, Heath Chapel, an original Norman chapel, near Cold Weston. Above right, the butcher's shop that supplies the "quite excellent" pork pie sampled by the author.



Georgian country towns, such as Farnham where every lamp-post is protected and even the policemen talk posh. Ludlow is a workaday town packed on market days with farmers' wives in Doris Archer hats, full of seedsmen and saddlers, and butchers selling their own black puddings. Ludlow is a hill-top town with the finest castle ruin in the Marches and a parish church, St Lawrence's, on which was lavished all the piety and prosperity of the medieval wool men. The country can be glimpsed at the end of every street and the river Teme encircles half the town. The alleys and courtyards are black-and-white and the main streets Georgian, the best of

which is Broad Street, which runs down from the Butter Cross where the clock still chimes "See, the conquering hero comes" as in Housman, to the town gate. In the 18th century the gentry wintered in Ludlow in houses which still sell for half the price of their equivalents in the south.

Ludlow is good for the spirit. It is overlooked by hills, to the west by Bringewood where more Ludlovians have been conceived than would be readily admitted, to the north by Wenlock Edge, to the East by Titterstone Clee Hill, whose profile when seen from the Knighton road is the most elegant in England, and to the

Shropshire

Area

861,699 acres

Population

375,610

Main towns

Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Telford, Bridgnorth, Oswestry, Market Drayton.

Main industries

Agriculture, forestry, mechanical engineering, metal manufacture.



south by the rolling red and green lands of Hereford. It is unspoilt and protected from the Black Country by the Clees and 20 extra miles of bad roads. Ludlow is a secret to be kept to oneself.

I left school at the end of the summer of 1948, taking the train from Shrewsbury to Paddington. Only a year after nationalization it was still recognizably the old Great Western Railway with its green and gold engines, the reek of buttoned carriage cloth and sepia photographs of Paignton. I return to Shropshire at least once a year, staying with relatives in Ludlow, and devote a day or two to gentle exploration.

Very little seems to have changed. Bringewood Chase has lost its three clumps of fir trees, and the Forestry Commission has laid its Nordic fingers along the spine of the Longmynd and on parts of the Clun Forest. Batches of none too handsome council houses cluster at the outskirts of the villages, and the traffic, particularly on the A49, the main north-south road, is heavier

than ever. After many years of asking, Ludlow has at last got its bypass. But the hills stay the same and the names do not change. The land has that well-manicured and expensive look which is the result of 40 years of agricultural prosperity. After the boom years of the French Wars, the farmers built themselves handsome, Georgian-style farm houses in red brick away from the villages; today bungalows have been put up on sites which often command the better views, and the grey stone cottages have Jaguars parked outside them belonging to Solihull business men. But most of Shropshire remains untouched.

A. J. P. Taylor said that Shropshire was "remote", and that is part of its charm. To those tired of London, if not of life, a week in Clun at the Sun Hotel or the Lion at Leintwardine (now in Hereford but until 1898 a part of Shropshire) would be a marvellous restorative. Follow the road that leads from Craven Arms westwards through the villages of Clunbury, and Clunton, Clungunford and Clun as it climbs steadily between the hills of the Forest until the road peters out at the gates of Peter Walker's hill farm. No one really does go to Wales that way.

On the other hand you could go east from Craven Arms and drive slowly up Corve Dale, a valley which lies between Wenlock Edge and the two Clees, the Brown, the highest hill in the county at nearly 1,800 feet, and the Titterstone, which appears to be higher. The earth in the Dale is red and the farming the richest in Shropshire. Diddlebury ("Delbury") has a church with Saxon tiling, and high up on the slopes of Brown Clee, near the aptly named and almost deserted village of Cold Weston, is the chapel at Heath, an original Norman chapel untouched since the 12th century standing alone in an otherwise deserted field. It is unlocked. Holdgate has a church built like a castle and is completely unrestored. Not even the Gilbert Scotts, those indefatigable refurbishers of country churches, managed to lay their hands on it, so remote are the villages of the Dale.

Shropshire has had an industrial past, relics of which can be found along the Severn at Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale. The remains of 18th-century ironfounding are displayed in several open-air museums, and the scars are hidden in a steep and bosky countryside. There is a New Town called Telford on the eastern fringes of the county looking towards Wolverhampton but I have no intention of going there. It more properly belongs to the Black Country.

Shropshire is careful not to blow its own trumpet. Its county town is not a city, and in cricketer terms it rates only as a minor county. Its most famous sportsman was Captain Webb, who was the first man to swim the Channel at the turn of the century. It has no Dukes; it does have many great houses but not the sort with zoos. Shropshire is famous for its Tories, its scenery and its sheep. Painstaking detective work has placed Blandings Castle in the county.

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Twenty years of the Wall

by Gordon Bowker

In the 20 years since the Berlin Wall was built 175 people have been killed attempting to escape over it from the East to the West. The author recently visited the city to find out how its inhabitants cope with the pressures of living in their divided community.

Photographs by Richard Cooke.



On August 13, 1961, the residents of the Soviet sector of East Berlin found themselves physically cut off from the Allied West. At 2am, in a desperate attempt to stem the increasing flow of immigration westward (two and a half million people had passed through Berlin since 1945), all crossing points between the two sides of the city were blocked by East German police and troops. Baricades of paving stones were thrown across the streets and barbed wire was strung across open ground. The Underground and rail links were cut. The Communist government of Walther Ulbricht had declared a state of siege, in violation as the Western Allies saw it of the four-power agreement of free access between the city's military sectors.

There followed an immediate and wrathful demonstration by West Berliners in front of the Brandenburg Gate, answered by tear-gas and water-cannons from the Communist side. Letters of protest flew back and forth and Willy Brandt, the governing Mayor of West Berlin, appealed to President Kennedy. But the West hesitated and four days later the Berlin Wall was there, like an ugly scar across the face of the city.

The Berliners themselves did not hesi-

A West Berliner has strayed into the GDR to gather catkins. The Wall does not follow the border exactly so pockets of East Berlin fall on the Wall's west side.

tate. On the first day alone 6,000 managed to get across to freedom, and there followed a steady, if gradually diminishing, stream of escapees, many of whom took enormous risks in making the break. Some, as we know, did not make it. On August 17, Peter Fechter, 17 years old, was riddled with bullets and left to bleed to death at the foot of the Wall he had attempted to scale. Dieter Wolfhart was betrayed and shot attempting to help a girl and her mother escape. By the end of 1966 the death toll had risen to 24.

But as the Wall became ever a more formidable and dangerous obstacle and the risk of capture increased, so some intrepid individuals were still prepared to make the attempt. One ingenious guard surreptitiously emptied his fellow guard's sub-machine-gun and then strolled across the line, while his colleague was aiming impotently at him. Some in those early days swam lakes and canals, or jumped from windows, or crashed across in cars, and in one case a train was commandeered and driven at speed from East to West. Tunnels were dug and whole families smuggled through.

Escape syndicates were formed and, not surprisingly perhaps, some unscrupulous characters came to exploit the situation for profit in the cynical tradition of Harry Lime.

Twenty years after the Wall went up there are still occasional escapes, though they attract less publicity now than they did formerly. Recent escapees include three teenagers, two boys and an 18-year-old girl three months pregnant—the boys got across, the girl was shot and left, like Peter Fechter, an hour on the wire to die later; two families got out in a hot-air balloon; and a dentist and his family were smuggled out by a syndicate for £28,000. Today the death toll stands at 175.

The Berlin Wall is 103 miles long: 28 miles divide the city itself and 75 miles form the border between West Berlin and the communist German Democratic Republic (GDR). It is a formidable, sophisticated and lethal barrier guarded by 14,000 *Grenzekommandos* (border guards). Anyone wishing to escape has first to get past the hinterland security fence which carries visual and acoustic alarms with a range of 500

metres to the East. Then there are mesh fences, 2 or 3 metres high, interspersed with anti-personnel mines; a path for border guards and their transport; lines of concrete tetrahedron-shaped vehicle obstacles; and a 16 metre ploughed and harrowed strip and anti-vehicle ditch. Then comes open land, floodlit at night and planted with mines, before the Wall itself is reached. This stands 15 feet high and is of smooth concrete with a round cap to hinder scaling attempts. The inner side is kept freshly painted white to give the guards a clear silhouette of potential escapees.

As if that were not enough, in recent years a series of self-shooting guns loaded with dum-dum bullets—a weapon devised by the Nazis but developed in the GDR—has been introduced together with wolf-hounds on running leads 100 metres long. All this is overseen from concrete observation towers constantly manned by two guards equipped with high-powered machine-guns and remote-controlled automatic weapons concealed in gun-pits.

According to Dr Rainer Hildebrandt, curator of The House At Checkpoint Charlie, a museum dedicated to commemorating and documenting the Wall, its grim history and sad catalogue ➡

Twenty years of the Wall

of victims. 500 East German border guards have escaped to the West since 1961. So now they are always on duty in pairs, usually of an older married man watching over a young, single man from a different region of the GDR. After issuing a challenge they are ordered to fire a warning shot and then to fire directly at the escapee. If he has made it to the last border obstacle, the standing order is to shoot to kill. But, once having shot a would-be escapee, the guards are forbidden to render aid and assistance as this would distract them from their duties. A so-called "alarm-group" is summoned to remove the dead or wounded. The delay between shooting and removal has led to numbers of would-be escapees bleeding to death.

According to Army sources, the Group of Soviet Forces in East Germany (GSFG) is by far the largest and best-equipped Soviet force outside the USSR—it amounts to a ground and air army of 400,000 men. Soviet-equipped and -trained East German forces bring the total of armed men stationed in the GDR to 550,000.

Beyond the Wall, within a 20 mile radius to the east, are stationed some 90,000 troops including five Soviet divisions as well as East German detachments. In West Berlin there are 12,500 Allied troops made up of 6,000 Americans, 3,700 British and 2,800 French, each occupying the sector allocated to them under the four-power agreement of 1945. This figure of 12,500 against 90,000 seems like hopeless odds, but as M Trigault of the French Diplomatic Mission said, "Small garrisons have held out well against overwhelming odds in the past. Look at Stalingrad." In fact, British, French and American military authorities all emphasized that in the event of a European conflagration the Berlin garrison would be capable of tying down large numbers of Warsaw Pact troops, so helping to provide a breathing space for Nato.

Until 1948 the commanders of the occupying forces administered the city through a four-man Kommandatura. In 1948, as a protest against the introduction of West German currency into the three Western sectors, the Soviet Commandant walked out, never to return. Yet even to this day, according to Major-General David Mostyn CBE, the British GOC, there is always an empty chair kept for their Russian opposite number and his picture is still hung inside the Kommandatura building. Contacts are still maintained, however, through the Berlin Air Safety Centre, through Spandau Prison, housing its lone prisoner, Rudolph Hess, and through a series of "flag patrols" by which Allied cars carrying unarmed soldiers tour East Berlin daily and Soviet patrols tour West Berlin on the same basis, each thereby maintaining the right of access and reaffirming the status of Berlin as a city under four-power occupation.



The absence of high-level military communication means that most contact between Allies and Russians takes place at a diplomatic level, and each Western Commander acts also in that role, being directly answerable not only to his immediate military superior but also to his respective Ambassador in Bonn. As France is not part of Nato the Berlin garrison comes under a separate command. In fact, as General Mostyn said, they are by virtue of their isolated position 100 miles deep inside East Germany on a much higher state of alert than Nato forces.

This caused some worries because frequent and unannounced single or joint military operations inside the city could create annoyance, so careful diplomacy was called for and the goodwill of the population relied on. In the General's view the Allied troops had 99 per cent support from the West German population, the exception being some of the environmentalist groups who occasionally protested at the noise. An important part of Army PR work was therefore directed at the closest possible liaison between themselves and the City authorities.

Access to this walled-off fortress is by three air corridors leading to the city's three airports, Gatow, Tegel and Tempelhof, three railway lines and two waterways. But each passage to and from the west involves often elaborate checks at entry and exit points. In this way the Wall not only deters unauthorized movement from East to West through the city, but also acts as a continuing irritant to those moving legitimately back and forth.

After 20 years this bizarre barrier has acquired a deep and lasting significance in many minds and helped to create a strange and sometimes sinister atmosphere in the city itself. It is a city harshly divided, a living symbol of the East-West schism, cutting not only across family ties but across friendships, too. It is a city with, these days, an oddly structured population, living a life which to some of us would seem to be out on its own peculiar limb of unreality.

It is fair to say that since 1971 things have eased somewhat. In that year a new quadripartite agreement was reached which greatly reduced the obstacles to movement from West to East and from West Berlin along access roads to West Germany. In the past 10 years there have been more than 27 million "visits" by West Berliners to the GDR. As all such visitors are required to buy 25 Eastmarks a day (unexchangeable)—this represents an enormous source of "hard" Western currency. There has, of course, been no easing of access to the West for East Germans, except for those aged over 65 who can emigrate. An uncharitable observer might regard this as another means of strengthening the GDR economy through savings on pensions.

Despite all this the effect on those living behind the Berlin Wall is difficult to calculate, but a look beneath the surface suggests that the peculiar nature of the city—its situation, its social structure and its history—has had unpredictable consequences and put pressures on people which are not always admitted, but which reveal themselves through individual acts of despair and outbursts of social frustration.

Berlin is an unbalanced community; for example, 23 per cent of its population is over 65 compared with 13 per cent for the rest of Germany. There is also a high proportion of students—over 100,000 in a population of two million—many of whom are attracted by the city's reputation as a free-wheeling, bohemian centre and because there is no National Service there on account of its demilitarized status for Germans. There is an absence of the middle-aged and of the very young, although this is balanced to some extent by the growing numbers of ethnic minority workers (*Gastarbeiter*), mostly from Turkey and Yugoslavia. There is a high proportion of suicides among the aged giving Berlin, and therefore West Germany, one of the highest suicide rates in the world (22 per 100,000 compared with 8.5 per 100,000 in Britain). Many of the young use drugs and there is a

A scout car from the 3,700-strong British force patrols the outer Wall in the British sector. Right, a western view of the 15 foot high Wall in central Berlin.

high incidence of drug-related crimes. The availability of heroin in the city is commonly put down either to the Turkish connexion or to a supposed GDR plot to undermine the morale of West Berliners.

The Wall itself is a strange phenomenon and a journey along it is a story in itself. It is a journey taken every day in the British Sector by one of the posted regiments and by the Military Police, mainly, according to Major-General Mostyn, to watch for any new or unusual activities on the GDR side and to cope with any incidents which occur along the Wall. Similar patrols are undertaken daily in the French and American Sectors. So on a day-to-day basis the Wall is under constant surveillance, though by no means to the massive and paranoid extent occurring on the eastern side.

Seen from the roof of the Reichstag it cuts a swathe through both the city and its history. At the Brandenburg Gate it effectively severs the great east-west road axis (known before 1945 as the Charlottenburger Chaussee and now as the Strasse des 17 Juni in memory of the day of the 1953 East Berlin uprising) from the famous Unter den Linden to the east. Stretching north it runs for a little way along the river Spree and beside it, on the western shore, lie several flower-decked memorials to shot escapees. To the south it follows the edge of the Tiergarten along what was once the Hermann Göring Strasse but is now a muddy path beside the Wall. Beyond lies a great triangle with Friedrichstrasse to the east and what was once Voss Strasse to the south, the street on which stood Hitler's chancellery, in the garden of which his infamous bunker was located. Now this is all an open no-man's-land of concrete obstacles and observation towers.

You can see roads and tramways cut in half. At one point on Friedrichstrasse



the Wall suddenly blocks further passage on the corner of Prinz Albrechtstrasse at the very spot where the notorious Number Nine (Gestapo Headquarters) once stood. This sinister building is now a heap of rubble on which on a sunny summer afternoon gangs of boisterous youngsters are often to be found playing. Along the West side of the Wall are the scrawlings of the inevitable graffiti artists whose offerings range from the humorous—"Jump over the Wall and Join The Party!" and "Free Brezhnev and Honecker!"—to the unbelievable "West Ham Rules!" And on that same afternoon the tracks beside the Wall act as a macabre promenade for children on bicycles and families pushing prams.

For those Berlin families personal

stress is sometimes a severe problem. Patricia Gentz, a Scottish psychiatrist married to a German, told me that many of the cases she treated could be diagnosed as suffering from conditions brought on by living behind the Wall. Knut Lehmann, an educational sociologist, said it created "an island mentality" which affected many children. Another educationalist, Volker Ludwig, who runs a children's theatre close to the Wall, spoke of the high incidence of family tension that he came across in his work.

A noted novelist and critic, Ingeborg Drewitz, who said that many writers found the peculiar situation in Berlin stimulating, added, "but it's terrible that you can't leave the town freely—roads just come to a dead-end".

One woman who has lived close to events for 20 years, Frau Bender, the wife of a retired social security officer, has vivid memories of August 13, 1961. Her apartment directly overlooks the Wall in Kreuzberg, a suburb close to Checkpoint Charlie. "I remember waking up at about four in the morning and hearing 'Boom! Boom! Boom!' I looked out of the window and saw soldiers hammering in concrete posts and stringing out the wire. We called the police and they said, 'We don't know, but it's happening all over the city.'" She also remembered an early incident. "There were people jumping over right outside here. One man got caught on the wire and the Vopos (*Volkspolizei*, the East Berlin police) came with their guns. But someone had called the Army and

an American military policeman arrived and jumped on to the Wall, took out his pistol and shouted, 'Leave him alone or I shoot!' " She opened her eyes wide and said in a whisper, "And they all drew back. I've always remembered that. You always have to say to the Vopos, 'Stop, or I shoot!' " After 20 years she has learned to live with the Wall—it is there every time she looks out of her window so she has had little choice.

Not being able to get out of the city easily was considered by many people I spoke to the main problem of living in Berlin. According to Ingeborg Drewitz, many West Berliners stayed at home rather than subject themselves to bureaucratic checks at border posts. A pharmaceutical researcher told me of being held up for three or four hours by border guards for making some comment which they objected to.

Others tend to take a more robust view of the situation. An official of the recently defeated Social Democratic Party said, "It isn't we who are behind the Wall, it's the East Germans." It had been built, he pointed out, not to keep West Berliners in but to prevent the population of the GDR from leaving.

The general picture, then, is of an older generation who remember the Wall going up and who still live in fear of the Soviet threat and a younger generation (many of whom are transient students) preoccupied with more parochial affairs, the most important being where to live. The situation, which is openly acknowledged by the now departed SPD city government, was of state-owned apartment blocks standing empty while there was widespread homelessness among the young. Most commentators agree that this was the issue which brought down the SPD government in May.

There is another important aspect to the city's complicated politics. It is said that Stuttgart, Frankfurt and Munich could be fitted into a united Berlin with enough room left over to accommodate Washington. But the fact of living in a comparatively confined area means that some of West Berlin's extensive open areas are under threat of development, and young people are organizing to resist this. These so-called "Greens" or "Alternatives" have created their own world, and near the Tempelhof district they have a settlement which they claim has its own separate economy and culture. In the election on May 11 Alternative candidates polled 7.2 per cent of the votes and won nine seats on the West Berlin council and, with a minority CDU government established, they could well exert power far in excess of their numbers.

Some, like Professor Harold Horwitz, a political scientist at the city's Free University, still see Berlin as a potential flashpoint and, with Poland just 50 miles to the east, the possible scene of the outbreak of a third world war. Others, such as the Alternative students with whom I spoke, see it as potentially one of the most exciting places in which to live, a centre of culture and intense political debate. ●

The disappearing forests

by Charles Allen

The world's tropical rain-forests are disappearing at the rate of 110,000 square kilometres a year. The author, who visited one of the worst-hit areas, reveals the tragic consequences of this destruction.

Every morning several hundred porters trudge into Kailhandu, each with 80 lb of firewood on his back. The older ones will tell you that 20 years ago they could go out at dawn, cut and gather the wood from the surrounding hillsides and be back by mid-day; a decade later it meant spending a night out in the hills; now it takes two days and more to scour the hills for a load of timber.

Ask an Iban tribesman in his Sarawak longhouse to show you his proudest possession and he will probably ignore the bundles of skulls taken by his forefathers and lead you instead to his chainsaw. Ask the manager of a British-owned timber concern in Papua New Guinea about increased efficiency and he will tell you with justifiable pride that his company now beats the Japanese at their own game by exporting 85 million pairs of throw-away chopsticks to Japan every month.

Knowingly or unknowingly all are major contributors to what, by the end of the century, promises to be one of the greatest man-made disasters of all time—the destruction of the world's tropical rain-forests in a process that has been described by one leading conservationist as the "skinning of the earth".

The conservationist in question is a gnome-like, bearded Indian in his late 50s named Sunderlal Bahuguna. It is more than a decade since he began his crusade to draw attention to the cat-

astrophic changes taking place in his native hills of Garhwal and Kumaon, part of the Himalayan chain along India's northern border. The glorious forests of deodar, oak and pine that capped these Himalayan foothills and protected them from erosion had become the main targets of a massive development programme in the hills. As the trees went so the fragile topsoil followed, so that when the rains came the rainwater no longer soaked into the earth but simply scoured away the hillsides, silting up the riverbeds and causing calamitous flash-floods. Nor was the damage confined to the hills. In the northern Indian plains the area of land subject to periodic flooding as a result of the destruction of forest doubled in 10 years from 20 million hectares in 1970 to 40 million in 1980. The subsequent loss of valuable topsoil as a direct consequence of erosion and flooding was even more damaging, to the point where more than 6,000 million tonnes of good earth are now being washed away each year into the Bay of Bengal—where a new land mass is fast taking shape beyond the mouth of the Ganges delta.

As the hill-people of Garhwal and Kumaon were made aware of the increasing degradation of their land and the long-term consequences they began to fight back, most dramatically in a passive resistance movement in which their womenfolk hugged the trees that

were due to be felled. So began the *chipko* or "hug the trees" movement that Bahuguna and others have been leading with growing success over the last seven years, forcing timber contractors, local authorities and even state governments not only to listen but finally to accede to their demands for a ban on all green tree felling in the Himalayan districts of Uttar Pradesh.

The ban is a significant victory even though it has come too late to halt the irreversible disintegration of vast tracts of the Himalayan foothills. But Sunderlal Bahuguna and other conservationists are determined that this Himalayan tragedy should serve as a warning. It is, they insist, no more than a curtain-raiser. "The notion of the Himalayas without forests is frightening enough," asserts Bahuguna, "but the real threat is of water depletion on a continental scale and oxygen depletion on a global scale. The real benefits of our forests are to be found not in the trees alone but in the soil, water and oxygen they provide. In destroying our forests we are depriving ourselves of the very basis of life." The real tragedy is still to come. It will be played out over the next 20 years in the great jungles of Latin America, west Africa and south-east Asia.

Primary rain-forests now cover no more than 13 per cent of the world's land surface, a total area of some 11 million square kilometres. Their significance, however, is out of all proportion to their size, since these jungles represent both the lungs and the embryo of mother earth. These ancient, fecund seed-beds are the most efficient of ecosystems, converting carbon-dioxide, rain and sunlight into vegetable organic matter and oxygen at a prodigious rate. It has been estimated that every year they contribute some 40 billion dry tons of organic matter to our planet. A uniform climate and a long unharmed gestation period have allowed the evolution of over 500 species of dipterocarp, the 300-foot giants whose umbrella-like upper branches shade and seal off the jungle below. To enter this sunless forest interior is to trespass into a vast, primordial hot-house, overwhelming in strength and magnificence. But this strength is illusory: the tropical rain-forest is extraordinarily vulnerable to



Primary rain-forest being opened up in the course of logging development in Sarawak. Far left, the clearance by burning of forest land for cultivation, laying the Himalayan foothills open to the monsoon rains. Left, a new road being driven through the rain-forest for loggers in Sabah.

any sort of change. Its canopy can absorb the massive energy release that comes with a tropical rainstorm but once that cover is removed or weakened the forest surface quickly breaks down. The soil absorbs only a fraction of the rain that beats down on it, resulting in flooding. And when the floods have abated the earth is baked by the sun into a hard, brittle layer. The rain returns and the process is repeated until once hyper-perfect ground has been reduced to arid tropical desert.

This inherent destructibility, all too often overlooked or ignored whenever the subject of the world's timber resources is raised, lies at the heart of the approaching crisis. It is not just the loss of the most majestic forests on earth that we have to face but the fact that wastelands will take their place.

The facts about the rate of destruction are in dispute. Conservative estimates speak of a current annual loss in the region of 110,000 square kilometres which would give us another 100 years before the last forests disappear. Pessimistic estimates put the present annual loss as high as 250,000 square kilometres, only another 44 years. The most recent projections put out by the UN Food and Agriculture Organization, not a body given to scaremongering, foresee a slowing down in the rate of forest clearance before the end of this century. But even they accept that at the moment as much as 182,500 square kilometres could be disappearing every year. Which means that every day more than 50,000 hectares of tropical forest, an area considerably larger than the New Forest but rather smaller than Ex-moor, could be disappearing.

This loss is not spread evenly through the tropical regions. More than half of the equatorial forests, roughly 6 million square kilometres, lies within the vast basin of the Amazon. These South American jungles are still the least disturbed and, proportionately, the least threatened of the world's reserves. There are another 2 million square kilometres of rain-forest in west Africa and the Congo. Although increasingly encroached upon, they too, are not under immediate threat. It is estimated that there and in South America rather less than 10 per cent of the present natural forest will have gone by the year 2000.

The real damage is taking place in south-east Asia, where population pressures are greatest. Just less than 2 million square kilometres of what is, in terms of diversity of organisms, the richest of the world's rain-forests can be found in Thailand, along the Malaysian peninsula and in Sumatra, Java, Borneo, New Guinea and scores of surrounding islands. A century ago these lands were almost entirely covered with primary jungle. The latest prediction is that within 20 years a third of the area will be a wasteland of useless *lallang* grass and scrub. Peninsular Malaysia, once 99 per cent virgin rain-forest, and the Philippines are about to become net importers of timber. Thailand is already one, with silt from 120,000 square kilometres of former forest-land





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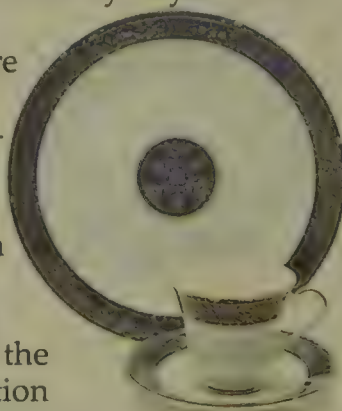
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The disappearing forests

threatening the great rivers that irrigate the rice fields of Indo-China. Even the lush green island of Java, once known as the garden of the world, is now less than 20 per cent forested. Its entire lowland forest together with all the other lowland forests of Indonesia are scheduled for timber harvest by the end of the century.

It is still fashionable to blame the timber industries and the logging concerns for what is happening, but the forests are disappearing not because of logging but because they are being cleared and the blame has to be laid on peasant farmers and colonists.

Although a great deal of harm is done by the one-third of humanity that still has to rely on firewood for its cooking, the real damage is caused by the widespread practice of shifting cultivation, popularly known as "slash-and-burn". The traditional method of shifting cultivation employed by tribal peoples often made good environmental sense. For instance, the *ladang* system used by the Ibans in Sarawak exploited only small areas of cleared forest in which a large variety of crops were cultivated on a communal self-sufficiency basis. After two or possibly three years the plot was abandoned and not revisited for perhaps another 25 years, which allowed secondary forest to grow up and restore the site's fertility. However, the *ladang* system requires large forest areas and low population density, and as the Ibans are now a fast-expanding population it has begun to break down. The plots cleared and burnt are larger, they are farmed for longer periods and are returned to more frequently. Instead of an interdependent variety of crops mainly hill rice and such cash crops as pepper are grown. The exhausted soil soon gives out, resulting in the disappearance of lowland dipterocarp from Sarawak's coastal belt and its replacement by 20,000 square kilometres of worthless *lallang* savannah. The same destructive pattern is being repeated in every tropical country where the forest is being encroached upon.

Various international strategies to break this cycle of over-exploitation and destruction have been put forward but none has been tried. Ironically, it may be that logging and the soaring price of hardwood timber (in 1979 alone it rose by nearly 100 per cent) could provide the answer. It is for this reason that conservationists, timber concerns and governments alike are watching with the keenest interest what is now going on in Sabah, formerly North Borneo but now part of the Federation of Malaysia.

Within the Malaysian Federation each state is responsible for its own forests and in the early 70s the temptation to make the most of this valuable source of revenue proved irresistible. Governments and logging concerns went all out for quick profits and fast returns, timber concessions became vehicles for political patronage and corruption and good silviculture and reforestation went

by the board. Sabah was no exception. However, in 1976 a new political party, Berjaya, was swept into power on a platform of preserving Sabah's timber resources. The Berjaya government pledged to reduce the 1976 level of log exports by a half while at the same time increasing its timber revenue. By 1981 that pledge had been carried out and in the process Sabah had been transformed into the richest of Malaysia's states and the most conservation-minded.

The driving force behind this extraordinary revolution is Sabah's Chief Minister, Datuk Harris Salleh, one of the most outstanding of south-east Asia's younger political leaders. He and his team get things done in a way that in most other developing countries would seem almost miraculous. No proposal, for instance, is allowed to lie gathering dust for longer than a fortnight; a decision has to be made one way or the other, right or wrong. His critics argue that his method is more impressive on paper than in reality. In spite of the plans to turn nearly half the state into permanent forest reserve and the growing emphasis on softwood plantations, the felling of the slow-growing hardwoods continues and no amount of replanting or natural regeneration will ever restore them to their former glory. Nevertheless, the foreign timber companies, whose profits took a nasty tumble when the newly installed Berjaya government hiked the timber export royalty up to what then seemed like a suicidal figure of 60 per cent (compared to Indonesia's 40 per cent, the Philippines' 20 per cent and Sarawak's 2 per cent) are quick to point out that in terms of forest resource management Sabah is not just top of the league but in a different league altogether: unlike its neighbours Sabah ploughs much of its enormous timber revenue back into the soil.

Much of this reinvestment is indirect—educating nearly one million Sabahans to be more land-conscious, for instance—but a lot of money is also going into imaginative land-reclamation schemes that involve Sabahans at village level. The main vehicle for this is the Sabah Forestry Development Authority (SAFODA) which was founded in 1976 with the main aim of recapturing and restoring to productive use the 15 per cent of land that shifting cultivation and bad agriculture had reduced to wasteland. For SAFODA these are early days and it has its problems, notably a shortage of skilled manpower. It is still too soon to tell whether the lessons being learnt here can be applied on an international scale. However, the promise is there.

Sabah is blessed with a small population, rich forests and a go-ahead government. Other states and nations may not have these advantages but they can at least take note of the path that Sabah is taking. Whether they will follow is another matter. "The survival of mankind depends on our re-establishing friendly relations between man and his environment," Bahuguna reminds us, "and there is not a moment to lose." ●

Further light on Spanish painting



by Edward Lucie-Smith

The exhibition of Spanish painting at the National Gallery from September 16 until November 29 is thronged with masterpieces—some thoroughly familiar because they belong to the National Gallery's own collection; some less so because they are drawn from provincial museums; and some (those still in private hands) scarcely known at all. This is a unique opportunity to see all these paintings together, as if a smaller Prado had suddenly been created in London.

The exhibition has a particular character of its own. It is drawn entirely from British and Irish collections and illustrates the way in which British appreciation of the chief Spanish masters developed. The catalogue introduction gives an admirably clear account of this process.

The isolation of the Spanish peninsula and the difficulty of travelling

there meant that Spain was not usually on the conventional Grand Tour itinerary. It was really only in the 19th century that it began to attract enthusiastic travellers such as Richard Ford. Long before this, however, British collectors had started to become acquainted with Spanish art. Curiously enough, granted the strong religious content of so much of his painting, the Spanish master who first attracted British collectors was Murillo, who for a long time was ranked second only to Raphael in the estimation of many connoisseurs. Today Raphael has fallen from favour a little, and Murillo has fallen even more, so it is difficult for us to get his art in focus. The National Gallery show offers a number of splendid examples, not all religious. Among the most accessible are the self-portrait from the National Gallery and the famous pictures of ragamuffin children from Dulwich. These are among the few Spanish pictures which provably

influenced British art. They and others like them are the main sources for the "fancy pieces" painted by Gainsborough at the end of his career.

British enthusiasm for Murillo did not lead collectors and connoisseurs on to an exploration of the Spanish School as a whole. There was an excuse for this. Spanish painting itself, from the late 16th to the early 19th century, is notoriously hard to systematize. The great masters appear as solitary comets, each pursuing its own course. A liking for Murillo would not necessarily lead to an equal appreciation of El Greco.

It does, however, seem that there are Spanish qualities in art, though often contradictory ones. The emotionalism and religious fervour which Murillo and El Greco have in common are matched by a compassionate gravity, a somewhat melancholy reticence, a feeling for the texture of ordinary life. In particular,

Velázquez's *Old Woman Frying Eggs*.

Spanish painters, perhaps more consistently than those of any other nation, find the sacred and symbolic within the ordinary. This side of the Spanish temperament is splendidly illustrated at the National Gallery in the series of early paintings by Velázquez, and in particular by a group of *bodegones*. A *bodegón* combines figures and still life. The figures are humble and the still life consists of very ordinary objects. The most famous example of the genre is the *Water Seller of Seville*, from the collection at Apsley House, a picture at once matter-of-fact and heroic.

The *Water Seller* is significant in more ways than one. It illustrates the way in which Spanish painting suddenly became accessible to a much wider European public through the upheavals of the Napoleonic Wars. It came into the Duke of Wellington's



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possession because it was found in Joseph Bonaparte's abandoned carriage after the battle of Vitoria. Subsequently it was given to the Duke by Ferdinand VII of Spain. If Joseph Bonaparte was unlucky enough to be robbed of his plunder, many prominent figures on the French side managed to hang on to theirs, most notably Marshal Soult, who amassed a huge collection of Spanish art by very dubious methods. When this was sold in the mid-19th century it released a great flood of major paintings on to the market. At about the same time came the sale of the Spanish collection brought together by King Louis-Philippe of France, which was sold after he lost his throne in 1848.

In France the sudden accessibility of Spanish painting had a major impact on the development of French art. Manet was fascinated by it, particularly by Velazquez, and through him Velazquez became one of the ancestors of Impressionism. For some reason, which is difficult to assess, nothing like that happened in England, though painters like David Wilkie and John Philips certainly looked attentively at Spanish art. They were perhaps even more seduced by the picturesque quality of Spanish life. Finally Velazquez made more impact on art-historians here than he did on artists. It is only at the very end of the century that strong traces of his influence show in England, and the painters to whom he meant most were both Americans, and to some extent at least disciples of Manet—they were John Singer Sargent and James Whistler.

The type of Velazquez which appealed to both Sargent and Whistler is, ironically enough, less well represented in the show than things they would have found less relevant. There are only two absolutely secure examples of his court portraiture—the well known *Philip IV in brown and silver* from the National Gallery's own collection, and a marvellous painting of *Don Balthasar Carlos in the Riding School* from the collection of the Duke of Westminster. The bulk of Velazquez's court portraits have remained in Spain.

It would be a great oversimplification, however, to see the way in which English attitudes to Spanish art developed in terms of a simple change of allegiances from Murillo to Velazquez. Gradually the qualities of all the chief Spanish painters came to be appreciated—Zurbarán, El Greco and Goya in particular. Of these three, Zurbarán has in a sense remained the most obscure. The great surprise of the exhibition is a painting by him from the Westminster collection which seems never to have been exhibited before—an impressive composition signed and dated 1634. The subject is the surrender of Seville by the Moors in 1248. But since the scene is represented in more or less contemporary dress, the picture is directly comparable to Velazquez's *Surrender of Breda* in the Prado, which was painted only a few years later.

The National Gallery bought—it

was an act of prescience much criticized at the time—a Zurbarán from the Louis-Philippe sale. It is one of the most Spanish of all pictures, his intense *St Francis in Meditation*. With El Greco and Goya British collections have been less fortunate, since by the time these came to be fully appreciated the Americans had entered the art-market. It was nevertheless an Englishman, the Bloomsbury critic Roger Fry, who played a leading role in encouraging American collectors to buy El Greco, whom he saw as the closest parallel among the old masters to his beloved Cézanne. British taste did not react swiftly enough to the sudden rise in El Greco's reputation, with the result that British holdings of his work are rather spotty. There is, for example, no major altarpiece by El Greco in any British or Irish collection.

There was, however, a point when both El Greco and Goya must have been regarded as comparatively cheap, even if somewhat obscure, artists, and this probably accounts for the fact that the Bowes Museum in Barnard Castle owns not only El Greco's beautiful *Tears of St Peter*, but a fine Goya portrait as well. The Bowes Museum has a large number of other Spanish paintings, bought by its enthusiastic founders in the mid-19th century, but many are either somewhat damaged or by minor hands.

Yet the history of art-collecting is never perfectly straightforward. One of the great delights of the show at the National Gallery is the presence of utterly unexpected images by painters who are scarcely known to the general public. One which especially attracts me is the painting of a Spanish royal infant attributed to the usually rather boring court-portraitist Claudio Coello. This comes from the Stirling Maxwell Collection at Pollok House—a fragment of one of the pioneering British collections of Spanish art. It shows the royal infant as a kind of idol, wrapped in layers of brocade like a Spanish Madonna.

Another unexpected work is the painting of a pet dog by José Antolínez. Better known as a religious painter, he is also the author of a dramatic *Immaculate Conception* borrowed from the Ashmolean. He was famous among his contemporaries for his haughty temper, but this picture shows a quirkish sense of humour.

British scholars and collectors are still exploring the rich complexity of Spanish art. Though the main emphasis of the exhibition is elsewhere, on artists who have been famous for many years, there are a few representative examples of the Spanish school of still-life painting, including two by the 18th-century artist Luis Melendez, who is a kind of Spanish Chardin. One comes from a private collection and the other from that slightly eccentric treasure-house the York City Art Gallery, and it seems clear that both entered this country comparatively recently. Their presence is a token of the way in which experts are suddenly



attracted to new, unmapped territory.

But then it is probably one of the fascinations of Spanish art that it still has so many mysteries—mysteries of attribution (the words “ascribed to” appear in the catalogue comparatively often), mysteries of date, purpose and subject-matter. The iconography of Spanish painting is often extremely subtle and complex—nowhere more so than with El Greco. How much there is to be found, for example, in the National Gallery’s *Adoration of the Holy Name*, previously known as the *Gloria* or *The Dream of Philip II*. Does it refer to the Holy League of Spain, Rome and Venice which beat the Turks at Lepanto in 1571? Does it commemorate the death of Don Juan of Austria? Does it assert that Philip II himself, thanks to his participation in the Holy League, will be able to escape damnation? Few Spanish paintings present so intricate an allegory, but the majority have hidden meanings. Here is an art which initially conceals as much as it reveals ●

Left, *Night Scene with a Boy Lighting a Candle*, by El Greco; left centre, *El Medico*, by Goya; bottom left, *Portrait of a Royal Infant*, by Claudio Coello; below, *The Immaculate Conception*, by Zurbarán.

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Expedition to the royal tomb of Akhenaten

by Geoffrey T. Martin

The author, who is Reader in Egyptian Archaeology at University College London, describes his work at the Amarna royal tomb. This was sponsored by the Egypt Exploration Society, London, which celebrates its centenary next year.

The tomb of Akhenaten, situated in a remote ravine in the hills behind El-Amarna in Middle Egypt, was discovered by locals in the 1880s. Their plundering activities preceded the "official" discovery on the part of the Antiquities administration in 1891. I have described the objects from the tomb in my publication *The Royal Tomb at El-Amarna*, vol I (Egypt Exploration Society, 1974).

An epigraphic expedition led by Urbain Bouriant copied some of the scenes in the tomb and in 1903 published them with a brief commentary in a volume entitled *Monuments pour servir à l'étude du culte d'Aton en Egypte*, which was until recently still in print and available from the French Institute in Cairo. The scenes comprised most of rooms alpha and gamma, which included a celebrated series illustrating the royal family mourning for the deceased princess Meketaten, second daughter of Akhenaten and Nefertiti.

In room alpha, however, one entire large wall was omitted. In the main burial chamber (E) only a small fragment showing female mourners was published. The traces on the walls over the shaft (D) were omitted entirely, and indeed these traces have never been mentioned in the literature. I found when copying the entire tomb last winter that the earlier publication was inaccurate, and much was missed even of the scenes that were published. In addition the copies were by no means facsimiles; some details were wholly misleading. I mention these things not in a spirit of carping criticism, but because the 1903 publication has been the only one available to scholars since then. The tragedy is that a great deal of destruction has taken place in rooms alpha and gamma since the work of Bouriant and his team. A local dispute in the 1930s resulted in the destruction of much of the decoration of room gamma, the burial chamber of Meketaten, which was virtually intact until that time. In room alpha two of the walls were practically hacked to pieces, and still more damage was done in 1957 and 1972.

It may well be wondered whether there was anything left to copy when I went to Amarna in 1979, but in fact there was a surprising amount considering the terrible destruction that had taken place. Luckily, too, some early

photographs survive, showing the state of some of the rooms before the destruction of the 30s, and, though these are not of the highest quality, they will be of the greatest value when I come to incorporate details from them in my facsimile drawings of last season.

Some details of the architecture of the tomb were not noticed or mentioned either in Bouriant's original report or in subsequent literature. The entrance is cut at the level of the valley floor like most of the royal tombs in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes and contrasting with the rock tombs of private individuals, which are usually cut high up in the cliff face. A flight of 12 steps with a central slide for the sarcophagus cut in the bedrock gives access to the main descending corridor by way of an impressive door. The corridor, majestic in its proportions (21.8 metres long, 3.1 metres wide and 3.4 metres high) descends at a fairly steep slope into the mountain. Such corridors are found in most royal tombs of the New Kingdom. Here the walls, though completely dressed and finished, are undecorated. A short way down on the right a doorway gives access to a suite of six rooms, and opposite a provisional opening has been made in the wall, doubtless intended to lead to a complementary room or rooms, bearing in mind the Egyptians' love of symmetry. Higher up the corridor, nearer the tomb entrance, are two more sets of provisional openings for doors, though again the work was not carried through. These and other features lead me to believe that the royal tomb at El-Amarna was intended from the outset as a tomb for the entire family of Akhenaten. As such it is unique among Egyptian royal tombs.

At the end of the corridor is an ante-room, with a large door on the right leading to rooms alpha, beta and gamma. Opposite on the left is yet another provisional opening for a door, which would presumably have led to a complementary set of rooms, but again the intention was never carried out. A steep staircase with a central slide leads directly to a door giving access to a shaft 3.5 metres deep. Such shafts are found in most royal tombs of the New Kingdom and it has been suggested that they symbolize a region of the underworld, a concept that does not seem entirely appropriate in the Amarna period. They

may also have served a utilitarian purpose, to absorb and thus prevent flood-waters from entering the burial chamber. In the Amarna royal tomb, however, I found evidence to suggest that the pit was originally filled with dressed limestone blocks, so the purpose of the shaft here may have had a special Amarna symbolism, or may have been a legacy from the funerary architecture of the earlier New Kingdom.

The walls of the room above the shaft were originally plastered, decorated and inscribed, but the surviving traces are meagre. Two large floral bouquets flanked the entrance. The side walls showed the King and Queen making offerings to the sun-disk, Aten, and the end walls depicted one or more of the princesses. The doorway leading to the main burial chamber was blocked after Akhenaten's funeral with stones the same size as those used in the shaft.

The burial chamber (E) of Akhenaten is an impressive room, even in its present devastated state. It measures 10.3 by 10.4 metres and is 3.3 metres high. On the left is a raised platform with the remains of two columns. The floor area here would have been sufficient for a considerable quantity of funerary furnishings. In the sunken area to the right stood the sarcophagus, the plinth for which, carved out of the bedrock, is still to be seen, and there would also have been room for the gilded canopies protecting the sarcophagus and the canopic chest in this part of the room. The measurements of the plinth tally with those of the restored sarcophagus of Akhenaten, now in the Cairo Museum. The scenes and texts on the walls of the chamber were almost entirely destroyed by Akhenaten's enemies after the Amarna period. Some traces at ceiling level, particularly inscriptions, have, however, survived, though these are all on the point of collapse from salt incrustation. The texts give the titles of the Aten, Akhenaten and Nefertiti. Some surviving fragments of plaster here and there, together with some chisel marks which penetrated to the walls beneath, have enabled me to reconstruct, if only in broad outline at the moment, the scheme of decoration of this large room.

Had the decoration survived intact it would doubtless have been particularly informative about Amarna funerary ritual, since the tomb of Akhenaten is the major funerary monument of the period.

Elements of the decoration of the royal tomb's main chamber (E) are: offering ceremonies to the Aten on the part of the royal family; large quantities of food offerings and floral bouquets, as well as drink offerings, shown heaped up for the cult of the Aten; items of funerary furniture and equipment depicted for the dead king; representations of officials and soldiers; female mourners shown weeping and wailing for the king.

Two such scenes of mourning survive in fragments. One of them was the only scene in this room published by Bouriant, and it remained in reasonable

condition until 1972 when it was almost entirely destroyed. It was a major work of art of the Amarna period and the mourners were shown almost life size.

Immediately adjacent to the sarcophagus plinth the wall is particularly badly smashed and undermined, and I cannot help feeling that here the corpse of Akhenaten (or rather his mummy) was represented, perhaps surrounded by the remaining members of the royal family. There are chisel marks on the wall, showing parts of the dresses of the hypothetical mourners. Such scenes are also carved on the walls of rooms alpha and gamma, though here the king is not the chief subject represented.

In one corner of the main burial chamber is a doorway leading to an unfinished room, left in a very rough condition. It is evident that Akhenaten died while work was still going on in his tomb.

We now return to the top of the staircase and enter room alpha, all the walls of which were finished and decorated. Unlike the other decorated walls of the tomb the carving here seems to have been carried out in the rock, over which a fine layer of plaster was applied, the more subtle detail being worked in this medium. The rock itself is exceedingly hard and unyielding, and in consequence the carving is somewhat crude, but this would have been alleviated by the over-carving in plaster. Much of this plaster has unfortunately fallen away or been deliberately destroyed, so that the resultant outlines of the human figures in particular are a trifle maladroit. Traces of paint survive on the walls, mostly the brown flesh tints of the figures. Only part of this room was published by Bouriant.

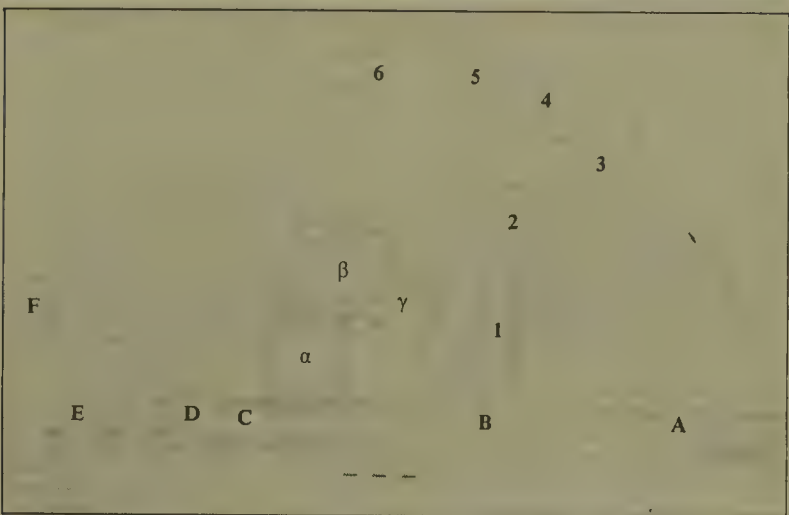
The two major scenes on the two longest walls show the King and Queen together with the princesses making offering in one of the temples of the Aten. On the south wall they are worshipping the sun-disk as it rises over the eastern horizon, and on the north as it sets in the west. The attendants and chariot escort of the royal family wait in readiness outside the temple to convey them back to the palace.

In places the figures of the royal family have been recarved and replastered. From the surviving traces it appears that originally the figures were shown in the grotesque or "exaggerated" style, which was in vogue in the early years of the reign, but were then amended and recarved to bring them into line with the more conventional and restrained style which was introduced around the ninth year of the reign. The names of certain of the princesses were also covered over with plaster; this must indicate that they had died in the interim. Five of the princesses were named in this room, not four as Bouriant indicates.

The east wall showed charioteers and soldiers, but it has been ruthlessly smashed in modern times. One interesting feature which was not shown in Bouriant's drawing of this scene is that in some cases the heads of the horses are



Above left, the burial chamber of Akhenaten. Above, carving of the royal family worshipping the Aten, which decorates one of the walls in room alpha.



A plan of the royal tomb of Akhenaten which is situated in Middle Egypt.

shown in frontal view, which is rather unusual in Egyptian art.

The west wall is in two parts, flanking the entrance. One side had a scene showing members of various foreign nations, ostensibly subject to Egypt, with their arms raised in adoration of the Aten, symbolic in a way of the supposed "international" outlook of the Amarna Period. The other side shows the King and Queen weeping over the corpse of one of their daughters, with distraught attendants behind. The main interest attaches to the identification of the dead princess and of the infant in the arms of a nurse. All commentators have identified the princess as the second daughter, Meketaten, and have regarded the scene as a duplicate of the similar one represented in room gamma. But there is no warrant for this view. The text that accompanied the scene has been almost totally destroyed. The princess could well be the eldest daughter, Meritaten, as I can reveal that room alpha was adapted for the burial of a sovereign or royal consort: emplacements for four magical bricks were cut, one in each of the four walls, after the decoration was finished. Such inscribed bricks featured in New Kingdom royal tombs. Meritaten we know was a Great Royal Wife. Strictly speaking, however, we cannot be absolutely sure that a princess is represented in the scene just described: it

could be another female member of the royal house, such as Kiya, a minor wife of Akhenaten. The matter will be examined in greater detail in the forthcoming publication of the tomb, as will another controversial question to which we may briefly allude.

Some scholars have supposed that Akhenaten fathered children from at least two of his own daughters. Others have suggested that the infants, Meritaten-the-younger and Ankhesenpaaten-the-younger, are the children of Kiya. Meketaten, Akhenaten's second daughter, apparently died in childbirth or soon after. There is nothing inherently improbable in royal incest; it may have caused eyebrows to be raised in the princely courts of Western Asia at the time, but consanguineous alliances in the Egyptian royal family were not particularly rare and would not have caused adverse comment in Egypt itself. One might expect it in any case with the members of the Amarna royal family, which was unique in every way and particularly "close" and intimate, if one may judge from the surviving reliefs and stelae. Their divine status, too, is another factor, since Akhenaten, Nefertiti and their children, or at least their eldest daughter, seem to have taken the place of the divine triads of the old, proscribed, religion. Viewed in this light it is difficult to postulate a father, other than Akhenaten, for any children the

princesses may have had. This leads us back to the identification of the infant shown in room alpha. Can it be a child of Akhenaten, either by one of his daughters or by Kiya? Just possibly Tutankhaten?

The identification of the parentage of the future Tutankhamun has always been a matter of dispute. As regards the father, Amenophis III or Akhenaten have been suggested. The identification of Tutankhamun's mother is even more difficult. Queen Tiye, or a minor wife of Amenophis III, or one of his daughters, have been postulated. Nefertiti is not usually considered mainly because she is shown in the reliefs with daughters only. Tutankhaten is named on a block found at Hermopolis but originally from one of the temples at Amarna, and the text shows him to be, with great probability, the son of Akhenaten. It remains now to find a mother for him. She could have been Meritaten, or the seemingly obscure Kiya; or, less likely (from a chronological standpoint), Meketaten. The boy's original name, Tutankhaten, "the living image of the Aten", is of significance, showing that he was connected in the most intimate way possible with the royal family, even as the heir of Akhenaten. As the only male in the younger generation of the royal house, as far as we know, he was, too, Akhenaten's unique hope for the perpetuation of the Amarna religion and precepts.

I leave this thorny problem for later research, and pass on to the decoration of room gamma, the burial chamber of the second daughter, Meketaten. We get to it by crossing room beta, which is unfinished and undecorated. The scenes in gamma are of remarkable interest, and were virtually intact until the 30s.

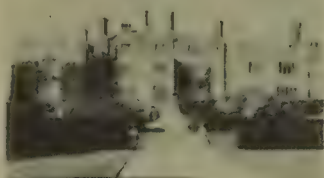
The principal scenes concern the death of Meketaten, who was shown on her funerary bier, with Akhenaten, Nefertiti and the surviving princesses weeping for her, scenes unique in the history of Egyptian art. The identification of the dead princess is certain, thanks to the inscription. The identification of the infant in the arms of an attendant is, as

before, uncertain. I feel that it must be the child of the dead princess, the father being Akhenaten, and its high rank is indicated by the sunshade held over its head. One wall shows Princess Meketaten under a canopy, attended by her mourning relatives, attendants and courtiers. This scene may represent the apotheosis of the dead princess, or the royal family at her funerary banquet.

The remaining wall of gamma shows items of funerary furniture. This was not published by Bouriant. All the scenes in the room were remarkably well carved in the plaster, with great realism, and not the least important aspect is the way in which the sculptor has continued a given scene round one corner of the room, rather than adhering rigidly to the confines of one wall, as was the usual practice of the Egyptian artist.

We now leave this part of the tomb and proceed up the main corridor to the suite of rooms, six in number, mentioned above. These are of considerable interest from several points of view, not least that of the technique of tomb-cutting. One thing seems certain: this suite of rooms, unfinished and completely undecorated, represents a royal tomb within the royal tomb proper. There are the usual series of approach corridors and rooms, and even a descending ramp, which in the finished plan would have been carved with steps and a central slide for the sarcophagus. At the foot of the ramp would doubtless have been the ritualistic pit. The burial chamber is in a very rough and unfinished state and the far end is only about half the width of the rest of the room. But the walls, floor and ceiling here have been roughly dressed, and there would have been room for a sarcophagus, though not a gilded canopy. I suggest that this royal tomb was begun for Nefertiti and its unfinished state, compared with the rest of the actual royal tomb, indicates it was begun late in the reign, perhaps when Nefertiti was accorded additional status as regent or even as sovereign. Her part of the tomb, if projected on one axis, is the same size as Akhenaten's.

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Two Peruvian projects

by E. R. Chamberlin

During a recent visit to Latin America the author saw some of the work of archaeologists based at an Inca fort above the Cusichaca valley, and of Prodac, an agrarian mission run by British technicians which is helping the people of the inaccessible Peruvian uplands.

From the ruined Inca fort 1,000 feet above the exquisite little Cusichaca valley it can be clearly observed that water is the key to civilization. The Cusichaca river, tumbling along its stone bed, is only a few feet wide but on either side of it is a band of green vegetation. Beyond that vegetation is tawny desert and from this height a kind of medal ribbon of stripes can be seen—tawny, green, silver, green, tawny.

The fort is on the rim of an immense amphitheatre. The snowy peaks of the high Andes form a backdrop, running down in great, ribbed masses whose skirts bear the diamond pattern of erosion. At first sight the area seems arid, inimical to man, occasional scrub and cactus alone breaking the monotony. But gradually the eye begins to take in a number of faint, straight lines, all looking, in that immensity, like unimportant scratches. They are in fact the lines of long-destroyed pre-Inca and Inca canals, and to restore these canals and bring the valley to life again is the objective of British archaeologist Ann Kendall.

The valley lies at an altitude of about 8,000 feet in a zone half way between the Alpine freshness of the sierra and the humid, tropical zone some hundreds of feet below and perhaps 15 miles distant. Today there are some 15 families in the valley, perhaps 100 people in all, picking up a living as best they can from the reluctant soil. But in the early 16th century, just before the Spanish conquest, this valley sheltered at least 1,000 people and contributed heavily to the hundreds of tons of grain and potatoes that fed a growing Inca empire. Ann Kendall believes that this now remote valley might have been the first economic development scheme of the Inca expansion, acting as granary for the mysterious mountain-top city of Machupicchu in the nearby tropic zone.

Cusichaca played another vital role at this period, acting as communication junction. To the 20th-century eye, accustomed to think of transport in terms of metalled highways, there is now nothing remotely resembling a road in the whole locality. But it is criss-crossed by the so-called "Inca trails", a communication system perfectly adapted to a mountain civilization which had no use for the wheel.

The Incas embarked on their imperialist phase about 80 years before the Spanish conquest. The conquistadores caught the Incas when they were still consolidating their conquests; the empire collapsed and the invaders destroyed or ignored what they could

not use. Interested only in ferrying out quantities of gold and silver, they saw no profit in maintaining the complex irrigation system which had contributed so largely to Inca wealth. The rural communities dwindled and became at last poverty-stricken hamlets under semi-feudal owners.

Such was the hamlet of Cusichaca which Ann Kendall began investigating in 1968. Though born in England, Dr Kendall has strong South American links, much of her childhood having been spent in Brazil. She took her first degree in London and her master's degree in archaeology in Los Angeles, returning to London to complete her PhD in 1974. In 1968 she won a Winston Churchill Travelling Fellowship and went to Peru, gravitating inevitably to Machupicchu. While in the locality she discovered the Cusichaca valley and began a six-month survey. That association was to extend to 12 years. During the following seven years she virtually commuted between Peru and Britain, fund-raising taking up a major proportion of her time away from Cusichaca. In May, 1977, the Cusichaca Project took formal shape when it was registered as a charity and work started on the site. There were eight workers that year; in 1980 their number had reached 70.

The Cusichaca Project differed from most of its predecessors in that it envisaged not simply the discovery of the past, but its restoration. The Inca agricultural system had been perfectly suited to this valley. Would it be possible to get it working again and, if so, would it be viable in the late 20th century? A generation ago such a question would have been virtually meaningless except as a limited scientific experiment. But in the past decade or so the concept of "intermediate technology" has come into being. A working definition of that concept would be "a technology which uses what lies to hand, improved by modern techniques, rather than importing at vast expense an alien technology which will need an immense infrastructure to operate it".

To identify the line of the canals, and assemble the components that formed them requires painstaking—and back-breaking—academic skill. But the restoration of the waterways can be left to academically unskilled hands—in a word, the people of the valley themselves. The 1980 season of the Project marked a small but significant breakthrough: when the archaeologists returned to the site in May they found that the people, on their own initiative, had

repaired a section of the canals, following the lead already given.

Traditional archaeology shapes the pattern of work at Cusichaca. Working in association with the Peruvian Instituto Nacional de Cultura, the Project has excavated and partially restored the hill-top fort, Huilca Raccay, and its little attendant township of Patallacta. All the relevant formal disciplines are represented. But within that formal outline is being pursued an unusual investigation into the day-to-day life of the ordinary man or woman in the past. Only in recent decades has historical emphasis shifted from the actions of "great" and "important" people to those of the majority. In Peru the aliterate nature of Inca civilization makes this shift even more relevant: in the Cusichaca valley there is nothing to discover *but* the "common man" and how he lived then—and, in fact, now, for the rate of change in this remote valley is slow indeed. In 1977 the Project carried out an investigation on one of the crude stone local houses that had been abandoned only 10 years earlier, checking the archaeological information it provided against verbal information from the former occupant. The conclusion drawn was that on some questions archaeological information was more accurate than man's memory.

Even today, in the 1980s, when package tours are penetrating into the most improbable areas, the Cusichaca valley is remote. No modern road goes near it; no aircraft can land among the towering peaks; the Urubamba river, of which the Cusichaca is a tributary, is not navigable. The only access to the site is by one little, crowded, racketing, unpredictable train a day. There is no station: those visiting the site alight—if the driver decides to stop—at "Kilometre 88" (88 kilometres from Cuzco).

The Urubamba, rushing 50 feet below, runs between the railway track and the valley and the only means of crossing it is by *oroya*, a heart-stopping device resembling a painter's cradle suspended on a more or less horizontal steel cable. Every piece of equipment, every morsel of food for 70 people or more has to be carted along the track on the human back, dragged across by *oroya*, and then again portered up a steep slope to the site. Conditions there are primitive, so much so that the British Army was persuaded to provide a back-up team, confident that its members would receive rigorous experience in survival. The water in the tumbling rivers is clear and sparkling—but polluted: all drinking water must be

brought to site, warm and delicately flavoured with the rubber or metal container in which it is stored. The sun beats down remorselessly in a locality almost entirely without shade. The nearest hint of civilization is a shanty town an hour down the line.

A working relationship has been carefully built up with the valley people over the years—initially they regarded the strangers either as enigmas or as objects for plunder. In 1980 the Project used a traditional Inca work ritual, the *faena*, not simply as an academic exercise but as a means of doing an essential piece of work. “I wanted a field to be dug and planted before we opened up one of the canals,” said Ann Kendall. “Everybody came up. We poured out a little pure alcohol to the earth mother Pachamama, watered and distributed the rest, and got to work.”

The end product is a ploughed field, a

few hundred yards square, high up in the amphitheatre where before there was nothing but scrub and cactus. In two or three years’ time, after the canal above has run again, this now dry and arid field will be as richly green as the favoured fields down by the Cusichaca River. Pachamama, one feels, would have approved.

The multi-disciplinary nature of the Project makes funding a problem and, even now, raising the £40,000 or so for a season’s work takes a disproportionate amount of time. The Peruvian government can contribute little but in a ceremony in London last November they generously acknowledged the value of the work that a British archaeologist is doing on the other side of the world. Ann Kendall was decorated by the Peruvian ambassador with the golden Order of Merit, the first time an Englishwoman has been given this honour ●

The Cajamarca valley in the Peruvian Andes resembles a vast volcanic crater some 10 miles across. The valley floor is perfectly flat, though ringed round with towering purple, brown and pink peaks, and, lying as it does at an altitude of 8,000 feet, it forms a temperate area in a tropic zone. Like most communities in the Peruvian interior it is isolated.

Tucked away in one corner of the valley is the little town of Cajamarca. About 3 miles from the town is the village of Los Baños des Incas in whose hot springs, legend has it, Atahualpa was bathing when news came of the arrival of the Spaniards. The village is virtually in the centre of the lushly fertile valley. The whole area is laced with a complex of earth-sided canals, some of them steaming with water just this side of boiling, which have been built up over centuries and which have created the valley’s fertility. And here in Los Baños, set in grounds which look like a Home Counties farm, is the British agricultural aid mission known, in the acronymic jargon of overseas aid, as Prodac (Programa de Desarrollo Agropecuario de Cajamarca).

Currently the UK gives Prodac £1.7 million a year, thus making it the biggest single UK aid project in the whole of Latin America. Prodac was established in 1973 and until recently had a somewhat chequered career. In the early days attention was concentrated on the prosperous dairy farms of the valley floor, until it became evident that these scarcely needed aid in the conventional sense. But outside this rich valley, high up beyond those brown and purple ramparts, are a people living in a poverty unknown in Europe for the past century and more, a poverty created very largely by ignorance.

More than 64 per cent of this highland population failed to complete even what primary schooling was available: 27 per cent are illiterate and, of the total population between 15 and 60 classified as “economically active”, 28 per cent are unemployed. Their environment varies from the bleak, harsh *jalca* of the uplands, resembling the Yorkshire moors, to rich little valleys. But valleys

and uplands share the same characteristic—inaccessibility. There are no recognizable villages: the one-storey, windowless cabins are scattered seemingly at random.

In the 1970s Peru embarked on a massive programme of agrarian reform which was to have particular effect on this area. Central to the new policy was the breaking up of the enormous *haciendas* (one reputedly the size of Wales) and the establishing in their place of a number of co-operatives. It is in the nurturing of these communities that Prodac is making its most vital contribution to a population which has yet to emerge fully into the 20th century.

The mission employs some 70 people, of whom the majority are Peruvians. The spearhead, however, is formed by 11 British agricultural technicians, each of whom is under contract to Britain’s Overseas Development Administration. Each technician has a Peruvian counterpart attached for purposes of training, who will in theory take over in due course.

Brian Smith, the team leader, who has been working overseas for more than 20 years, arrived here via Trinidad, Zambia and Malawi. The veterinary surgeon, Tony Williams, spent 10 years in Botswana and Brazil. Tony Burke, whose job it is to keep the mission’s lines of communication open by servicing its 19 vehicles, arrived here after VSO service in Ecuador. Mike Holland, soil conservationist, was also with VSO.

Prodac’s work is vital for the health of the young co-operatives, but it is also delicate, for the make-up of the co-operatives varies greatly from communities whose members are, for all practical purposes, simply employees to those where the members own their own land, but work some areas communally. How do these independent working farmers relish taking advice from young men, frequently half their age, from the other side of the world?

Jonathan Wadsworth, a livestock specialist from Yorkshire, says: “They probably take it better from an outsider. But sometimes I think they regard us simply as being the old boss class with a

different name. In some ways it makes it easier—you can just tell them what you want done. But in other ways it’s more difficult, particularly when you’re trying to get statistics. They’re convinced you’ll turn it over to the taxman!”

There were five of us, apart from the driver, touring three of the nearest co-operatives in a Landrover: Wadsworth, the vet Tony Williams and two agricultural students. Our first call was at the co-operative Porcon, on the side of a hill being afforested as a gift from the Belgians. The co-operative consisted of a handful of brick, adobe and corrugated iron buildings—a dairy, the gift of the Swiss, a general store, a guest house made of breeze blocks and two adobe houses. “They won’t live in the village. It would make life a lot easier if they did but they prefer to live apart.”

The handsome guest house was built by the people themselves. The difficulties of travel between co-operative and base make an overnight stay virtually essential to get even an afternoon’s work done. We inspected the general store and then the dairy. “At the moment, cheese is produced only when there’s a surplus of milk—it’s almost impossible to get cheese to market—but we’re experimenting with vacuum-packing.” The *campesinos* have, on their own initiative, begun an irrigation canal, lining it with stones.

We spent about an hour in the co-operative and continued the tour, stopping at an adobe house which stood guard over a new calf-shed. There were about 20 calves, most of them healthy but one suffering from scour. Williams examined the little creature and one of the students drew Wadsworth’s attention to the fact that the calves, having just eaten, must be thirsty: the brackets meant for water buckets held nothing. Wadsworth shrugged with a touch of resignation. “We’ve told them again and again to buy buckets. We’ve even ordered them. But they plead lack of time. Or poverty. Or something.”

Back at Prodac I made the acquaintance of Liz Alderson, who had found her way to Peru from Shropshire via El Salvador and who was fascinated by dairy work. She showed me the “vacuum pump”, or rather its prototype, a bellows made of hardboard and plastic designed by Arthur Walker in the West of Scotland Agricultural College at Ayr. “The trouble is that cheese made up in the sierra can’t be got down to market before it goes off. I’ve made up a high temperature recipe which improves its keeping and with this we can vacuum-pack it. With the exception of the plastic for the bags, the farmer should be able to find everything on his farm: wood and leather for the bellows, tin cans for the moulds.” To look at that prototype, whose value in terms of materials was 15p or less, was to become aware of the enormous power latent in the simple transfer of ideas.

Our journey the following day was to a more distant co-operative, around 70 miles away. It took more than five bone-jolting hours—there and back on the same day, for the co-operative was un-

finished and there was no chance of overnight shelter.

We left at 6 am in brilliant sunshine but by the time we had achieved the high peaks the clouds had closed in and for the rest of that day visibility was down to a few yards. At 9 am we passed the old *hacienda*, a rambling collection of buildings now abandoned and forlorn. Two hours later we were still on what had been the *hacienda*’s estate, descending the steep valley to encounter a Landrover labouring upwards taking a party to a nearby farm to collect stones for a newly planned administrative building. At the farm we joined the working party, a mixed group of British technicians, their Peruvian counterparts, local peasants and the farmer’s family. He brought out *aquadiante*, the potent cane spirit of the region, and for a brief period there was a kind of cocktail party. Then the others returned to their backbreaking work and I had an opportunity to talk to individuals. Why were the British here? What were they gaining, personally, from this reasonably well paid but gruelling work in a remote mountain range? The answers varied from the flippant to the considered but at bottom there seemed only one consistent, if hidden, motive: the desire to leave things a little better than they had been found.

After a meal in the farmhouse we drove down to the co-operative. The *campesino*’s dislike of living in communities was here modified by necessity. People are gradually moving into this remote and potentially fertile tableland and enough of them were willing to live together and so form a nucleus.

We drove on down to the village. The track was muddy and slippery. “I put my back wheel over the edge yesterday,” Holland said conversationally and, craning my neck to look down into the river hundreds of feet below, I remembered the significance of the little crosses that appear along these Andean “roads”, each marking the spot where some unfortunate went right over.

Far down this serpentine descent the road stopped suddenly, though it was still 20 or 30 feet above the river. It began again on the other side of the gorge. “The villagers on the other side made up the road this far. They’re waiting for the bridge we promised them. We’d lose face if we decided now not to build it. But with what?”

And that, of course, is the key question. In July, 1978, the Peruvian government requested an extension of Prodac for another four years. It has now a little more than 18 months to run. What happens when the British team withdraws? “The best of the counterparts will finish up in the Ministry and become penpushers. There’ll be no field officers so everything will sink back. But that happens all over, everywhere. You take two steps forward and one back.”

But one step forward is a net gain, even if its most tangible legacy is the prototype for a pair of bellows, agent of perhaps incalculable change, whose materials are worth perhaps 15p ●

Autobiography of a smooth diamond

by Robert Blake

Experiences of an Optimist

John Redcliffe-Maud
Hamish Hamilton, £10.95

In the general atmosphere of doom and despondency which prevails today it is good to have a book from someone who is not a pessimist. Lord Redcliffe-Maud has written an autobiography which is kindly, charitable, friendly, unmalicious and unboastful. Yet he has plenty to boast about, for his career has been one of remarkable variety, versatility and brilliance. A don at University College Oxford before 1939, he had an extraordinary success as a war and post-war civil servant, a key figure in the Ministry of Food, head of the Ministry of Education and, in the 1950s, of the Ministry of Power and Fuel. He was active in Unesco for many years. He became High Commissioner in South Africa in 1959, and four years later was elected Master of his old College. He headed several important public commissions or committees, the best known being that on local government. He is almost the archetype of the category which is said (perhaps wrongly) to exist in some file in Whitehall headed "The Great and the Good"—a description which may repel some but is surely preferable to being "Inferior and Bad".

He is a person of much charm and urbanity. The late Sir Maurice Bowra is credited with the often repeated Oxford quip that "when you meet John Maud you must take the smooth with the smooth". But there is a lot to be said for smoothness in the sense of the courtesy and politeness which oil the wheels of life. Abrasive outspokenness is too frequently a euphemism for bad manners.

John Maud had been a classical scholar at New College but he found himself in 1929 at Univ in the incongruous position of being the first Politics Fellow to be appointed by any Oxford college. Politics was a part of Modern Greats or PPE, a then recently founded School regarded with suspicion by traditionalists (that is, almost all dons in Oxford). He chose local government as his speciality and wrote a short book on it for the Home University Library. It must have seemed one of the highlights of his career when he produced in 1969, 37 years later, the Report which led to the greatest revolution in the system since 1888. Unfortunately his principal recommendation—the all-purpose authority—was rejected in the Conservative Act of 1972, and the consequences have been disastrous. Lord Redcliffe-Maud behaved with magnanimity and generosity over this discardment of his plan and did all he could to salvage something from the wreck. One can heartily agree with him that now, what is needed most in local

government is peace and no more tinkering for at least 10 years.

John Maud was born 12 years after the youngest of his four sisters when his father was Vicar of St Mary Redcliffe in Bristol (hence his title). He nearly died of tuberculosis as a child but recovered, won a scholarship to Eton and ended his school career as a member of Pop. At 17 he fell deeply in love with a girl of 24 and she with him. He is too discreet to mention the name or why nothing came of it, merely observing that they were still friends when she died at 80. He married Jean Hamilton, who had been a contemporary at Somerville. She was and is a most talented concert pianist.

He has been throughout his life a devout Christian. His University Sermon printed as an appendix is well worth reading. He was also a very good actor and remains to this day a superb mimic. I was pleased to learn that, though destined to be great and good, he did not mind playing a part in the Oxford University Dramatic Society's "Smoker" which, if it was in his day at all like it was in mine, could hardly have been bluer and was for men only. He was at the same time President of the Student Christian Movement, and one of his Christian colleagues told him that the spectacle of his performance had made him lose his faith.

He was a superb administrator and the war brought him right to the top. He has one of the better Churchilliana to recount. *The Daily Telegraph* had published correctly that the Ministry of Food proposed to sell a cargo of oranges to Eire. Subsequently the Ministry had second thoughts but Churchill, who read the paper, asked for a report. The Minister quickly replied that the paper was misinformed and the oranges were being sent to Women's Institutes to be made into marmalade. Back came Churchill's reply: "Minister of Food. Good. De Valera deserves no oranges. Lemons or raspberries would be more appropriate. WSC."

To have headed both the Ministry of Education and of Fuel and Power is quite an achievement. It is interesting that, before 1958 when John Maud left, the possibility of North Sea gas had never been mentioned—so sweeping are the changes that can occur so soon. He then went to South Africa as High Commissioner. The famous words of Mr Macmillan about the "wind of change" are often said to be his invention. If they were he would be the last to admit it, but they certainly corresponded with his views.

There is a certain blandness in the book, which recalls a salad dressing too short on vinegar. Were all those whom the author encountered at Eton, Oxford, Whitehall, quite as decent and honourable as they appear here? Were none of them unscrupulous, egotistical, malignant or corrupt? Christians ought to be optimistic in one sense, but they also need to be acutely aware of evil. I would have preferred less about Unesco and more about Original Sin.

Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

Good Behaviour

by Molly Keane
Andre Deutsch, £6.50

Marital Rites

by Margaret Forster
Secker & Warburg, £6.95

The Company of Women

by Mary Gordon
Jonathan Cape, £6.50

The opening of Molly Keane's *Good Behaviour* is chillingly unforgettable. The narrator, 65-year-old Aroon St Charles, relates the death of her mother in the small Gothic folly where they have moved, with one maid, surrounded by mementos of their past. As "Mummie" smells the rabbit mousse her daughter is insisting she eat from a small silver fork—complete with family crest—she vomits and falls dying on the pretty pillows. Her daughter calmly commands their maid to keep the mousse hot for her lunch. Aroon is dominating and pompous. While she rings for the doctor she has "time to consider how the punctual observance of the usual importances is the only way to behave at such times as these. And I do know how to behave—believe me, because I know." Aroon then takes us back to her childhood and we see the distance between the harsh woman she is now—as her mother used to be—and the affectionate girl she was then. We see where life has let her down.

The eccentricities of Aroon's mother and father as they pass their days at their ancestral home, Temple Alice, make the reader forget the macabre opening for a while in a Mitford romp complete with nannies and maids and hunt balls and horses and childhood games and teases. Molly Keane wrote under the pseudonym "M. J. Farrell" until the death of her husband distressed her so much that she stopped writing. This novel incorporates something of the sparkling, irresponsible mood of the 20s and 30s celebrated in her novels *Conversation Piece* (1932) and *Devoted Ladies* (1934). The language revels in the details of life in a grandish country house. Occasionally, when Aroon is at spectacular parties, looked after by her loving father and brother, or when she is mooning over her brother's handsome friend Richard, the reader is transported into a simple, romantic world. But always these moments are undercut by the dark reality seeping up between the floorboards of Temple Alice, whispering at the edges of Molly Keane's prose, because nothing is as it seems, nothing is simple and romantic.

When a governess, Mrs Brock, commits suicide and little Aroon does not know why, we do know (Aroon's philandering father has broken off his affair with her). When her brother forms

a close friendship with Richard we know why their father is anxious, although Aroon never realizes. We are aware of the mother's frigidity, aware that Richard whom she loves will never love her. Homosexuality, drunkenness, cruelty of many kinds—they are all here, although never mentioned. Molly Keane's skill in letting us work out what is going on beyond the narrator's gaze is masterful.

Margaret Forster's *Marital Rites* takes what appears to be a perfect marriage—that of nice, honest, Robert Osgood and houseproud, loving Anna—and examines what happens when it is threatened. The marriage of Robert and Anna is a source of envy and admiration to all their acquaintances, and amazement to their slutish daughter Sarah: "They never seemed to get bored with each other... She still sometimes found them locked in a clinch, in some dark corner of the house and she would creep away, half appalled at the evidence of such apparent passion after 20 years of married life."

Anna believes in marriage and is horrified that "All around she seemed to see marriages threatened, broken, violated, marriages that were not really marriages, marriages in which deceit was commonplace and nobody thought anything of it."

From the moment the reader discovers that Anna's husband Robert has sent her a letter confessing his affair with 22-year-old Claire Bayley, the pace never lets up. The women in Robert's life conspire to pretend that the letter never arrived: his devoted secretary asserts she never sent it, Anna behaves as though she never received it. As for Claire, she claims she has no desire to break up Robert's marriage. She is a cool, intelligent career girl who seduced Robert partly because he was so respectable and well-married he constituted a challenge. But even her attitude changes as the plot develops and feelings shift with an alarming power.

Marital Rites has a great deal to say about marriage, and says it very well. I cannot think of many people who would not find this novel engrossing and pertinent to their lives.

Love in all its forms—spiritual, sexual, the love between friends, for children—is the theme of Mary Gordon's *The Company of Women*. The young heroine Felicitas moves from a group of unmarried and divorced women who surround the Catholic teacher Father Cyprian on his summer retreats to a group of women her own age who surround an obnoxiously trendy teacher at her university. These chapters are a little tiresome because it is hard to believe the highly intelligent, slightly priggish Felicitas would really be taken in by the pretentious teacher, even if she were to fall in love with him.

The Company of Women lacks the fire of *Final Payments*, Mary Gordon's first novel. But in its understanding of women and the demands of love it has much to commend it.

The art of a Victorian eccentric

by Paul Barker

William Burges and the High Victorian Dream

by J. Mordaunt Crook
John Murray, £40

Is the fact that he had syphilis all you need to know about Lord Randolph Churchill? Such attempts to explain people away in terms of their medical history are usually just part of the dottiness of an era too full of "experts". But there are exceptions. Among architects, William Burges's achievements seem plausibly related to his poor eyesight.

As J. Mordaunt Crook points out in this stylish study, Burges was myopically obsessed with detail. To go into a Burges building is to see the world through a microscope. The closely woven surface of the House of Lords (Pugin's masterpiece) is matched by that of Studley Royal chapel (Burges's).

Studley Royal is a memorial to a Victorian gent captured by Greek bandits: the cost came out of the unused ransom. It adorns the approach to Fountains Abbey, near Ripon. Burges was the first Victorian architect I knew by name because on a visit to Fountains I went out of curiosity up to this church standing a bit off the walker's usual map. It was like going into a packet of liquorice allsorts. Black, white and green marble; red and yellow tiles; stained glass dragons, angels and winged horsemen; and carving everywhere.

Even then, 20 years ago, I was sufficiently astonished to try to find out who built it. But if few still know of Burges outside the ranks of Victoriana buffs, that may be because this has been a jinxed book. The intended first author, Charles Handley-Reed, got weighed down among obsessive detail, almost outdoing Burges. He killed himself, it seems, in despair. And there have been various publishing hazards since.

Burges was born into building. His engineer father built the Embankment on which Pugin and Barry balanced the new Parliament. Even more to the point, Burges *père* built Bute Docks at Cardiff. Through this connexion the son gained his most lavish patron, Lord Bute, for whom he created faery extravaganzas at Cardiff Castle and Castell Coch.

Burges said, "There are no bargains in art," and he certainly never offered any. Partly because of this, he completed little. Cork's Anglican cathedral, which he did complete, cost more than six times what the diocese intended.

He was a beneficiary (as well as an example) of High Victorian eccentricity. Bute had Frederick Corvo as tutor at one stage. Burges's first major patron was even loonier: a forebear of Lord Carrington's, who thought his backside was made of glass. Not surprisingly, the privy was one of the most interesting

parts of Burges's scheme for him.

Lavish illustrations here underline how much Burges turned architecture, furniture and metalwork (always gem-laden) into an Arabian Nights dream. An opium dream, too, perhaps, for Burges liked his pipe. He also liked pet parrots, hunted rats avidly, over-ate on pigeons stuffed with rosemary, filled Cork cathedral with 1,260 statues, and designed the first painted furniture since the Middle Ages. In this bejewelled book Mordaunt Crook captures both the artist and the man.

Burges, who had dreamed of completing Wren's then unfinished St Paul's made, as his last work, a pearl-shell bottle for Lady Bute. However, those who watched the BBC's cameras zoom up to the mosaic roof during the royal wedding will have seen decorations that drew on his designs. But palely. Burges was a man for high colour and high art.

Other new books

The Shell Guide to the History of London

by W. R. Dalzell
Michael Joseph, £12.50

Henry James once explained in a letter that London's inconceivable immensity had paralysed his mind for any appreciation of details. Certainly its size and its long and sprawling history have put a considerable strain on writers who tried to portray London in words. What is a flower of cities to one is a modern Babylon to another, a great wen to a third and the great cesspool to a fourth.

Ronald Dalzell wisely avoids all temptation to summarize. He shows a fine appreciation of detail, and he builds his history by a careful assembly of fact.

It is on the construction of London, from Roman builders to those of the present day, that Mr Dalzell concentrates, and on the identification of those elements that survive. With the exception of the Saxon period, during which London was comparatively neglected, there is still much to be seen, and thanks to quite recent archaeological excavation a good deal more of Roman London than for many centuries. But the inhabitants of London who replaced the Romano-British were neither builders in brick nor workers in stone and, as the author comments, "the pathetic remnants of Saxon buildings show how inferior the new inhabitants of London were as builders and architects by comparison with their Roman predecessors and their Italian contemporaries."

The Normans were more conscientious builders, and William the Conqueror's recognition of the precariousness of his hold on London caused him to replace the wooden fort at the south-eastern corner of the Roman wall with a great stone keep known now as the White Tower. From the same period can still be seen parts of the great priory church of St Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield and of the Temple Church south of Fleet Street.

The pace quickens with the later 14th and early 15th centuries, which the author describes as Chaucer's London, and reaches its perhaps inevitable climax in the late 17th century following the Great Fire, which destroyed

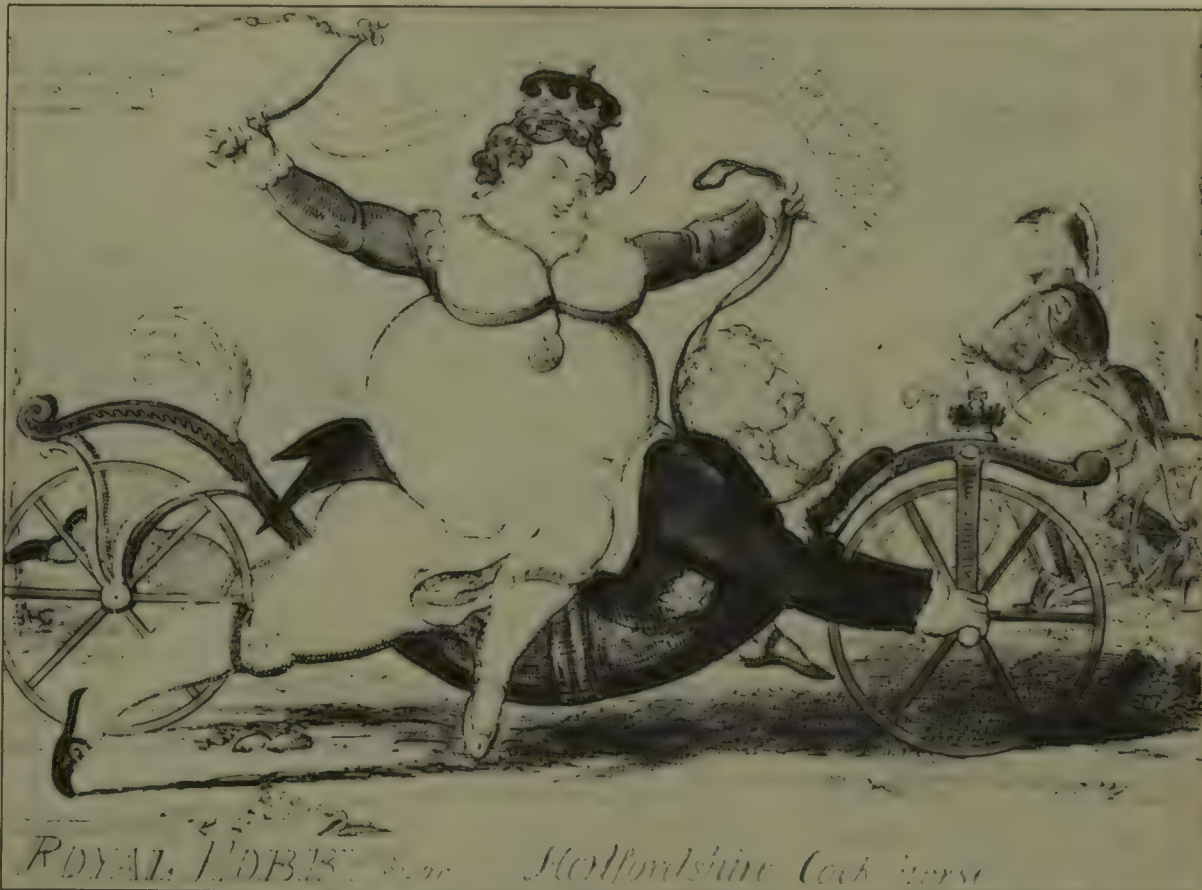
some four-fifths of the London Pepys knew so well, and the arrival of Christopher Wren, many of whose 52 churches are here described with relish.

If some later developments receive rather more muted enthusiasm the author emphasizes that London is a vital and developing organism, not a museum piece to be preserved at all cost, and he does not indulge in nostalgia. The primary merit of his book is that it records the construction and development of London factually, entertainingly and quite substantially, though on occasion it seems rather breathless, because its chronological description requires some darting about from one corner of London to another.

The Paintings and Drawings of William Blake

by Martin Butlin
Yale University Press, £100 (2 volumes)

Blake's reputation as an artist of vision and imagination has never been higher. This monumental work, the first complete catalogue comprising a volume of text listing 882 works and a volume of 1,193 plates (many of them in colour), will surely add to his stature. Every work by Blake, except his illuminated books and monochrome engravings which have already been catalogued elsewhere, has been included, with much new information and new identifications and details of size, medium, date, history, present owner and, where appropriate, some analysis of the work in relation to Blake's thought and writings. This catalogue is a work of sympathetic scholarship and a classic of its kind.



George Cruikshank's caricature of the Prince Regent tiring of his mistress, Lady Hertford, who sits on him on the newly invented velocipede, called the Hobby. From *Masters of Caricature* by William Feaver (Weidenfeld & Nicholson, £15).

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Largely at sea

by David Tennant

It was in 1844, a couple of years after *The Illustrated London News* started its long life, that a group of English travellers, among them William Makepeace Thackeray, went on a sea voyage to the Near East. Although they sailed on three different ships, the largest of which was only 800 tons, the voyage was in effect a cruise. Here is part of what the distinguished novelist had to say about the trip: "The P & O Company had arranged an excursion in the Mediterranean by which in a space of a couple of months as many men and cities were to be seen as Ulysses observed and noted in 10 years."

Sea voyaging for pleasure had begun and still flourishes, while P & O is now easily the leading cruise firm in the UK. Last year they carried about half of the 90,000 cruising holidaymakers who sailed from British ports (mainly Southampton) and also a substantial number of the 45,000 who chose a fly-cruise in the Mediterranean, the Atlantic Islands and the Caribbean.

The former "exclusivity" of most cruises began to disappear in the mid 1960s. Gone are the days when formal dress for dinner was *de rigueur*, even though on every voyage I have taken in the past 15 years there has been a substantial phalanx of those who uphold the old formalities. Nowhere is this more pronounced than on a world cruise, as I saw earlier this year when I flew out to Florida to join the 45,000 ton *Canberra*, flagship of P & O, on part of her global odyssey. I was to embark at Port Everglades and leave in the Mexican resort of Acapulco—and it was a most rewarding 10 days.

Although she is now into her third decade the *Canberra* externally looks a modern vessel, elegant and impressive, with a long white hull and superstructure and twin buff-coloured funnels well to the stern. She has an amazing amount of deck space and it was hard to believe that there were over 1,100 passengers on board, plus a crew of 800—though the ship was not fully booked on my trip. Internally she is equally roomy, except for the lower-grade cabins which are adequate but no more. The decor is restrained, reflecting solid comfort rather than flamboyance. The two large dining rooms—the Pacific for the upper-grade cabins and the Atlantic for the more moderately priced (but not differing too much in the menus)—are airy and pleasant with muted tones predominating.

The brilliant reds of the Meridian Room, just one of several lounges, and the breezy informality of the Alice Springs bar were far from muted. I particularly liked the Crows-Nest lounge bar with its superb views forward. As the *Canberra* is such a large vessel she has a variety of public rooms, as well as three



Negotiating the massive locks of the 51-mile-long Panama Canal.

swimming pools, a children's pool, two night-clubs, a disco and a comfortable cinema. Most but not all of her cabins have either a private bathroom or more generally a shower and lavatory. She is fully air-conditioned and stabilized and has a complete hospital unit with two doctors and fully qualified nurses.

P & O are to be congratulated on keeping her in such excellent condition, considering the tens of thousands of passengers she has carried and the hundreds of thousands of miles she has sailed. The liner has a reputation for being a "good sea boat".

A cruise is certainly no place to try to slim, as eating can—and does—go on throughout much of the day. The food on *Canberra* was abundant and well presented, although it lacked the flair I have enjoyed on some other liners. As to service, I had a helpful and amusingly informative Lancastrian cabin steward and a polite, if occasionally confused, Bengali table waiter. There were times however, when a few other members of the crew—though certainly not the entertainments staff—seemed less than enthusiastic about their job.

The day's activities, all included in the cost, began with morning exercises and went on to the small hours in the night club and disco. There were dancing classes, arts and crafts lessons, talks on the ports of call, music (classical to pop), bridge, deck games and in the evenings cabaret, first-run films and gala dinners; or you could just sit out on deck under the tropical stars and listen to the music wafting up from the lounges below.

After a day or two on board I was completely relaxed, ready for the forays ashore at La Guaira (for Caracas),

Cristobal at the eastern end of the Panama Canal, and Acapulco. The transit through the Canal was unquestionably the highlight of the voyage, an unrivalled experience as the giant ship with little to spare on either side eased its way through the massive locks, was raised to 85 feet above sea level and then lowered again. As we cruised through the Gatun Lake, part of the Canal waterway, with dense tropical jungle on either side we were given a commentary at just the right level of information, not overdone with statistics. It came over the ship's public address system during the transit, which took about 10 hours but passed all too quickly.

During the night after we left the Canal, while most of us slept soundly, a passenger became critically ill; telex and radio messages sped back and forth half around the world, we changed course and at dawn were off a small port on the Panamanian-Costa Rican border. There our ailing passenger was taken ashore by tender. Then we headed north again, hours late, but we arrived in Acapulco on schedule thanks to the vessel's speed reserves—in these days of high fuel costs a most expensive exercise. But this incident did show the unstinting care that P & O take of their clients.

On January 6 next year the *Canberra* will set out on another world cruise, arriving back 90 days later on April 7. By then she will have passed through both the Panama and Suez Canals, called at Bermuda, Florida, Acapulco, San Francisco, Honolulu, Sydney, Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Singapore, Colombo and the Seychelles, plus various Mediterranean and other ports of call.

There will have been numerous shore excursions, including two trips into China and a visit to Cairo and the Pyramids. The cost for the global voyage is from just under £3,000 to over £15,100 with more than 30 variations in between. A twin outside cabin with shower and toilet, for example, costs around £5,100 per person; a similar single cabin nearly £10,000, an inside single about £6,100. Even with these breathtaking rates nearly 500 people took the complete voyage this year.

The cruise is also sold in a wide arrangement of segments, sailing one way to a point and then flying home, or vice versa. For example, from Southampton to San Francisco with a three-night stay there and the flight home costs between £1,176 to £2,883 for each person, sharing a twin cabin, 27 days in all. Another segment flies out to Sydney on February 13 and sails back, arriving April 7, a 54-day holiday costing from around £2,172 to over £5,000.

The following are other winter cruises from the selection available:

Queen Elizabeth 2 (Cunard). Her 1982 World Cruise starts at New York and goes via the Caribbean, Brazil, South Africa, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong, Japan, Hawaii, Los Angeles and the Panama Canal back to New York; out January 17, back April 7, Southampton five days later. From the UK flying to the USA the cost is between £5,975 and £32,275. Also available in segments on a fly-sail basis.

Navarino (Karageorgis Lines). A ship in the classic style, sailing for Cape Town from Southampton on November 17, arriving, via Las Palmas, on December 3. Returning March 12 from Cape Town, arriving UK on March 29, cruising in South American waters between those dates. UK-South Africa rates £750 to £1,667 either way.

Uganda (B-I Line). This well-loved ship is based in the Mediterranean from November to May, operating fly-cruises. Example: fly from Gatwick on February 24 to Venice, then cruise to Corfu, Alexandria (Cairo excursion), Haifa (for Jerusalem), Santorini in the Aegean, Gythion (for Sparta) and back to Split for flight home; 13 nights on board, £690 to £1,452.

Blenheim (Fred Olsen). Regular sailings alternating with *Black Watch* from Tilbury to Lisbon, Madeira, the Canaries; departures every Thursday from mid September to early May. Also stay and sail on next voyage arrangements. A 13-day cruise costs between £540 and £1,500. There is a special Christmas and New Year 14-day cruise.

P & O Cruises and B-I Line, Beaufort House, St Botolph Street, London EC3A 7DX. Cunard Line, 8 Berkeley Street, London W1X 6NR. Karageorgis Lines, 36 King Street, London WC2E 8JS. Fred Olsen Cruises, 229 Regent Street, London W1R 8AP.

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TRAVEL

Discovering Antigua

by Margaret Davies

My first impression on arrival at Antigua, travelling from the airport on the north side to my hotel, the Halcyon Reef, on the south coast, was of an island agreeably unspoiled by the influx of jumbo jet-loads of visitors. At least there was no sign of their presence as we drove through the small, inland towns with their pink-washed, wooden houses, whose inhabitants pursued their unhurried way of life, and past grazing goats and cattle tethered on the verge of the road. A week spent exploring the island provided confirmation of this happy state of affairs. It also suggested that the tourists, once installed in their various hotels dotted all round the coast, were content to spend their days between the superb, palm-fringed, white sandy beaches and the warm turquoise sea. An understandable choice with temperatures firmly fixed in the 80's, for it is easy to succumb to the unhurried tempo of life in the West Indies.

Seeing the sights in an island the size of Antigua—it covers an area of 108 square miles and has a circumference of 54 miles—involves a minimum of exertion and can be accomplished quite thoroughly in a few leisurely morning car rides. Nelson's Dockyard in the south is a reminder of Antigua's long association with Britain. Discovered in 1493 by Columbus, who named it after the church of Santa Maria la Antigua in Seville, the island remained uninhabited until 1632 when the first British settlement was established there by Captain Edward Warner. The dockyards, situated on sheltered English Harbour, were used by the Royal Navy from 1707 and were under the command of Captain Horatio Nelson from 1784 to 1787.

They eventually fell into disuse in 1899 and the buildings have been restored only in the past 30 years to create the Admiral's Inn, a 14-room hotel originally built with bricks brought as ship's ballast, and the Copper and Lumber Store, an 18th-century building which has been converted into 12 luxurious apartments. English Harbour has been developed into a modern yachting centre. The high ground above English Harbour, known as Shirley Heights, where the ruins of General Shirley's 18th-century fortifications still stand, is a vantage point for viewing the splendours of the Caribbean sunset.

One of the island's more attractive and secluded hotels, The Inn, is situated on the hillside overlooking Nelson's Dockyard. Individual cottages are available either on the slopes, clustered round the English bar, or down on the beach by the water's edge. On the shore of neighbouring Falmouth Harbour is the small, pleasantly sited Catamaran.

A few miles farther west, on a promontory between two bays, Curtain Bluff Hotel offers some of the most

luxurious accommodation in Antigua in a garden setting, and excellent facilities for sailing, water-skiing, skin-diving, boating, tennis and golf, which are available to a greater or lesser degree in all the larger hotels. The approach to this south-western corner of the island is down a road, called Fig Tree Drive, which passes through a dense jungle of tropical vegetation, but anyone expecting to find fig trees growing there is in for a surprise—fig is the local name for banana.

A visit to the capital of St John's takes you away from the lush, green south side of the island to the north-west corner where cruise vessels dock in Deep Water Harbour. Saturday morning is the time to see St John's, when the street market sprawls its exotic fruit and vegetables all over the pavements in an area on the outskirts of the town and the Antiguan come to barter for their week's provisions. Then you can wander into the heart of this attractive, slightly shabby town with its low-built shops and houses interspersed with modern offices and banks, listen to a steel band at an outdoor café, shop for souvenirs—the black and brown coral jewelry is particularly fine—visit St John's Cathedral, tour the waterfront and have lunch in one of the restaurants which serve delicious Antiguan specialties. The pepperpot, a meat and vegetable stew, I ate at Brother B's is one of my lasting memories of Antigua, along with the lobster served at The Yard and the barracuda steak I had at the Cockleshell, a few miles outside St John's.

It is impossible to check Antigua's claim to have 365 beaches, one for every day of the year. But it is possible to visit what must be one of the finest by taking a trip on the *Cavalier*, a 70 foot, two-masted schooner that sails along the coast and deposits you for the day on a secluded, dazzling white sandy beach to enjoy a barbecue lunch beneath the trees, swim, sunbathe and sample the delights of lotus-eating. You pick up the *Cavalier* at the Halcyon Cove, one of the larger hotels on the north side, which boasts a Panorama Restaurant with a spectacular view.

Antigua is an ideal place of refuge from the British winter. I left London at 9.30 on a chill, damp November morning and arrived in time for an afternoon bask in the breeze-fanned Caribbean sunshine. The flight from Heathrow to Coolidge airport by British Airways Boeing 747 took eight hours 20 minutes. Fares range from £220 for an Apex return in the low season to £722 single in crown first class. For the coming winter Sovereign and Speedbird offer a series of one-, two- and three-week self-catering and hotel packages, costing from £385 to £1,200, all prices inclusive of the return flights from London.

Antigua Tourist Board, Antigua House, 15 Thayer Street, London W1.

Cordon Bleu

by Martell



decanter by Baccarat

Works in wood

by Ursula Robertshaw

The sculptures illustrated on this page are by John Fox who is 46 and who was born in Newmarket. He trained as an engineer and worked in industry and in management until 1973, when he decided to turn his hobby of wood carving into a full-time occupation. He now makes a wide range of small carvings and sculptures, mostly in wood but also in ivory, alabaster, slate and various stones including granite and serpentine. He has had exhibitions at Peter Dingley, Stratford-upon-Avon, and at the Casson Gallery, 73 Marylebone High Street. All our examples are from the Casson Gallery.

Clearly Fox has a marvellous sensitivity for the materials he employs. The grains of the various woods, and their individual textures, are made to work for him, sometimes even providing light-and-shade enhancement of the carving. Thus the grain may suggest a shawl, or a lock of hair, or a tensed muscle. Fox finds woods whose grain has been darkened or changed in colour by the action of fungi particularly rewarding to work with.

Fox carves animals as well as human figures. There is a charming series of curled-up cats, stylized and simple; and another feline series of puss poised on a parapet ready to pounce. Here the head is below the level of the feet, so that the sculpture has to stand on the edge of a shelf looking downwards.



Group of Five Figures, in padouk on a slate base, £375; right, *Couple*, in Indian rosewood on a slate base, £90.



Mother and Child, in rosewood, £106; right, *Sitting Figure*, in elm whose grain has been enhanced by fungal attack, £125.

Black on Top



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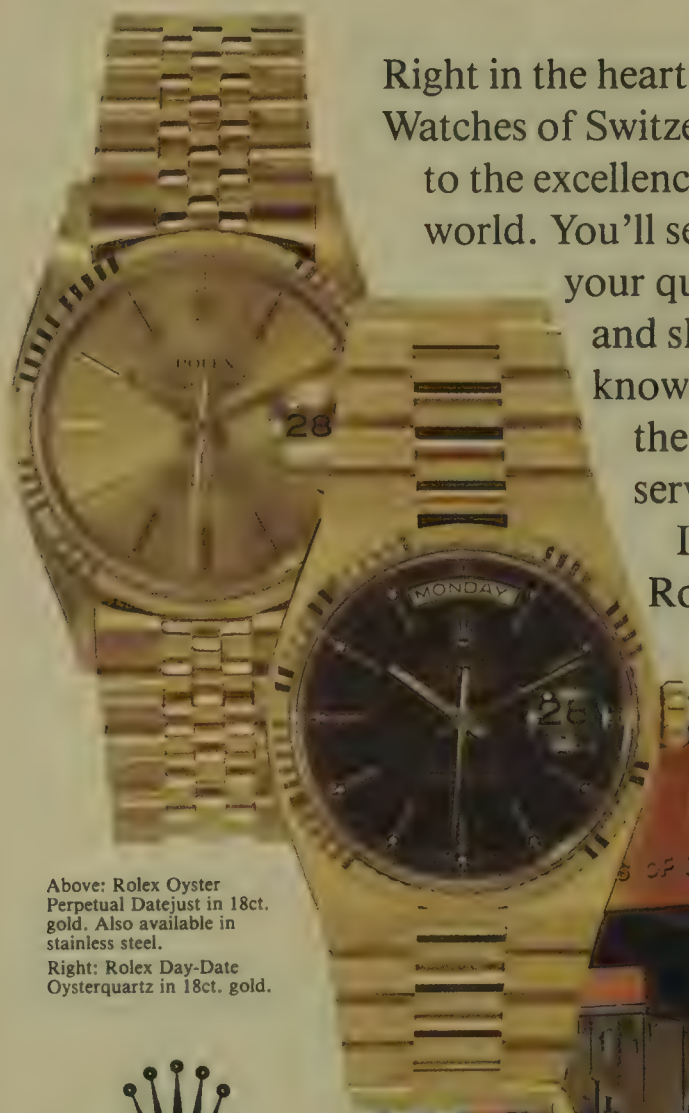
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Planning for the future

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

To have created a successful planting scheme is a feather in a gardener's cap. Ideally planting should be worked out in summer when flowers are in bloom and can be seen growing side by side or can be picked and held together to see the effect. But often decisions must be made in winter when gardens are dormant. Mistakes can result in frightful colour clashes; or a scheme can misfire because, the plants come into bloom when their hoped for partners have either begun to fade or sit in bud, preparing to bloom in two weeks' time.

It is hard enough to carry precise flower and leaf colours in the mind's eye; when you add the shapes of the plants, their relative heights and their different flowering times you see why good planting schemes can take years to evolve. In an attempt to avoid such frustrations I write down good plant combinations in the many gardens I visit every year.

Last September I explored that lovely stretch of country running up the Welsh border from the Wye valley to Powis, near Welshpool in north Wales. On the terrace at Powis Castle, a fine warm-coloured late summer border was in full swing. A huge shrub *Rosa*

moyesii, covered with orange hips, stood by a tall, gold-foliaged conifer, a bold effect that led through to a blazing scheme. At one end was a mass of very red hot pokers and there were other hot reds and oranges in dahlias and penstemons with coral-flowered *Phygelius capensis*, the cape figwort. Foliage forms were varied, the tall swords of *Chasmanthe aethiopica* (*Antholiza aethiopica*) with fiery flowers stood high at the back, echoed in the foreground by the smaller daggers of *Crocosmia masonorum* in several bright varieties. Day lilies or hemerocallis included pale yellows, Delicate Splendour and Marion Vaughan, as well as warmer tones; otherwise the colour came mainly from heleniums, achilleas and rudbeckias with a few white flowers, *Anaphalis margaritacea* and *Chrysanthemum maximum* for contrast. The predominant foliage colour was green with blue distances and orange reds and yellows soon to be augmented by autumn foliage and red berries.

Earlier I visited an extraordinary garden at Dinmore Manor, an old house and haunted chapel on a hill spur where many ley lines meet 6 miles north of Hereford. An eccentric owner in the 30s had added a gothic complex. The garden between was, of all things, in Japanese style with pools, a stream, a

bridge and some good planting. Established maples were turning red and gold. It proved again that some gardens abide by no rules but succeed when carried out with panache.

On the way home I visited a great gardener's garden, that of Jack Treasure of Treasure's plant nursery, at Burford House near Tenbury Wells. Here were late summer colour schemes with a difference, by no means all golds, reds and oranges but soft pinks and crimsons, mauve blues and misty blue and silver foliage that evoked images by Watteau or Fragonard, in a setting of fine trees and old brick walls, sweeping lawns and distant silver willows.

The roses in flower included the lush, very double, late Victorian bourbon roses, Mme Isaac Péreire, cerise, and Mme Pierre Oger, creamy blush pink. The dark crimson Portland rose, Rose de Resht, was also repeating well as was shrub rose Magenta. Jack Treasure showed me one of his favourites, an old creamy white climbing tea rose of double, quartered shape, Sombreuil, grown as a large supported shrub. He works automatically, nicking out odd weeds and removing dead heads as he talks, now showing a clump of purple *Salvia superba* as an example of a plant blooming a second time if cut down after flowering, now showing his two

ways with *Rosa rubrifolia*, sometimes left to grow tall with autumn leaves and fruit, sometimes cut down at the end of June so that it sends up great sprays of its unique blue-green, pink-shot foliage by September.

Late-flowering clematis grew on the walls, up trees and over shrubs. There were soft pink and rose coloured penstemons, *Aster amellus* and *A. frikartii*, both mauve-blue, purple *Salvia farinacea* and that great late summer standby, *Strobanthes atropurpureus*. At the back of a border *Lavatera arborea* was still producing its single pink hollyhock flowers and at the front were a small malva, Primley blue, *Geranium endressii*, pink and mauve viola Nelly Britton.

In shady areas I noticed pink *Hydrangea acuminata Preziosa* underplanted with pink and white *Cyclamen neapolitanum* with the pink berries of *Sorbus hupehensis* overhead and pink and white Japanese anemones near by. *Hydrangea arborea* with great, heart-shaped leaves and sprays of white flowers tinged with green was grouped with blue willow gentian, *Gentiana asclepiadea*, pink and white phlox and pink *Schizostilis Sunrise*, growing not only on the edge of a small stream but in the water. Here was a living encyclopaedia for any gardener.

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Cosmic bombardment

by Patrick Moore

"A huge cosmic boulder, nearly a mile wide and weighing over 4 million tons, is coming closer to us. It is on a collision course with the Earth and will strike us within a matter of weeks. The damage will be colossal; our only course is to attack the boulder, either by destroying it by nuclear bombs or by diverting it from its path and making it miss the Earth. Humanity is in mortal danger!"

Science fiction? Fortunately, yes, but such a disaster is not an impossibility. Large boulders do wander about the Solar System and we are not immune from their impact. For instance, the large crater in Arizona known as Meteor Crater was formed when a missile hit the desert some 22,000 years ago. The damage was comparatively local though it was fortunate that the body landed in uninhabited territory.

Icarus, which is about a mile in diameter, bypassed us in 1968 at a mere 4 million miles, and there have been closer approaches than this. The present record-holder is Hermes, which made its pass in October, 1937, and at its minimum distance was less than twice as far away from us as the Moon.

The asteroids with eccentric orbits, swinging them well inside the main zone and into the inner reaches of the Solar System, are astronomical midgits. Icarus is unique in one respect: at its perihelion (closest approach to the Sun) it moves within the orbit of Mercury, so it must be red-hot, while at aphelion (farthest recession) it is out beyond Mars. It must have the most uncomfortable climate in the entire Solar System.

In the foreseeable future Icarus cannot collide with us but its orbit is subject to marked long-term changes and it is only one of many similar bodies. Recently students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology carried out a detailed investigation and concluded that though a defensive nuclear attack on Icarus would be feasible, one problem would be the lack of available time. It might not be detected until a few weeks before collision occurred.

Let us suppose that the impact did occur. What would the results be? If Icarus landed on dry land it would produce a crater 10-15 miles in diameter but, as the energy involved would be 500,000 megatons of TNT, the devastated area would be much more extensive than this. If Birmingham were hit, little of Newcastle to the north or Plymouth to the south would be left. And if the impact were in the ocean, waves 100 feet high would cause world-wide damage.

Nothing of this magnitude has occurred in historical times. There are various impact craters besides that in Arizona—Wolf Creek in Australia is a good example. But one must be wary of jumping to conclusions; for instance the

Vredefort Ring near Pretoria is often listed as an impact crater, though geologists say it is volcanic. Missiles of the Arizona or Wolf Creek size are, though, hardly to be compared with Icarus or even Hermes and are better regarded as large meteorites rather than small asteroids. The Siberian object of 1908 could well be different again, since there is evidence that it was the icy nucleus of a small comet, and though it blew pine trees flat over a wide area it did not leave a crater.

The surface of the Moon is dotted with craters of various sizes. Some are well over 100 miles across, while others are mere pits. Undoubtedly some of them are due to meteoritic impact and many astronomers believe this was the main process in the moulding of the lunar surface features, though others (including myself) consider that internal forces had more influence. But whichever theory is correct, the existence of many impact craters on the Moon is not in doubt. There are also craters on Mercury, Mars and the two tiny Martian satellites, Phobos and Deimos, which may well be former asteroids that wandered close to Mars long ago and were captured.

A fascinating theory has been put forward by Sir Fred Hoyle, who has been investigating the causes of the Earth's Ice Ages and has come to the conclusion that they were produced by meteoric impacts. According to his theory a giant meteorite will throw up material into the upper atmosphere which will reflect the Sun's rays away into space, so that the surface temperature of the Earth will drop with alarming rapidity. Hoyle points out that there was an abrupt change in surface conditions about 65,000 years ago, when many species of living things died out. Hoyle says the impact of a vast iron missile could have been responsible.

If cosmic collisions caused the Ice Ages, a new crisis might be upon us at any moment. Hoyle's remedy is to build apparatus to stir the oceans, preventing the accumulation of very cold water near the sea-beds and keeping the oceans warm enough to store heat and prevent the ice from spreading. Whether such a project is possible must be left to the engineers to decide. But Hoyle is certainly right when he says that major impacts must occur in the future.

It is only too easy to be alarmist. The chances of an asteroidal impact are not high; they are far less than the possible outbreak of a nuclear war which would destroy civilization for ever. But the chances are there and it is interesting to speculate on what would happen if an Icarus-type missile were seen to be heading straight for the Earth. One would like to think that international disputes would be shelved and scientists of all countries would band together in an effort to avert catastrophe. To hope for this today is optimistic ●

In Georgian Bath

by Ursula Robertshaw

Face first the fact that you will not be able to "do" Bath in a weekend, though you will be able to get the flavour and build up an addiction. Therefore you will need to plan your trip carefully, selecting just a few of the places that sound as if they will most appeal to you and allowing plenty of time for each—and for soaking up the atmosphere of Britain's loveliest Georgian city.

We began our weekend where Bath's own fame began, at the Baths which lie over the great natural hot spring and beneath the 18th-century Pump Room. Revered by our Iron Age ancestors and dedicated by them to a deity called Sul, who was probably associated with healing, this, Britain's only hot spring, still bubbles forth every day a quarter of a million gallons of water, strongly impregnated with 30 different minerals and tasting strongly of bismuth and sulphur. The temperature is a constant 120°F. By AD 43 when the Romans decided to exploit the spring in a big way the temple to Sul was already famous. Preserving the old Celtic god in the name, Aquae Sulis, the Romans built a huge complex of temples and a series of baths. Exposed by excavation are the massive remains of heated rooms, saunas, Turkish baths and swimming pools, with the hypocausts that heated them, and displayed are artifacts ranging from a huge Gorgon's head to tiny carved gemstones, all found during excavations.

For when the Roman Empire fell, the prosperity of Aquae Sulis ended, helped also by a rise in the sea level which flooded the baths. By the eighth century all had fallen into ruin—there is a beautiful and moving Anglo-Saxon poem describing the ghostly remains and remembering that "bright were the buildings" that once stood there. Excavations are still going on today. There is a viewing gallery where visitors can see progress on a two-year programme which has already revealed the Roman sacrificial altar.

Having regaled ourselves with a cup of coffee in the Pump Room, drunk to the idiosyncratic rendering of Ivor Novello and Franz Lehar by the Pump Room Trio, we made our way towards the Abbey. But we never got that far, for we were diverted by the Burrows Toy Museum in York Street. This was a real trip down memory lane, with playthings not only from the golden age of toys, Victorian and Edwardian days, but also from the 1920s and 30s. Here were Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, Felix the Cat, Shirley Temple dolls; and marbles and dolls' houses and tiny bottles and tea sets, mechanical toys of all descriptions, penny toys, strange and fascinating board and card games. Do the cases fly open at midnight, we wondered, and the shades of their owners gather to play with their old toys again?

The Saturday we were in Bath it was July 4, so obviously we had to spend the afternoon at the American Museum, up on Claverton Down. Housed in a fine Wyattville house of 1820, it contains a series of furnished rooms ranging in date from the late 17th to the late 19th centuries, and in taste from the spare but exquisite craftsmanship of the Shaker room to the heavy opulence of a New Orleans bedroom of the mid 1880s. In addition there are displays of the work of American craftsmen, exhibits devoted to American history and, perhaps above all, there is a magnificent collection of quilts and textiles, works of art and beauty created from scraps of material in an age when people were short of almost everything but time.

On Sunday we just wandered about the relatively empty streets of Bath, drinking in the magnificent proportions, relishing its little alleys and its great architectural set-pieces, its placid and elegant squares and its steep terraces, wondering how the same species of animal that created such beauty could also be responsible for today's arid and brutal monstrosities. And we resolved to return, to refresh our spirits again.

We stayed at two hotels, contrasting in style but equal in excellence. First, at the Royal Crescent, a member of the Prestige Hotels group and of the Leading Hotels of the World. It has an unrivalled position right at the centre of John Wood's masterpiece, the earliest of English crescents, and it has been restored by its present owner to full 18th-century splendour—superb plasterwork and a wonderful lantern-lit horseshoe staircase are among its delights. Food and service fully warrant the Egon Ronay award as Hotel of the Year 1981, and BTA's recent special commendation. Single room rates are from £30 a day, doubles from £36, including service and VAT.

Then we moved to The Priory, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the city centre in Weston Road. Set in a Bath stone house of 1835 in modified Strawberry Hill Gothic style, it stands in 2 acres of charming gardens complete with croquet lawn and swimming pool. It has only 15 bedrooms, all different and highly individual; and its cuisine is superb—my mouth still waters at the memory. Single room rates here are from £32 a night, doubles from £55, inclusive of Continental breakfast. The Priory is giving special rates between November 1 and April 8, 1982: two nights for £34.38 per person per night, including Continental breakfast, three-course table d'hôte dinner, service and VAT. This hotel is a member of the Relais et Chateaux group ●

The Royal Crescent Hotel, Royal Crescent, Bath (tel: 0225 319090). The Priory Hotel, Weston Road, Bath (tel: 0225 331922). City of Bath Tourist Office, The Pump Room, Bath BA1 1LZ (tel: 0225 61111).

Efficiency booster

by Stuart Marshall

A turbocharger is a device which crams more air into an engine and allows it to burn more petrol than it could manage to consume unaided. It seems an improbable means of improving engine efficiency and thus saving energy.

Improbable, but true. Turbochargers have come only recently to the family-cum-executive type of car, but have been used for years by the hard-headed operators of heavy lorries and earth-moving machines to save them time and fuel and therefore money. Broadly, turbochargers justify themselves by allowing a smaller, simpler engine to be used than would otherwise be required.

But what is a turbocharger? It is an elegantly simple kind of air pump driven by energy that would normally be wasted. The pump is a centrifugal fan driven by a turbine placed in the stream of exhaust gas before this escapes into the atmosphere. Not many things in this world are free, but the turbocharger's power source is.

The owner of a typical five-seat, executive-type car demands a top speed of 100 mph and more, even if he does not actually use it. Of greater importance is rapid acceleration from a standstill, the top-gear pick-up that ensures effortless overtaking and the relaxation that comes from driving an unfussy and muscular car.

These benefits can be obtained in three ways. The car could have a six- or eight-cylinder engine of around 3 litres capacity; a smaller though very highly tuned four-cylinder engine of 2 litres capacity; or a 2 litre engine with a turbocharger. With the third alternative the owner gets the best of both worlds: more power when required and more torque (a measure of the engine's pulling power) at lower revolutions than he would from the non-turbocharged engine. In short, the turbocharger makes a 2 litre, four-cylinder engine behave like a 3 litre, six-cylinder engine, but only when required.

A turbocharged four-cylinder has the smoothness of a straight six, yet its frictional losses are still those of a four. The net result is this: although the thermal efficiency of a turbo engine is slightly less than that of a larger, naturally aspirated one (more heat is lost through the cooling system), its overall efficiency is higher because there is less friction. And that is because it has far fewer moving parts than a six- or eight-cylinder engine. The result is that a turbo four of 2 litres capacity will have the power and torque of a non-turbocharged 3 litre, six-cylinder, while its fuel consumption need be no worse than that of a non-turbo four.

In the end, though, it is the driver who decides how economical an engine can be. At the launch of the Renault 18 Turbo colleagues who drove it as hard

as possible, exploiting the high-revving performance, returned between 22 and 24 mpg. Others who made full use of the engine's flexibility to minimize gear changing achieved 33 mpg and on the motorway up to 37 mpg. That is what turbocharging can do. It gives a car a dual personality—sporting, with vivid acceleration, for the hard (and fuel-wasting) driver; long-legged, effortless and flexible for the more sophisticated user, who will also enjoy an exceptional measure of smoothness and refinement.

Over the past year I have had about a dozen turbo cars through my hands, ranging from a 3 litre, five-cylinder Mercedes diesel to a 1.3 litre Vauxhall Astra. In every case it was their refinement that impressed more than sheer performance in terms of neck-jerking acceleration from a standstill to 60 mph or very high revolutions in the gears.

There are two ways of securing the benefits of turbocharging. Buy a car fitted with a turbocharger as standard, like the Saab 900 or Peugeot 604D, or have a normal car converted by a specialist. Turbocharging an engine involves more than bolting on a unit and providing the necessary ducts, and some of the early efforts by the well-meaning were pretty awful. (I recall a turbo Range Rover which virtually died if you tried to accelerate in top from moderate speeds.) But two of the pleasantest turbo cars I have driven were an Alfa Romeo Giulietta 2 litre, converted by Bell and Covill, of Leatherhead, Surrey, and a Vauxhall Astra which had been fitted with a turbocharger by Bill Blydenstein, a gifted engineer who runs a modest establishment near Royston, Herts. The Alfa Romeo was almost absurdly tractable in fifth gear and had the sheer performance one associates with a car like a Porsche, yet returned up to 28 mpg. The Vauxhall had impressive punch in the important 50-70 mph speed range and would cruise at 100 mph without much noise and with complete lack of fuss—all on 1.3 litres. Sensibly driven, it yielded 35 mpg; used very hard, consumption rose to 25 mpg.

Diesel engines, as road hauliers and earthmoving contractors discovered years ago, are particularly suitable for turbocharging. It smooths them out and provides much more power and torque when required. The Peugeot 604 and Talbot Tagora (both have the same 2.3 litre turbocharged diesel engine) are exceptionally quiet and you are hardly aware they are not petrol-engined. Renault, whose 18 Turbo is one of the cheapest of its kind on the market, are turbocharging their excellent 2.2 litre diesel engine and putting it in the big R30 hatchback. Impressed by Saab's great and growing success in turbocharging their 2 litre, four-cylinder engine, first in the 99 and more recently in the 900, Volvo have followed suit with a turbo 244. It should be available in Britain next year ●

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Taxing capital

by John Gaselee

It seems that capital gains tax and capital transfer tax will continue although both are likely to be amended in detail from time to time, largely as a result of inflation. While on the face of it both taxes may appear harsh, there are a number of ways of either mitigating them or eliminating them altogether.

As far as stocks and shares are concerned, there is exemption from capital gains tax in respect of the first £3,000 of gains each year. If the whole of that exemption is not "used" in a financial year the balance cannot be carried forward. Nevertheless, any realized losses can be carried forward indefinitely until they are set against gains which exceed the annual exemption.

If, therefore, shares have to be sold or reinvestment has to be made in a single premium life policy, it is worth getting the timing right. If acceptable from the investment point of view, it may be preferable to sell shares which are not showing a large capital gain; if that is not possible, perhaps some of the shares could be sold in one financial year and the balance in the next to take advantage of two annual exemptions.

With gilt-edged securities there is the great advantage that if they are sold or redeemed more than 12 months after acquisition the gain is not subject to capital gains tax. Nor can any loss (after they have been held for more than 12 months) be offset against other gains.

If the end of a financial year draws near and no shares have been sold, it could be worth undertaking a "bed and breakfast" operation. Essentially, shares are sold one day and bought back the next. Of course, charges are incurred as a result of this operation but the £3,000 annual exemption can be "used" and for subsequent calculations there is a higher "base price". It is a way of taking advantage of the annual exemption, reducing subsequent liability to capital gains tax without actually parting with the shares.

If gilts which it is intended to hold in the long term show a significant loss within 12 months of purchase, it could be worth bed and breakfasting them to establish a loss which can be set against gains or carried forward.

Gifts made to charities are now completely free from capital gains tax. If, therefore, you wish to make a fairly substantial gift to charity, it is tax advantageous to give shares which show a substantial capital gain. The charity will receive the full amount and you will dispose of a potential tax liability.

Unit trusts can be attractive as an investment vehicle, since no tax is now paid on capital gains realized by the managers when realizing underlying securities. The same is true of investment trusts, but often a certain amount of expertise is needed to select a suitable

one. Although the managers can deal without consideration of capital gains tax, when a holder of units in a unit trust or shares in an investment trust disposes of them they are treated in the same way as any other shares for capital gains tax purposes.

With capital transfer tax, the first £50,000 of taxable transfers attract a nil rate. It is, however, possible to avoid "eating into" that nil rate band. This year the annual exemption (with husband and wife being treated independently) has been increased to £3,000. Each person can, therefore, give up to £3,000 from capital without affecting capital transfer tax in any way, and also give up to £250 to as many different people as he or she likes—but not to anyone who is receiving all or part of the £3,000.

Often it can be a good plan for grandparents to hand over money, year by year, to grandchildren, rather than to their children. Skipping a generation can reduce the capital transfer tax problems of the grandchildren's parents.

Transfers between husband and wife are free from capital transfer tax and capital gains tax, and there is much in favour of a husband and wife trying to equalize their wealth so that there will be the benefit of the lower rates of tax for each of them. In any event, lower rates of tax apply to lifetime gifts (provided one then survives for at least three years), and that may be worth while.

For many people, whatever action is taken during their lifetime there may still be a significant capital transfer tax charge at death. That can be particularly serious in the case of assets which should be handed on to the next generation intact. Through life assurance it is possible to build up a capital transfer tax-free fund for beneficiaries so that they can meet the tax at death.

Typically, a "flexible" profit-sharing policy (offering surrender values guaranteed from the outset) can be used. If it is arranged on a trust basis for a beneficiary, he or she can surrender the policy to meet the tax if a lifetime gift is made and capital transfer tax is payable. Otherwise, it can continue until the death of the donor, and can be used to meet the capital transfer tax on the assets passing at death.

One such policy is the unique "reduction of premium" policy, issued by the non-commission-paying London Life Association. There is high initial cover, which is important when considering capital transfer tax. When the policy has been in force for 15 years (at which stage, in all probability, no further premiums will be payable) guaranteed sums will be paid in the event of surrender, plus cash allocations from profits which will have been accumulating with the sum at interest. Or the beneficiary can simply take the accumulated cash allocations without affecting the underlying policy in any way.

BRIEFING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

SPORT
FRANK KEATING

A change of season...cricket gives way to football...the Bob Hope British golf classic...the St Leger Stakes...and full details of events from Athletics to Yachting.

SEPTEMBER SIGNALS the changeover. It is the time for sportsmen to hand over the baton. The month arrives at cricket's climax: on September 1 is played the final day of the final Test match against Australia at the Kennington Oval, the friendly, redbrick ground in the shade of south London's gasometers. On the following Saturday the domestic summer is brought to a rousing end in the statelier, Victorian atmosphere of St John's Wood when the final of the Natwest Trophy is staged at Lord's. This is the first year that the Natwest Bank have sponsored this one-day knockout tournament; they took over from Gillette, very much the pioneers of cricket sponsorship; this year we have at last been spared the headline writers' obsession with "Blankshire's close shave" or "Boggins's late cuts".

□ So, as the greens turn to gold and the autumn mists roll in, does the new season beckon. The soccer and rugby programmes are already under way, but now the sparring in the sun will stop and the soon-to-be-muddled oafs will be settling down in earnest to the long, wintry slog that takes them through to Easter and next spring.

□ The summer will hang on as long as it can. An eventful, record-breaking athletics season will pull up its tents and prepare to go indoors after the men's and women's end-of-term jamboree at Crystal Palace on September 11, the day before flat racing stages its final Classic challenge of the calendar, the celebrated St Leger Stakes at Doncaster. The following weekend, too, sees the last of the great golfing festivals, the Ryder Cup contest at Walton Heath in Surrey between the USA and Europe. The second Bob Hope British Classic is at Moor Park in Rickmansworth from September 24. Bob Hope quips that he has to go on playing because he has so many golfing sweaters in his wardrobe. From then on the golfers will be taking their sou'westers out of their lockers and looking up their Winter Rules. Meanwhile there are only 692 League soccer matches until Christmas...



Mike Brearley: in form as captain.

ATHLETICS

Sept 4-6, IAAF World Cup, men & women, Rome, Italy.

A mini—and far more manageable—sort of Olympic Games, held in the romantic old stadium in Rome which staged the 1960 Games, affectionately remembered as probably the last of the "old tyme" Olympics before electronics, drugs and politics took over. Five continents compete against each other: Asia, Africa, Europe, America and



Seb Coe: looking for records.

Australasia. Coe and Ovett should both be in the European team, but will probably not race against each other.

Sept 11, IAC/Coca Cola Meeting, men's & women's invitation events, Crystal Palace, SE19.

Sept 13, European Marathon Cup, Agen, France.

Sept 18, 19, France v Switzerland v Great Britain & Northern Ireland, men's &

women's track & field events & decathlon, Paris, France.

BADMINTON

Sept 22-26, Friends' Provident Masters' Tournament, Albert Hall, SW7.

A chance to see whether the Chinese can do for badminton what they did for table tennis a decade or so ago when they took a deep breath and launched their ping-pong diplomatic mission. Reports from Japan and Indonesia, where badminton is almost the national game, say the Chinese will be inscrutably difficult to beat.

CRICKET

Aug 27-Sept 1, England v Australia, sixth Cornhill Test Match, The Oval.

The final day of the final Test—101 years after the Oval staged the first England v Australia match here for the mystical (and probably mythical) Ashes. When the Centenary game was staged at Lord's last year instead of the historically deserving Oval there was a strong whiff of patronization in the air. That match turned out to be a disaster. This will be the Oval's chance to show Lord's a thing or two about organization.

Sept 5, Nat West Bank Trophy final, Lord's. The Oval: Sept 2-4, Surrey v Kent (SC); Sept 6, v Worcs (JP); Sept 12, 14, 15, v Essex (SC); Sept 13, v Essex (JP).

(SC)=Schweppes Championship, (JP)=John Player League.

CROQUET

Sept 8-12, President's Cup, Hurlingham, SW6.

EQUESTRIANISM

Sept 3, Taylor Woodrow National Dressage

Championships, Goodwood, W Sussex.

Sept 4-6, City of Birmingham Show, Perry Park, Birmingham.

Sept 4-6, Osberton Driving Trials, Nr Worksop, Notts.

Sept 10-13, Burghley Horse Trials, Nr Stamford, Lincs.

Typically British, "three-day" trials in fact take four days. The Royals will doubtless be competing in this marvellous event, second only to the Badminton show in the spring. The Queen's son-in-law is the current Badminton champion.

Sept 18-20, National Carriage Driving Championships, Windsor, Berks.

A legitimate excuse to have a further gawp at all things royal: the Duke of Edinburgh should be leading the British team.

Sept 25-27, Osberton Horse Trials, Notts.

FENCING

Sept 19, Emrys Lloyd Cup, men's foil, de Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14.

Sept 20, Fencing Association Club Cup, de Beaumont Centre.

FOOTBALL

London home matches:

Arsenal v Sunderland, Sept 12; v Birmingham, Sept 22; v Manchester United, Sept 26.

Tottenham Hotspur v West Ham, Sept 2; v Aston Villa, Sept 5; v Everton, Sept 19.

West Ham v Stoke, Sept 12; v Southall, Sept 22; v Liverpool, Sept 26.

GOLF

Sept 3-6, European Open, Royal Liverpool GC, Hoylake, Lincs.

An event dreamed up only a few years ago

by a Swedish businessman, hoping it might force its way into the calendar as a genuine "classic". But those things take ages to mature. Nevertheless some of the legendary names of the golf world will be taking on the elements on the Lancashire coast.

Sept 10-13, Haig Whisky Tournament Players' Championship, Dalmahey, Nr Edinburgh.

Sept 16-18, Ladies' Home International Matches, Portmarnock, Co Dublin, Eire.

Sept 18-20, Sun Alliance Ryder Cup, Britain v USA, Walton Heath, Tadworth, Surrey.

One of the strongest teams from the United States has been assembled, led by Nicklaus, Watson, Trevino and Crenshaw. It is a wonder the yawnworthy challenge does not get the Yanks down. The British have not won the Cup since 1957—though they halved it in 1969, the year of Jacklin's prime. Now, wisely, the British allow any good European in their team.

Sept 19, County Presidents' & IMS Tournament, Hillsborough, Sheffield, S Yorks.

Sept 23-25, Home Internationals, Woodhall Spa, Nr Horncastle, Lincs.

Sept 24-27, Bob Hope British Classic, Moor Park, Rickmansworth, Herts.

GYMNASTICS

Sept 12, Lilia White Girls' National Gymnastics Championships, Wembley Arena, Middx.

HORSE RACING

Sept 5, Vernon's Sprint Cup, Haydock Park.

Sept 9, Laurent Perrier Champagne Stakes, Doncaster.

Sept 10, Doncaster Cup & Park Hill Stakes, Doncaster.

Sept 12, St Leger Stakes, Doncaster.

Sept 18, Ladbroke Ayr Gold Cup, Ayr.

Sept 26, Queen Elizabeth II Stakes & Royal Lodge Stakes, Ascot.

Sept 30, William Hill Cheveley Park Stakes, Newmarket.

MOTOR CYCLING

Sept 5, World Individual Speedway Championship Final, Wembley.

Sept 20, Marlboro Race of the Year, Mallory Park, Leicestershire.

MOTOR RACING

Sept 27, World Drivers' Challenge, Brands Hatch.

POLO

Sept 3-13, European Championships, Guards' Polo Club, Windsor, Berks.

SQUASH

Sept 11-13, Famous Grouse Invitation, Beaconsfield Squash Club, Bucks.

Sept 18-22, ISRF World Championships, individual; Sept 24-Oct 3, team; various venues, Sweden.

TENNIS

Sept 1-6, Junior Tennis Championships of Great Britain, All-England LTC, Wimbledon, SW19.

YACHTING

Sept 5-19, World 12-metre Championship, Brighton, E Sussex.

Sept 12, 13, Southport 24-hour race, West Lincs YC, Southport, Merseyside.

Sept 26, 27, RYA Team Championships, Queen Mary's SC, Ashford, Middx.

ART
EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

A great art capital... Picasso, Leonardo and Léger... a new Portal show for Beryl Cook... and (overleaf) photography: Lichfield and Parkinson... crafts: stained glass.

ANY CITY WHICH can boast two shows as important, each in its different way, as **Picasso's Picassos** at the Hayward and the **Princes Gate Collection** at the Courtauld surely has some claim to be described as one of the world's art capitals. In addition there is the exhibition of the marvellous Leonardo drawings from the Royal Collection at the Royal Academy and a modern sculpture show at the Whitechapel Art Gallery which includes unfamiliar work by equally unfamiliar names and which may mark a first attempt to reassess the meaning of the modern movement taken as a whole.

□ The most important out-of-London exhibition in September is the **Patrick Caulfield** retrospective at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, which will reopen at the Tate Gallery on October 28. Caulfield is generally classified as a Pop painter. My guess is that he will emerge from this show looking more like "classic" modernists such as Juan Gris or Léger.

□ There is still just time to catch the **Léger** exhibition (closing September 6) at Riverside Studios, an attempt to present an artist still strangely undervalued here. There is a major group of works from the period 1928-34, lent by the Centre Pompidou in Paris.

□ Things to look forward to in October include the **Nicolas de Stael** retrospective at the Tate; a Poussin show at the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh, comparing his two series of "Seven Sacraments"; and the ambitious **Great Japan** exhibition at the RA—a feast of fantastic decoration. The Imperial War Museum will be showing Cecil Beaton's war photographs; and the Curwen Gallery will play host to a show called **Mr Aislabie's Gardens**, which originated in Bradford. I must plead a special interest as I wrote a brief catalogue introduction, but the show is a fascinating re-examination of the rules of and reasons for the 18th-century landscape garden and includes beautiful modern watercolours by Ian Gardner.

□ The brilliant young British sculptor **John Davies** is currently being given a major retrospective by the British Council. It remains open at the Hamburg Kunstverein until September 20, then tours in Germany.



Maya with a doll, January 1938: Picasso's Picassos, at the Hayward until October 11.

GALLERY GUIDE

BLOND FINE ART

33 Sackville St, W1 (437 1230). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Jock McFadyen—recent paintings. The painter is the new artist-in-residence at the National Gallery. Sept 17-Oct 10.

BROWSE & DARBY

19 Cork St, W1 (734 7984). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm.

Anthony Eyton, ARA. Recent paintings & drawings of India & London. Sept 16-Oct 17.

CALE ART

17 Cale St, SW3 (352 0764). Mon-Sat 10.30am-5.30pm.

Jacqueline Rizbi, watercolours including interiors of Kenwood, paintings of ceramics & garden scenes. Sept 3-22.

CAMDEN ARTS CENTRE

Arkwright Rd, NW3 (435 2643). Mon-Sat 11am-6pm, Fri until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm.

The Ruralists. Group exhibition in neo-Pre-Raphaelite vein. Members include Peter Blake, Graham Ovenden & David Inshaw. Until Sept 27.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE GALLERIES

Woburn Sq, WC1 (580 1015). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Princes Gate Collection of Old Masters. Fabulous assemblage of paintings & drawings left to the Courtauld by the late Count Antoine Seilern and now on view to the public for the first time. Particularly strong in work by Rubens. Until Sept, 1982. £1; OAPs, children & students 50p.

CURWEN GALLERY

1 Colville Place, W1 (636 1459). Mon-Fri 10.30am-5pm.

Martin McGinn—paintings by an artist who graduates from the Royal College of Art this summer. Sept 10-Oct 2.

DRIAN GALLERIES

7 Porchester Pl, W2 (723 9473). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Benita Armstrong & Richard Nichols, joint exhibition. Sept 16-Oct 3.

FISCHER FINE ART

30 King St, SW1 (839 3942). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm.

Works by **Norman Rowe & D. H. Smith,** realist landscape painters. Until October.

ANGELA FLOWERS

11/12 Tottenham Mews, W1 (637 3089). Tues-Fri 10.30am-6pm, Sat 10.30am-12.30pm.

Michael Pennie, sculpture. Sept 16-Oct 10.

GIMPEL FILS

30 Davies St, W1 (493 2488). Mon-Fri 9.30-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Michael Mayer, new paintings. Sept 15-Oct 10.

HAYWARD GALLERY

Belvedere Rd, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri & Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm.

Picasso's Picassos. Major loan exhibition to mark the centenary of Picasso's birth from the collection of the yet-to-be-opened Musée Picasso in Paris. Particularly strong in the undervalued late work & in sculpture, but covers all periods of Picasso's activity. Until Oct 11. £2; £1 OAPs & students & everybody 10am-noon Mon-Sat.

CECIL HIGGINS ART GALLERY

Castle Close, Bedford (0234 211 222). Tues-Fri 12.30-5pm, Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

The Craft of Art, an exhibition to explain the

techniques & materials used in various arts & crafts. Includes raw materials from the paint-box of John Sell Cotman, works by Turner, Peter de Wint & Renoir. Until December. 20p, children & OAPs free.

HOLFORD GALLERY

34 Tavistock St, WC2 (836 5511). Tues-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat noon-6pm.

Marthe Larson, gouache paintings & drawings. Sept 15-Oct 3.

HOLSWORTHY GALLERY

205 New Kings Rd, SW6 (731 2212). Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm, Wed until 8pm.

Six of the Best: works by young Scottish artists. Sept 9-Oct 2.

HOUSE

62 Regents Park Rd, NW1 (586 5170). Tues-Sun 11am-6pm.

Michael Sinclair, wood carvings of the sea. Sept 16-Oct 11.

IRAQI CULTURAL CENTRE

177 Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (637 5831). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Ken Sprague, prints & drawings. Sept 4-Oct 3.

LEWIS JOHNSTONE GALLERY

7 Bolton Gdns, SW5 (373 1192). Tues-Fri 2-6pm, Sat 10am-5pm.

Group Show II, work by the gallery artists including Stuart Brisley, Lloyd Gibson, Ron Haselden, Denis Masi & Kerry Trengrove. Until Sept 12.

Kerry Trengrove, drawings & sculpture based on studies of the sociological habits of deer. An eccentrically original British conceptual artist who is also an attractive draughtsman. Sept 16-Oct 10.

ANNELLY JUDA FINE ART

11 Tottenham Mews (637 5517). Mon-Fri

10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Configuration 1910-40. This gallery is known for its interest in abstract painting of the pioneer period, & the show includes fine examples by masters such as Mondrian, Kandinsky & Gris. Most fascinating of all is the room of "lost" Tatlins, where the relief-sculpture of the great Russian Futurist has been reconstructed by Martyn Chalk from old photographs. Until Sept 26.

MOIRA KELLY FINE ART

97 Essex Rd, N1 (359 6429). Tues-Sat 11am-6pm.

Karl Weschke, large paintings on canvas by west country artist. Sept 8-Oct 8.

MACLEAN GALLERY

35 St George St, W1 (493 4756). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Robert Greenham, scenes & views in oils. Sept 9-Oct 2.

MORLEY GALLERY

61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1 (928 8501). Mon-Fri 10am-9pm.

Printmakers' Council, etchings, lithographs & screenprints by members of the Council. Sept 14-Oct 7.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, SW1 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

El Greco to Goya. Survey exhibition of the so-called Golden Age of Spanish painting, with works drawn from British provincial collections. Sept 16-Nov 29.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

2 St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

John Closterman—English baroque portraits including the recently acquired *The third Earl of Shaftesbury & his Brother &*

The Family of John Taylor. Until Oct 4.

Thomas Carlyle 1795-1881. An exhibition to commemorate the centenary of the death of the historian & essayist. Sept 25-Jan 10.

Bryan Organ's portrait of HRH The Princess of Wales.

NEW ART CENTRE

41 Sloane St, SW1 (235 5844). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

20th-century British paintings in gallery 1.

Lionel Bulmer, watercolours in gallery 2.

NEW GRAFTON GALLERY

42 Old Bond St, W1 (499 1800). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

Ann Arnold, landscapes by member of the Brotherhood of Ruralists. Sept 17-Oct 2.

PENTONVILLE GALLERY

46 Amwell St, EC1 (837 9826). Tues-Fri 2-6pm, Sat 11am-2pm.

Sue Brown, soft sculpture. Sept 9-Oct 3.

PENTONVILLE TWO

71 Regents Park Rd, NW1 (722 2009). Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm, Sat 9.30am-4pm.

Pitika Ntuli & Judy Seidman. "Louder than words", sculpture & painting from southern Africa. Sept 7-Oct 3.

EDWIN POLLARD GALLERY

23 Church Rd, SW19 (946 4114). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm.

Recent paintings by **Sheila Mannes-Abbott** in conjunction with her & Phil Drabble's book *The English Countryside through the Seasons*. Sept 29-Oct 10.

PORTAL GALLERY

16A Grafton St, W1 (493 0706). Mon-Fri 10am-5.45pm, Sat 11am-2pm.

"One Man Show" by **Beryl Cook**. New paintings by this magnificently funny artist, who combines rumbustious humour with a sure sense of formal design. John Murray publish a collection of her work (her third with them) this month. Sept 7-29.

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace, SW1 (930 4832). Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Canaletto, paintings, drawings & etchings from the Royal Collection. Until end of 1981. 75p; children, OAPs & students 30p.

RIVERSIDE STUDIOS

Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354). Tues-Sun noon-8pm, Mon until 6pm.

Fernand Léger 1881-1955, exhibition of paintings, gouaches & drawings to commemorate the centenary of the birth of the artist. Until Sept 6. 50p.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm.

Leonardo da Vinci. Leonardo's studies from nature are the most magical part of a magical oeuvre, & here are some of his most famous sheets from the Royal Collection at Windsor. The excuse for the exhibition is the presence of the Codex Hammer, formerly the Codex Leicester. Until Oct 4. £1.80; OAPs, students & everybody on Suns until 1.45pm £1.20; children 90p.

RSA INTERIOR DESIGN

58 Lower Sloane St, SW1 (730 8613). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

The London Scene, paintings & etchings of contemporary London. Until Sept 30.

SANDFORD GALLERY

The Market, Covent Garden, WC2 (836 1362). Mon-Sat, noon-7pm.

Late Summer—paintings & drawings both figurative & abstract. Sept 17-Oct 23.

SEEN

39 Paddington St, W1 (486 4292). Mon-Fri 10am-6.30pm, Sat 10am-5pm.

Brenda Morrison, paintings. Sept 10-30.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gardens, W2 (402 6075). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat & Sun 10am-7pm.

Summer Show 3—sculpture, installations & photographs selected by Tony Cragg. Sept 12-Oct 11.

SOUTH LONDON ART GALLERY

Peckham Rd, SE5 (703 6120).

British School at Rome—work by recent holders of the Rome scholarships in sculpture. Sept 11-Oct 1.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

David Jones 1895-1974, drawings, engravings & boxwood carvings from private collections.

Ceri Richards 1903-71, major exhibition of constructions & paintings. Just time to see these two retrospectives. The decision to mount them with their Celtic, specifically Welsh, content, is part of a general return to the neo-Romanticism of the 30s-50s. Both until Sept 6. 60p; OAPs & students 30p.



Cecil Collins: self-portrait, 1944.

Cecil Collins: a retrospective. 55 prints illustrating Collins's activity as a printmaker 1939-78. Until Nov 1.

Turner's First Visit to Italy, 1819. Sketchbooks, drawings & watercolours. Until Oct 25.

Sculpture for the Blind & Partially Sighted. Items from the Gallery's own collection & lent by contemporary artists, to be experienced by touch. Until Nov 1.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

The Chalon Brothers. Delightful small-scale show of particular interest to opera & ballet enthusiasts. A. E. Chalon made the most evocative prints of Taglioni, & wickedly amusing caricatures of operatic divas such as Pasta, Catalani & Malibran. Until Oct 4.

THEO WADDINGTON

25 Cork St, W1 (734 3534). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Mervyn Peake, drawings & watercolours. Work by the author of *Gormenghast* provides a strong dose of neo-Romantic quirkiness. Sept 9-Oct 3.

WALKER ART GALLERY

William Brown St, Liverpool (051 207 1371). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Patrick Caulfield, about 50 paintings showing the development of the artist from 1963 to the present chosen by Marco Livingstone. Until Oct 4.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY



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ART CONTINUED



Impertinence, 1950: Enid Boulting by Parkinson at the National Portrait Gallery.

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107). Sun-Fri 11am-6pm.

British sculpture in the 20th century. Part 1: 1901-50. Sponsored by the British Petroleum Company, the Henry Moore Foundation & the Elephant Trust. The first half of a general survey, which directs attention to a number of artists swamped by the rising tide of modernism. Sept 11-Nov 1. £1; OAPs, students, children over 11 & unemployed 50p; children under 11, & everybody on Mons 2-6pm, free.

WOODLANDS ART GALLERY
90 Mycenae Rd, SE3 (858 4631). Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Dorris Little 1895-1977. Paintings—landscapes & still lifes. Until Sept 29.

THE WORKSHOP
83 Lambs Conduit St, W1 (242 5335). Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-12.30pm.
Leo Duff, architectural drawings. Sept 29-Oct 10.

PHOTOGRAPHY

BATTERSEA ARTS CENTRE
Lavender Hill, SW11 (223 8413). Wed-Sun 11am-9pm.

No Access, photographs by disabled people showing the problems they encounter in their daily lives. Sept 9-27.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM
Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922). Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

Portraits of People at War, exhibition compiled from the museum's collection to mark the publication of the final volume of the *National Dictionary of British Portraiture* by the National Portrait Gallery. Until Sept 27.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS
The Mall, SW1 (930 0493). Tues-Sun noon-9pm.

New American colour photography,

selected by Amy Bedik. Sept 25-Nov 8.
KODAK PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY
190 High Holborn, WC1 (405 7841). Mon-Fri 9am-4.45pm.

"The most beautiful women"—photographs by Patrick Lichfield. Sept 17-Oct 30.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Norman Parkinson: 50 years of portraits & fashion. Until Oct 25.

THE PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY
5 & 8 Gt Newport St, WC2 (240 5511). Mon-Sat 11am-7pm, Sun noon-6pm.

Lucien Aigner & Tom Gidal, early photo-journalists. At No 5, Sept 17-Nov 1.

George Hoyningen-Huene: Eye for Elegance, fashion photography. At No 8, Sept 9-Nov 8.

POLISH CULTURAL INSTITUTE
16 Devonshire St, W1 (636 6032). Mon-Fri 10am-4pm.

Polish horses in photography by **Marian Gadazalski.** Sept 1-30.

SCIENCE MUSEUM
Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Twelve Points of View. Kodak exhibition of work by Angel, Berry, Black, Bolton, Eagar, Hosking, Lichfield, McCullin, Scott, Snowden, Thurston & Woolfit. Until Sept 27.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM
Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

Old & modern masters of photography, Arts Council touring exhibition includes work by Julia Margaret Cameron, Stieglitz, Paul Strand & Cartier-Bresson. Until Oct 4.

CRAFTS

BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE
43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993). Tues-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-4pm.

Open members' exhibition. Sept 8-Oct 11.

Mirrors (basement gallery), includes work by craftsmen working in many different fields. Until Sept 13.

Furniture & slipware (basement gallery), Sept 16-Oct 3.

CRAFTSMEN POTTERS SHOP
Marshall St, W1 (437 7605). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-5pm.

Colin Pearson, solus exhibition. Sept 8-19.

GILBERT-PARR GALLERY
285 King's Rd, SW3 (352 0768). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm.

Potters' pots by Richard Batterham, John Bedding, Malcolm Pepper, Gary Standige, Alan Wallwork & Robin Welch. Sept 11-26.

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL
London Bridge, SE1. Daily 9am-6pm.

Stained glass 1981, panels & windows by members of the British Society of Master Glass Painters. Until Sept 30.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM
Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm.

New Glass, modern glass from New York's Corning Museum demonstrating the wide range of uses of the medium both in fine art & in practical terms. Until Oct 11. £1; children, OAPs & students 50p.

Art of the Book, includes William Morris's Kelmscott Chaucer & the Nuremberg Bible. Until Oct 4.

Modern Japanese lacquer art, about 60 pieces, many made for use in the Tea Ceremony, by members of the Susuki family of Kyoto. Sept 9-Nov 8.

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NICHOLAS POTTER ANGUS LLOYD
WANDA LLOYD

Count Seilern's year at the Courtauld... the BM opens a new Egyptian sculpture gallery... exhibits move around in Oxfordshire... Hereford pays tribute to cider.

THE DISTINCTION between permanent and temporary exhibitions is becoming rather blurred nowadays. The Museum of Mankind runs long-term, temporary exhibitions; the Courtauld Institute is showing **Count Antoine Seilern's Flemish and Italian Collection**, now rather coyly known as the Princes Gate Collection, for more than a year (for details see page 84); and the People's Palace in Glasgow is doing the same with its remarkable **Glasgow Stained Glass**. The trend is certain to continue, as a way of coping with inflation and the recession.

□ But how permanent is permanent? Having already dealt successfully with the apparently immutable Greek and Roman galleries at the **British Museum**, Robin Wade has now completed at a final, breathless gallop the transformation of the Department of Egyptian Antiquities and the results are to be officially thrown open on September 10 (see overleaf). The refurbished Holst Birthplace Museum at Cheltenham has been reopened, Alton in Hampshire has a new museum, and the last stage of the Wellcome Museum of the History of Medicine, at the Science Museum, is nearly ready.

□ Outside London, the Oxfordshire County Museum Service is giving its excellent social history exhibitions a profitably long life by moving them from museum to museum within the county. In Hereford, the brand new, enterprising and imaginative **Museum of Cider** is open at last. It is rapidly and with good reason becoming a major tourist attraction in the West.

Admission free unless otherwise stated.

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM
Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415). Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.
Cut Here! Paper cut-out toys & models. Until Nov 1.

BRITISH LIBRARY REFERENCE DIVISION

British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1544). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Treasures for the Nation. Commemorating the achievements of the Friends of the National Libraries, founded in 1931, in helping to acquire books, MSS & archives for the nation. Until Oct 4.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor Map-making. Illustrating the work of Saxton & other prominent Tudor map-makers & surveyors. Until Dec 31.

BRITISH MUSEUM
Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.



Mughal India: detail c 1600.

Princely paintings from Mughal India. 16th- & 17th-century miniatures depicting life at the Mughal court. Until Sept 6.

The Gauls. Major exhibition of Celtic antiquities from France. Until Sept 13.

Turner & the Sublime. Works from the Turner Bequest & loans from North America tracing the artist's awareness of nature & the universe & man's role in the created world. Until Sept 20.

CHURCH FARM MUSEUM
Greyhound Hill, Church End, NW4 (203 0130). Mon-Sat 10am-12.30pm, 1.30-

5.30pm, Tues 10am-1pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Mill Hill—Our Village, Our Suburb. Development of Mill Hill since the 17th century. People associated with the district, including William Wilberforce, John Wilkes, Sir Stamford Raffles. Until Oct 25.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
Kensington High St, W8 (602 3252). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Sri Lanka: Cultural heritage & contemporary life. Attractive exhibition opened by the Queen in July forms the continuing week-by-week core of the Institute's Festival of Sri Lanka, with a panorama of national cultural activities including two lectures by Sri Lankan resident science-fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke. Until Sept 13.

CUMING MUSEUM
155-7 Walworth Rd, SE17 (703 3324). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat until 5pm.

The Lion from the Furnace. The techniques of the manufacture of Coade Stone, from which the lion outside County Hall is made, & the history of the firm. Until Oct 24.

GUNNERSBURY PARK MUSEUM
Gunnery Park, W3 (992 1612). Mon-Fri 1-5pm, Sat, Sun 2-6pm.

Lion of the Punjab. Exhibition of Sikh & Punjabi arts to commemorate the bicentenary of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, who united the Punjab in the early 15th century. Organized in collaboration with the Victoria & Albert Museum. Until Sept 6.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM
39 Wellington St, WC2 (739 6344). Daily 10am-6pm.

By Trolleybus. Exhibition commemorating the 50th anniversary of the introduction of the trolleybus. These quiet, sensible, non-polluting vehicles first ran in London 50 years ago & many people feel it was stupid to give them up. The exhibition tells the world story of the trolleybus, from the 1880s onwards, & includes two examples from the Museum's own collections. Until Oct 31. £1.60, children 80p.

MUSEUM OF LONDON
London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

London Delineated. This carefully chosen &

imaginatively grouped display of watercolours showing London as it was between the middle of the 18th century & the end of the 19th is well worth a visit, although the need to protect the exhibits has involved a level of lighting which makes it a little difficult to see some of them clearly. Until Sept 13.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND
Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Yoruba Religious Cults. Religious objects, their use & significance. Until Sept 6.

The Aborigines of Australia. Until Sept 6.

African Textiles. Materials, styles, applications & techniques. Until 1982.

Asante: Kingdom of Gold. Gold & the part it has played in the history of the Asante people. Until 1983.

Hawaii, past & present life & culture. Until 1983.

The Solomon Islanders, their life-style, beliefs & history. Until 1983.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM
Romney Rd, SE10 (858 4422). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

Hooking, Drifting & Trawling. Five centuries of the British fishing industry. Until 1982.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM
Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Nature Stored, Nature Studied: Collection, Curation & Research. Centenary exhibition showing the growth of the Museum's collections. Until Dec 1.

Darwin & the Origin of Species. This permanent exhibition which opened in May could hardly have been bettered—an uncrowded layout & carpeted peace in which to absorb the information so pleasantly offered. There are refreshingly well designed curved display booths, electronics which actually help, instead of merely amusing, & texts which are a model of simple, straightforward language.

SCIENCE MUSEUM
Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

All Stations. 150 years of railway station architecture. Until Sept 27.

Seeing the Invisible. The history of electron microscopy. Until Oct 4.

The Menai Bridges. History of the bridges over the Menai Strait. Until Oct 25.



THE RANGE of replicas is now considerable at the British Museum shop. It includes a British Iron Age torc, a Viking brooch and a facsimile of a Mildenhall platter. The price range is wide, from a medieval chessman at £1.65, an Egyptian cat at £44, or the head of a horse from the Parthenon, made to order at £350. There are even some sale bargains, such as a pendant representing the fertility goddess Astarte, reduced from £7.25 to £4.95. Or if you want something not only up-to-date but forward-looking the BM calendar for 1982, depicting watercolours of English cathedrals cost £2.25.

A Hundred Years of Domestic Electricity, arranged in conjunction with the Electricity Council. Until Dec 31.

Out of town
CHICHESTER DISTRICT MUSEUM
29 Little London, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 784683). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm.

Early Film-makers of the South Coast. A distinctly out-of-the-ordinary exhibition showing the development of cinema- ➡



Millbank Penitentiary by John Varley, c 1816: the prison cost £500,000 to build in 1816, closed in 1890, and the Tate Gallery now stands on the site. From an exhibition of watercolours, *London Delineated*, at the Museum of London (see left).

MUSEUMS CONTINUED



Egyptian sculpture: looking north in the British Museum's new gallery.

VISITORS TO the British Museum from September 10 will get a pleasant surprise. The Egyptian Sculpture Gallery has been completely redesigned for the first time in more than 40 years.

The collection of Egyptian sculpture in London—the largest outside Egypt—has been on show since 1834 in the great neo-classical gallery which occupies the western side of Robert Smirke's British Museum building. The new design was prepared by Robin Wade Design Associates in conjunction with the Directorate of Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings, and in close co-operation with the Departments of Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum. A prerequisite was the restoration of the gallery to its original appearance, with a scrupulous respect for its fine architectural detail. Work on the reconstruction began in 1979.

The sculptures are now exhibited in chronological order running from south to north, the visitor being introduced to ancient Egypt by a section devoted to history and scripts, including the Rosetta stone, the inscriptions on which led to the deciphering of Egyptian hieroglyphs. The main exhibi-

tion then follows, progressing from the monuments of the Old Kingdom (c 2600 BC) to the Graeco-Roman period (c second century AD), showing the sculptures in settings which emphasize their grandeur.

Two modestly raised platforms now provide opportunities for viewing sculptures at more than one level and will enable children to look into the large stone sarcophagi without clambering up their sides. The same platforms give access to two new side-galleries on the east of the main gallery, providing intimate settings for smaller sculptures and other objects which might be artistically diminished in the great spaces of the main gallery. Something of a tomb-like effect is also achieved in these side-galleries.

In the past the sculptures in the main gallery have never been adequately illuminated. The scheme now devised relies on natural light from the great windows in the east and west walls, and artificial light is provided for major pieces with spotlights and concealed fluorescent tubes. To enhance the bright effect, the gallery has been painted in light stone colours, following the original intention of Robert Smirke.

tography in the area, from the lantern slides of the travelling showman to the first moving pictures made in the Chichester region—one of the principal world centres of the industry between 1890 & 1910. Until Oct 10.

MUSEUM OF CIDER

Grimmer Rd, Hereford (0432 54207). Wed-Mon 10am-5.30pm.

New museum demonstrating the history & techniques of local cider production. 70p. OAPs & children 45p.

MUSEUM OF OXFORD

St Aldates, Oxford (0865 815559). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm.

"Your Earliest Convenience". Delightful exhibition of hygiene from medieval to recent times, with examples from the Oxfordshire County Museum's collections of water closets, baths, washstands & other items

used within the county. Sept 15-Oct 31.

OXFORDSHIRE COUNTY MUSEUM
Woodstock, Oxon (0993 811456). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

In Service—the work of indoor & outdoor servants in Oxfordshire. Pleasant historical survey of the work of servants in small & large households in the county & in the Oxford colleges. Until Sept 6; transferring to Wantage Museum on Sept 9.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSEUM
Glasgow Green, Glasgow (041 554 0223). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Glasgow Stained Glass. Until April 1982.

WANTAGE MUSEUM
Wantage, Berks (02357 66838). Weds 2.30-4.30pm, Sat 10am-noon.

In Service (see Oxfordshire County Museum). Sept 9-Oct 31.

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SALEROOMS URSULA ROBERTSHAW

Bath Club contents to be sold... the £6,000 coin at Bonham's... and news of what else is going under the hammer this month.

IN LONDON CHRISTIE'S sales in the main auction rooms begin on September 23 with a sale of Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces, including some furniture by Charles Rennie Mackintosh, such as a table from the Smoke Room of the Argyle Street Tea Rooms, and smaller decorative pieces from Hous'hill.

□ The Bath Club, which was founded in 1895 as the first gentlemen's club to have a swimming pool, is to be closed and Christie's South Kensington are to auction the contents on September 17 and 18. Effects include a picture by William James, a pupil of Canaletto, depicting barges in front of the Doge's Palace in Venice, and an early Peter Scott, signed and dated 1937, of geese over Barmouth. There are also all kinds of solid club furniture, furnishings and household necessities. Here is opportunity both for romantics who want a memento of the club where the future Duke of Windsor learnt to play squash, and for practical buyers in search of a really comfortable easy chair, a high quality dinner service or a length of carpet.

□ Sotheby's Belgravia's sale of costumes and textiles on September 9 includes a fine early 18th-century crewel work bedcover, and a beautiful silver-grey pleated satin dress and bolero by Fortuny dating from the 1930s.

□ On September 14-15 Bonham's hold a coin sale which will include the only known gold Roman coin from the London mint: a Magnus Maximus solidus, estimated at about £6,000.

□ Finally, contrasts from Phillips. First, to be sold on September 18, a silver-gilt enamelled and seed pearl decorated perfume bottle by George Hunt, a silversmith who made jewelry in the 1930s; this is a Gothic revival piece. Second, in the September 23 sale, a rare black Maori felt-faced doll by the Chad Valley designer Nora Wellings, wearing a grass skirt and standing 92 cm high; a smaller version, her daughter, will also be up for auction.

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month. Readers are advised to check details of viewings & catalogues. Wine sales appear on page 93.

BONHAM'S

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).
Sept 2, 30, 11am. Watercolours & drawings.
Sept 3, 10, 17, 24, 11am. European oil paintings.
Sept 3, 10, 17, 24, 2.30pm. English & Continental furniture.
Sept 4, 18, 11am. General porcelain.
Sept 8, 22, 11am. Silver & plate.
Sept 11, 11am. European ceramics & works of art, including tobacco boxes.
Sept 14, 15, 10.30am & 2.30pm. Coins.
Sept 18, 11am. Jewels & objects of vertu.
Sept 25, 11am. Clocks, watches, barometers & scientific instruments.
Sept 25, 11am. Decorative arts.
At the Royal Commonwealth Society Hall, 18 Northumberland Ave, WC2:
Sept 25, 5.30pm. Stamps.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).
Sept 23, 11am & 2.30pm. Art Nouveau & Art Deco.
Sept 24, 11am. English furniture.
Sept 25, 11am. 19th- & 20th-century pictures.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

15 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).
Sept 1, 2pm. Costumes, textiles & furs.
Sept 2, 2pm. Clocks & barometers.
Sept 3, 2pm. Scientific instruments.
Sept 4, 10.30am. Printed books, atlases & maps.
Sept 7, 10.30am. Oriental scrolls & prints, Indian & Islamic paintings.
Sept 8, 2pm. Costumes, textiles & children's clothes.
Sept 15, 22, 2pm. Costume & textiles.

Sept 15, 2pm. Objects of vertu & miniatures.
Sept 17, 2pm. Tools of the carpenter & other craftsmen including the remaining part of the R. A. Salaman collection.

Sept 18, 10.30am. Art Nouveau & Art Deco.

Sept 18, 2pm. Dolls.
Sept 22, 2pm. A collection of meerschaum pipes.

Sept 24, 2pm. Toys, games, trains & train sets.

Sept 29, 2pm. Railway art & literature.

Sept 29, 2pm. Oriental & Islamic costume & textiles.

Sept 30, 2pm. Musical instruments.

STANLEY GIBBONS

Drury House, Russell St, WC2 (836 8444).
Sept 3, 4, 1.30pm. All-world stamps.
Sept 10, 11, 1.30pm. Barbados & British West Indies stamps.
Sept 17, 18, 1.30pm. Postal history, documents & autographs featuring the postal history of the USA.

Sept 24, 25, 1.30pm. Great Britain stamps.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).
Sept 1, 11am. Watercolours.
Sept 2, noon. Lead soldiers & figures.
Sept 3, 10am. Furs.
Sept 3, 10, 17, 24, 11am. Postage stamps.
Sept 7, 11am. Modern British pictures.
Sept 7, 28, 2pm. Oil paintings.
Sept 8, 22, 1.30pm. Jewelry.
Sept 10, 11am. Musical instruments.
Sept 10, 1.30pm. Books, MSS & maps.
Sept 14, 2pm. Prints.
Sept 16, noon. Baxter prints & Steven-graphs.
Sept 16, 2pm. Scientific instruments.
Sept 18, 11am. Silver boxes & collectors' items.
Sept 21, 2.30pm. 19th- & 20th-century paintings.
Sept 23, noon. Dolls & dolls' houses.
Sept 24, 11am. Art Nouveau & decorative



Maori doll: Phillips Sept 23 est £100.

arts.

Sept 30, noon. Pot lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Sept 9, 11am. Netsuke, intro & Japanese works of art.

Sept 17, 11am. Musical instruments.

Sept 17, 11am. Silver & plate.

Sept 18, 11am. The James B. Williamson collection of Australian stamps.

Sept 24, 11am. Jewels.

At Gleneagles Hotel, Nr Auchterarder, Tay-side:

Aug 31, 6pm. Sporting guns & fishing tackle; 9pm. Silver & golfing items.

Sept 1, 6pm & 9pm. Pictures.

House sales:

Sept 17. Beechwood, Lavington, Petworth, W Sussex. Sale includes furniture designed by Lutens, a pair of George II gilt mirrors & a Charles II red lacquered cabinet.

Sept 30, Oct 1. Amberley Castle, Nr Arundel, W Sussex. Sale includes a Brussels tapestry portrait *The Mystic Grapes*.

SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA

19 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 4311).

Sept 3, 11am. Silver & plate from 1835.

Sept 9, 11am & 2.30pm. Costumes & textiles 1600-1980, including 1930s dresses by Fortuny, 1960s clothes by Dior, Balenciaga, Givenchy & Lanvin.

Sept 18, 11am. Cameras & scientific instruments, including a Dallmeyer miniature wet-plate camera.

Sept 22, 11am. Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours.

Sept 24, 11am. Chinese ceramics & works of art.

Sept 25, 11am & 2.30pm. Art Nouveau & Art Deco.

Antiques Fairs

Sept 3-5. 15th Annual East Anglia Antiques Fair, Athenaeum, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk. Daily 11am-8pm, Sat until 5pm. 50p.

Sept 11-13. Western Counties Antique Dealers' Fair. Weston Park, Shifnal, Salop. Fri, Sat 11am-9pm, Sun 11am-6pm. 90p.

Sept 15-26. 53rd Chelsea Antiques Fair, Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3. Mon-Sat 11am-7.30pm. Sept 26 until 6.30pm. £1.50 includes catalogue.

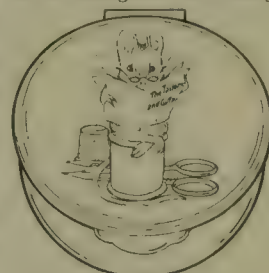
Sept 26. Haslemere Antiques Fair, Haslemere, Surrey. 10am-5pm. 30p, accompanied children & OAPs free. In aid of Action Research for the Crippled Child.

ENGLISH PAINTED ENAMELS The World of Beatrix Potter

Beatrix Potter's books have been loved by generations of children and by adults too. In them she combines a deceptively simple prose, which conceals a dry humour, with illustrations in the best English watercolour tradition. She describes her charming animal characters with shrewd economy and depicts them with the precise and homely detail that children always love.

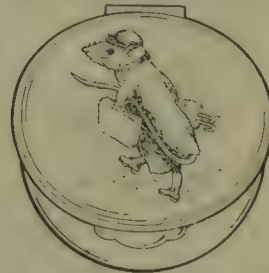
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The mouse in the Tailor of Gloucester sitting on a cotton reel with a little sketch of the Tailor's street in Gloucester on the reverse of the lid.

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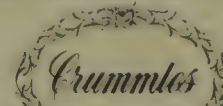
Johnny Townmouse — decorated inside the lid with a drawing of Timmy-Willie, his country counterpart.

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Jeremy Fisher fishing on the lake in the rain. On the reverse of the lid he digs for worms.

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LECTURES MIRANDA MADGE

Arthur C. Clarke... Jonathan Miller...
and the picture of the month.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (602 3252).

Sept 7, 7.30pm. **Sri Lanka**, Arthur C. Clarke.

Sept 9, 7.30pm. **Beneath the seas of Sri Lanka**, Arthur C. Clarke. Both in connexion with the Sri Lanka exhibition.

LONDON COLISEUM

St Martin's Lane, WC2 (240 5258).

Sept 23, 1pm. **Otello**, Jonathan Miller talks about his production of Verdi's opera. £1.

MERMAID THEATRE

Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 9521).

Sept 6, 6.30pm. **Molecule lectures**. First of a new series for 13-18-year-olds by Margaret Burbidge FRS, Professor of Astronomy at the University of California & President-elect of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Admission by ticket £1.50.

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 3232).

Guardian lectures: Interview on stage, excerpts from films & questions from the floor. Sept 5, 8.45pm. James Mason.

Sept 27, 6.30pm. Miklós Jancsó.

Tickets £1.80 in advance from NFT, plus 50p temporary membership; £1.40 plus 50p at door.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1558).

Sept 5, 3.30pm; Sept 8, 1pm. **John Closterman, master of the English baroque**, Dr Malcolm Rogers.

Sept 12, 3.30pm; Sept 15, 1pm. **Portraits in fashion**: fashionable 20th-century portrait photography, Colin Ford.

Sept 26, 3.30pm; Sept 29, 1pm. **Thomas Carlyle: the hero in history**, John Cooper.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

Sept 1, 3pm. **Wild mammals in Britain**, Joyce Pope.

Sept 12, 3pm. **Meteorites & comets**, Dr Andrew Graham.

Sept 17, 3pm. **Introducing insects**, Joyce Pope.

Sept 22, 3pm. **Bats**, Joyce Pope.

Sept 24, 3pm. **Seashore life**, Joyce Pope.

Sept 26, 3pm. **Deer in Britain**, Joyce Pope.

Sept 29, 3pm. **Snails & their relatives**, Joyce Pope.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1 (834 4333).

Sept 22, 2.30pm. **A garden in Kent**, Dr Jack Elliott.

ROYAL INSTITUTION

21 Albemarle St, W1 (493 6470).

Sept 3, 6.30pm. **The Virgin of the Rocks**: the problem of the two versions and the new documents, Cecil Gould. £2.

Sept 10, 6.30pm. **Leonardo da Vinci & the flying machine**, Charles Gibbs-Smith. £2.

Tickets from The Friends of the Royal Academy, Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1131).

Sept 1, 1pm. **George Stubbs**, Monica Seymour.

Sept 3, 1pm. **The triumph of American painting**, Michael Compton.

Sept 4, 1pm. **Johns & Rauschenberg—four works**, Richard Francis.

Sept 5, 6, 12, 13, 19, 20, 26, 27, 2.30pm. **Painting of the month**: Waterhouse's *The Lady of Shalott*, various lecturers.

Sept 6, 3pm. **Drawing today**, Laurence Bradbury.

Sept 7, 1pm. **Richard Wilson—father of**



Jonathan Miller: on *Otello* at the Coliseum.

landscape art, Menna Wynn-Jones.

Sept 8, 1pm. **Cubism—revolution or revelation?** Carole Conrad.

Sept 9, 1pm. **Hogarth portraits**, Richard Humphreys.

Sept 10, 1pm. **Hogarth: satire & fantasy**, Richard Humphreys.

Sept 12, 3pm. **Interpreters of the English scene**, Laurence Bradbury.

Sept 13, 3pm. **The response to the new**, Laurence Bradbury.

Sept 15, 1pm. **Gainsborough**, Sarah O'Brien-Twohig.

Sept 16, 6.30pm. **Ruskin & modernism**, Peter Fuller.

Sept 17, 1pm. **Constable**, Sarah O'Brien-Twohig.

Sept 18, 1pm. **Matisse: The Snail**, Cecily Lowenthal.

Sept 19, 3pm. **Victorian Art: I, The Pre-Raphaelite revolution**; Sept 20, 3pm. **II, Symbolists, decadents & aesthetes**; Simon Wilson.

Sept 23, 1pm. **Symbolism: Gauguin & Denis**, Pat Turner.

Sept 24, 1pm. **Fauvism, Matisse & Derain**, Pat Turner.

Sept 26, 3pm. **Arts & mathematics**, Laurence Bradbury.

Sept 27, 3pm. **The pleasure principle in paint**, Laurence Bradbury.

Sept 30, 1pm. **Installation & performance art**, Richard Francis.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Sept 6-27, 3.30pm. **Royal pageant** (continues): Sept 6, **George IV—"A prince of collectors"**, Elizabeth Murdoch; Sept 13, **Ludwig of Bavaria—castles for the gods**, Carole Patey; Sept 20, **Victoria & Albert—"Art for the palace & the people"**, Elizabeth Murdoch; Sept 27, **An age of peace—Edward VII**, Geoffrey Opie.

Sept 26, 10.30am-5pm. **The Bloomsbury Group & Charleston**, a symposium. Talks by Professor Quentin Bell, Richard Morphet, Frances Partridge, Nigel Nicolson, Angelica Bell Garnett & Richard Shone.

Also Christopher Mason's film, *Duncan Grant at Charleston*, & Julian Jebb's film about Virginia Woolf, *A Night's Journey & a Day's Sail*. Tickets £6 from The Charleston Trust, 31 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. Also at the door.

WATERLOO ROOM

Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3002).

Sept 25, 6.15pm. **Celebrities on the South Bank 1**: Isobel Baillie talks to Bryan Crimp, with recorded musical illustrations. £2.20.

See London Miscellany, page 20, for selected talks at the National Theatre.

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SELECTIVE SHOPPING MIRABEL CECIL

BRIEFING
SEPTEMBER 1981

The joy of shopping... knitwear made to last a lifetime... where to buy a designer sweater... and the new baker's shop with exclusive designs on cakes.

THERE IS A CARTOON by the American William Hamilton showing two women leaving a department store laden with parcels. One is saying to the other with admiration: "My God, you can shop!" Well, that's me. I am a compulsive shopper.

In this new column, I can indulge my habit to the full and spend only other people's money—yours—vicariously.

Each month I shall concentrate on a particular subject and tell you about some of the best shops and specialists around. Write and tell me of subjects that you would like tackled and of shops that you feel deserve attention. For this page is for your convenience and entertainment, not just to allow me to pursue my favourite pastime.

DESIGNER KNITWEAR is an area of fashion in which the British excel—and never more so than today. The traditional patterns—Fair Isles, Guernseys and "ganseys"—have been around these islands for generations; now they are enjoying a renaissance along with new designs in lacy-knits and chenille sweaters. With faultless handiwork and high quality yarn the best of these knits will last a lifetime if you take care of them.

Tomlinson & Tomlinson

8 Hornton St, London W8 (937 5173/4).

Open 10am-6pm weekdays and to 7pm Thursdays, 10am-5.30pm Saturdays.

Underground: High Street Kensington.

This shop is like an art gallery, displaying the work of the best and most up-to-date British knitwear designers, both traditional and outré. It is displayed on the wall, like precious hangings rather than clothes, and on long wooden racks. There is plenty of choice in the pleasant, airy shop.

I particularly liked Rosalind Yehuda's chenille jackets with their subtle stripes. The one I coveted most was in white chenille with glittery decorations. These cost around £57. Mary Davis also has some excellent designs on display here.

The stock changes frequently and the shop avoids extreme fashions, although they have a range of what they call "extrovert skiing sweaters". Many are for men, at around £41, with glittering messages across their chests (Desperate Dan and suchlike). This is, I suppose, what an extrovert sport like skiing brings out in people.

Of the traditional patterns, a 40 inch Guernsey would be around £53; original knitted coats are from £100 upwards.

Under the same management, with rather more traditionally patterned knitwear, is

The Scottish Merchant

16 New Row, Covent Garden, London WC2 (836 2207).

Open 10.30am-6.30pm weekdays and to 7pm Thursdays, 10.30am-5pm Saturdays.

Underground: Leicester Square.

Those enchanting little Fair Isles that Nanny used to knit by the fire and adorn with fairy-sized buttons cost a lot more now we are over six. They are to be found, for grown-ups and children, at

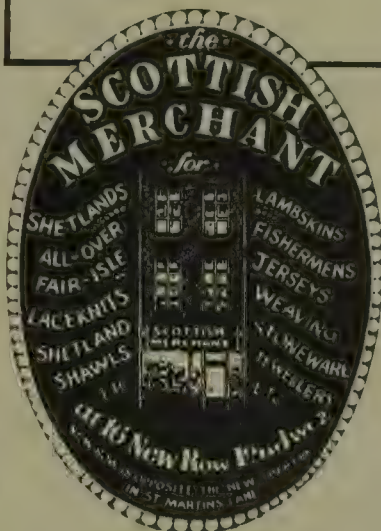
Edina & Lena

141 King's Rd, London SW3 (352 1085).

Open Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Underground: Sloane Square.

The enterprising owners, Edina Ronay and



The Scottish Merchant: a wide range of knitwear, including traditional Fair Isles.

Lena Stengard, have all kinds of sweaters in muted autumn colours, particularly dusty pink and soft brown, as well as a splendid range of Fair Isles. I noticed a smart grey jumper dotted with tiny pearls which could be worn through the day and for the evening. With softly shaped shoulders and neat waists, these are very feminine clothes.

Edina & Lena employ 800 women, mainly in south-west England. As everything is hand-knitted and -finished, prices are high—expect to spend upwards of £90. I was told crisply "We aren't into homespun so much as fashion," but these sweaters should last you a lifetime. With luck and careful washing you will be able to hand them down, just like the sweaters Nanny used to knit.

If you want to knit your own fashion classics the wittiest patterns are those of Patricia Roberts who has knitting shops at 60 Kinnerton St, London SW1 (235 4742).

Open Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Underground: Sloane Square;

and, 1b Kensington Church Walk, London W8 (937 0097).

Open as above.

Underground: High Street, Kensington.

Here you can buy single patterns at 35p each as well as Patricia Roberts's pattern books at £1.45 each. (These are also available at many large department stores.) There is a lovely range of Woollybear yarns in soft colours. Helpful assistants will advise on what colours will work well together and on the finer points of knitting. For sale here, too, are her own original sweaters with goldfish blowing bubbles, shaggy lions in mohair, gorillas eating bananas and so on, at upwards of £100 for the more elaborate designs.

If you are daunted by the idea of complicated designs, you can cheat and buy, at Peter Jones, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 3434) and other large stores, a Fair Isle pack which provides a patterned yoke already knitted, and enough wool for the rest of a sweater or cardigan. These cost £9.95, size 34-42 inches, in soft green, pale blue or brown.

Also at Peter Jones are Shetland wool mitts, hand-knitted in Scotland for £5.50. These are useful for gardening or fumbling for change in your purse as they have truncated fingers.

Tigermoth, the children's shop, has just opened a branch at

55 Regent's Park Rd, London NW1.

Open Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

Underground: Chalk Farm.

They also have a shop at 166 Portobello Rd, London W11 (727 7564).

Open as above.

Underground: Notting Hill Gate.

They have excellent Shetland wool sweaters for children (and also adults). These mainly have plain body and striped sleeves, or are striped all over. They are decorative without calling attention to themselves. My son had one he liked so much that when the sleeves wore out at the elbow we had to patch it and darn it and, years later, he still wears it to cheer himself up when he is ill.

Victoria Gibson, who lives in Lerwick, Scotland, designs and knits these. A three-year-old size, in pinks and mauves, would be £9. Write to Tigermoth for a catalogue and mail order details.

SHOP IN FOCUS

A delicious smell of baking greets you on entering the elegant little shop **Cakes & Flowers**, newly opened in Lower Sloane Street. Here Anne Fayerer recently opened up a "cake workshop", designing and baking for special occasions, and arranging flowers to complement the cakes. Anne Fayerer



paints the cakes with food colours and ornaments them with anything from a hunt in full cry to butterflies. Once she was even presented with a plaster cast of James Hunt's leg to copy in cake, complete with old plimsoll on the foot; and she has modelled a figure of Sir Georg Solti in miniature and sprayed him gold.

She bakes in the shop because she likes customers to see her at work, and so that she can get on with designing one creation while another is in the oven. Her flower arrangements use many wild flowers, such as foxgloves, which she mingles with delicate young beech leaves.

Anne Fayerer and her partner Naomi Secrett like a week's notice for a cake if possible. Prices start at around £6 for a simple 7 inch round. A single-tier special cake would be about £45 with decorations, and a child's special birthday cake, shaped, for instance, as a space station or animals in bed under a marzipan counterpane, would be £25 upwards.

The one drawback of her creations is that they are almost too beautiful to eat.

Cakes & Flowers

66 Lower Sloane St, London SW1 (730 6277).

Optimistic thoughts on lunch... a welcome to L'Escargot and a birthday at the Ritz... introducing the ILN good eating guide... a pub guide... and a wine diary.



RODNEY SHACKLE

FAITHFUL STUDENTS of this space will recall the difficulties I faced some months ago when struggling towards a definition of the distinction between the Roundhead and Cavalier approach to food. A new problem is now proposed: how to define the nuances of the gulf between the appeal of lunch and the seriousness of dinner. In the quest, I have been doing research in places as various as the Ritz, Avignon, Soho and Finchley Road. Let no one accuse me of sloth.

My conclusion is, to my surprise, that the matter is one too interesting to be finally resolved in a single, brief column. Someone, preferably not myself, should write a book about it called: "Lunch is not dinner".

Lunch is a beginning; dinner an end. And since there is more fun in seeing where a day will lead rather than counting one's blessings at its conclusion, I thought I would look on the places where I had eaten this month and consider them in the light of optimism rather than in general gloom.

I can strongly recommend for lunch the reopened L'Escargot in Soho's Greek Street. It seems already to have gathered a buoyant clientele under the new ownership and its chefs, Alastair Little and Sue Miles. The pastel decor and the snail motif in the carpets—I have become observant of such detail on your behalf—are attractive. My pal had a feuilletée of fresh English asparagus at £3.75 and enjoyed it. My tongue pot au feu with a caper sauce was £4. A tomato salad is £1. The raspberry tart was £1.40.

The unexpected bonus here is American wine. We had a white Mirassou

Harvest Selection Sauvignon Blanc 1979 at £6.75 a bottle which struck us as being as good as its French equivalent. The house wine—all is Californian—is less than £4 a bottle.

Two other local lunching places present a contrast which requires an explanation. It being my son's 18th birthday, we went to the Ritz. He also has a holiday job at Macdonald's in Finchley Road, so I called in there, too.

Going to the Ritz can be an overwhelming experience. I have, fortunately, conquered my sense of awe over the years by drinking in the famous old American Bar, so that I managed to take the baroque restaurant without much difficulty. Cheap it certainly is not. The sirloin steak—announced to be the best-ever by the young eater—is £8.25. The fraises à la crème were £3.50. The three of us spent £70, but £6 of that was for a large vintage port. But then you do not come of age every day.

You will recall that a British prime minister remarked that he had called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. No one can deny that if the Ritz is the Old, then Macdonald's certainly redresses any balance. Fast food is, though, cheap food. Just 75p for your burger. I was put off by the tomato ketchup, which I cannot stand, but which was added automatically. I gathered from my expert companion that I should have asked not to have it. The food is cheaper if you take it away.

Lunch abroad is more exciting than in Finchley Road. If you happen to be travelling through Avignon, in France, let me suggest the Auberge de France. The chef is famous, so that he does not need me to raise his high hat. I mention it since it seemed to me to be the best of 10 places in Avignon in which I ate. You can see the famous clock from the restaurant and listen, since they return often, to the band of the United States Fleet playing like Glen Miller in the grand square; while, three doors away, Charles plays marvellous jazz on saxophone and piano. In L'Auberge a fine meal for two costs, remarkably, less than £20.

I fancy I have not yet concluded my research into lunch. L'Escargot, 48 Greek St, W1 (437 2679). Mon-Sat 12.15-2.30pm, 6.30-10.45pm. CC All.

Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). Daily 12.30-2pm, 6.30-11pm. CC All. Auberge de France, 28 Place de l'Horloge, Avignon.

A SELECTION OF RECOMMENDED RESTAURANTS

Estimated restaurant prices are based on the average cost of a meal for two, including a bottle of house wine. The symbol ● indicates up to £20; ●● £20-£30; ●●● above £30.

Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx=American Express; DC=Diner's Club; A=Access (Master Charge); and Bc=Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as CC All.

La Bussola

42 St Martin's Lane, WC2 (240 1518). Mon-Fri noon-3pm, Mon-Sat 6pm.

Whitewashed cavern below the bustle of theatreland, made exotic by spotlights cleverly trained on red carnations. Excellent Italian food and live music to dance to later. CC All ●●●

Café Royal Grill Room

68 Regent St, W1 (437 9090). Daily 12.30-2.30pm (except alternate Sats), 6.30-11pm.

The extravagance of the decor may be a bit indigestible to modern taste, but those robust enough to enjoy its rococo indulgences are also likely to be rewarded by the cuisine which is rich French. CC All ●●●

Chez Victor

45 Wardour St, W1 (437 6523). Mon-Fri noon-3pm (last order 2.30pm), Mon-Sat 6pm-midnight (last order 11.15pm).

Magnificent lobster thermidor in a wilfully shabby yet elegant French place where the menu seldom changes and the clientele is

literary and theatrical. CC AmEx ●●

Drakes

2a Pond Pl, SW3 (584 4555). Daily 12.30-2.15pm, Sun until 2.45pm, 7.30-11pm, Sun until 10.15pm.

Spacious and pleasant, excellent service. The wine is not cheap, but much recommended is the salmon trout, the liver and the suckling pig. CC All ●●

A l'Ecu de France

111 Jermyn St, SW1 (930 2837). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 6.30-11.30pm, Sun 7-10.30pm.

Mainstream Parisian where the service is almost a meal in itself. Caviar, for those who own or rob banks, is £16 an ounce. Popular for parties. CC All ●●

L'Etoile

30 Charlotte St, W1 (636 7189). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10pm.

Small, busy and often crowded, this long-established Soho restaurant maintains the consistently high standard of its menu (French) and wines. CC AmEx, Diners ●●●

Le Gavroche

43 Upper Brook St, W1 (408 0881). Mon-Fri 7.30-11pm.

French cuisine fastidiously prepared and served. On its night Le Gavroche can deliver about the best food and wine in London. CC All ●●●

Gay Hussar

2 Greek St, W1 (437 0973). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 5.30-11.30pm.

Small, lively Hungarian restaurant. Hearty

appetites an advantage, as well as a readiness to experiment with such exotic dishes as iced cherry soup, stuffed cabbage with dumplings, saddle of carp, paprika chicken and galuska, and a taste for Bull's Blood, though other wines are available. CC None ●●

The Grange

39 King St, WC2 (240 2939). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-11.30pm, Sat from 6.45pm.

Excellent two- or three-course set menu, offering a promising example of how prices can be kept down by limiting choice. Perfect service and altogether recommended. CC AmEx ●●

Jamshid's

6 Glendower Pl, SW7 (584 2309). Daily noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm.

One of the oldest and best Indian restaurants in London. The food is Parsee, mild and delicate. Incomparable biryani. CC All ●

Khan's Tandoori Restaurant

13/15 Westbourne Grove, W2 (727 5420). Daily noon-3pm, 6pm-midnight.

Crowded tables, imitation marble palm trees and electric service, the manager leading his troops by example. Mainline Indian food and good value. For the gregarious. CC All ●

Langan's Brasserie

Stratton St, W1 (493 6437). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7-11.30pm, Sat 8pm-12.15am.

Most go to gawp or to be seen—but the menu is imaginative and Peter Langan still packs them in at this large and bustling source of gossip column stories. CC All ●●

Leeks

2-4 Russia Row, EC2 (606 2339). Mon-Fri 8am-8pm.

Theoretically a wine bar, in fact a full-scale restaurant, even serving breakfasts. The menu and decorations—the work of Chloe Cheese—are a positive attraction. CC All ●●

Luigi's

15 Tavistock St, WC2 (240 1795). Mon-Sat 12.15-3pm, 5.45-11.30pm.

Aspiring to be the place to go after the opera. Had an excellent lunch there with Plácido Domingo and Ileana Cotrubas. Not quite so good when incognito. CC Bc, Acc ●●

Manzi's

1 Leicester St, WC2 (734 0224). Mon-Sat noon-2.40pm, downstairs 5.30pm, upstairs 6pm-11.30pm, Sun downstairs only.

The menu is attractive, depicting much nautical: the Cabin Room carries lifebelts but there is no sign of the place sinking. The waiters sometimes seem preoccupied. A fish place. CC All ●●

Restaurant Mijanou

43 Ebury St, SW1 (730 4099). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, 7.30-10pm, Fri until 11pm.

The Blechs have brought their famous restaurant from the Wye Valley to The Smoke. Magnificent soups, but mainly a place for those who like rich food: after all, elderberry & juniper sauce is not met every day. CC AmEx, Acc, DC ●●

Neal Street Restaurant

26 Neal St, WC2 (836 8368). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7-11pm.

A cool & tranquil place which provides delights for eye & stomach. A leaf of French parsley is embedded in your slice of butter, rich crème brûlée comes in white, heart-shaped moulds, chilled cucumber soup is fresh & frothy. CC All ●●

Odins

27 Devonshire St, W1 (935 7296). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.15pm. Mon-Sat 7-11.15pm.

The best of Peter Langan's three restaurants. Dine in relaxed luxury surrounded by Hockneys, Proctors, English landscapes and portraits. For an expensive, memorable treat. CC None ●●●

Rules

35 Maiden Lane, WC2 (836 5314). Mon-Fri 12.15-3pm, 6-11.15pm, Sat 6.15-11.15pm.

What was good enough for Dickens, Thackeray, Chaplin, Barrymore & Olivier remains good enough for the likes of us. Rules OK! It is possible to eat cheaply, too, among the grandeur. CC AmEx, Bc, Acc ●●

The Savoy

The Strand, WC2 (836 4343). Grill: Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-11.30pm. Restaurant daily 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30pm-lam, Sun until midnight.

Feelings are mixed about the refurbished Riverside Restaurant but the famous old Grill remains wonderful and, as at Rules, it is possible to eat relatively cheaply. On the other hand lobster is £15.90. CC AmEx, Bc, Acc ●●

Sweetings

39 Queen Victoria St, EC4 (248 3062). Mon-Fri noon-3pm.

A thoroughly enjoyable restaurant/wine bar, crowded and cheerful. The apple pie, the bread-and-butter pudding and the fish pie contribute to the bonhomie. CC None ●

Tandoori of Mayfair

37a Curzon St, W1 (629 0600). Mon-Sat 12.30-3pm, 6.30-midnight.

The apogee of what is conventionally regarded as Indian food. Clientele varies according to the movie showing at the Curzon cinema next door. Tandoori chicken in mint sauce recommended. CC All ●●

Terrazza Restaurant

19 Romilly St, W1 (437 8991). Daily noon-2pm, 6-11.30pm.

Cool, beautifully tiled, popular with foreigners who remember its fame in the 60s. In one woman's opinion the spaghetti carbonara is the best in the world. Helpings are generous to a fault. CC All ●●

Venezia Restaurant

21 Great Chapel St, W1 (437 6506). Daily 12.15-3pm, 6.15-11.15pm.

A must for those who like staring at actors, directors and similar soldiers of fortune. In winter indulge yourself with fresh strawberries Romanoff. The whitebait held to be exceptionally good. Very popular. CC All ●●

Wheeler's

9 Old Compton St, W1 (437 2706). Mon-Sat 12.30-3pm, 6-11pm.

Three floors of fish, starched tablecloths and attentive service. Good value but not cheap. If living it up, Wheeler's Number One oysters and lobster thermidor. CC All ●●

White Tower

Percy St, W1 (636 8141). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10.30pm.

Attentive service in London's original, plush & upmarket Greek restaurant. Hors d'oeuvres and Aylesbury duckling among specialties. Retsina available but also good French list. CC All ●●●

PUB GUIDE/HAMPSTEAD

IF SEPTEMBER proves warm and sunny, the publicans around Hampstead Heath will be happy. Fair-weather walkers like to stop off at one of the many good pubs in the area. Start at **The Freemason's Arms** in Downshire Hill at midday, wander slowly across the Heath and you can reach **The Spaniards Inn** well before lunchtime closing, even on a Sunday. Even the distance to **The Flask** in Highgate is not too daunting, and well worth the effort. All three have large gardens and decent beer, and **The Spaniards** has an intriguing history.

For good beer **The Nag's Head** is unbeatable, within easy reach of the Heath, and though without a garden does serve hot food most evenings and lunchtimes.

For an evening drink **The Holly Bush** has a distinctly Victorian air, and there are a few tables and benches outside for those who do not wish to sit under the original gas lighting. For a glass (or bottle) of wine at a reasonable price and decent food (but not served at Sunday lunchtime) **Heath's** wine bar is fun, and has live music every night with jazz on Tuesdays.

The Freemason's Arms

Downshire Hill, NW3. South-west corner of Heath. Vast pub with two bars and an equally vast garden.

Beer: Charrington.

Food: Lunchtime snacks and evening barbecue all week.

The Flask

Top of Highgate West Hill, N6.

Two bars, pleasant atmosphere and large courtyard.

Beer: John Bull or Ind Coope bitter and Burton Ale.

Food: Hot and cold Mon-Sat, cold on Sunday.

The Spaniards Inn

Hampstead Lane, NW3.

Off north-west Heath near Kenwood. Dick Turpin's pub with one large bar and several small rooms. Wine bar upstairs, car-park and floral courtyard.

Beer: Worthington E, Bass.

Food: Cold plus sausages.

The Nag's Head

Heath St, NW3.

In Hampstead village. Two bars with comfortable interior.

Beer: Brakspears, Samuel Smith, Greene King, Ruddles, Gales, Abbot.

Food: Hot and cold most evenings and lunchtimes.

The Holly Bush

Off Holly Bush Hill, NW3.

In the centre of Hampstead village. Two bars, benches and tables in street.

Beer: Ind Coope.

Food: Snacks.

Heath's Wine Bar

Rosslyn Hill, NW3.

Just past the police station. Live music nightly (jazz on Tuesdays). A few tables outside.

Wine: Not expensive.

Food: Hot and cold. Noon-3pm & 7-11pm Mon-Sat; 7-10.30pm Sun.

WINE DIARY

ENGLISH wine producers still face an uphill struggle to convince drinkers that their products can compete in either taste or price with their Continental competitors. The Romans first introduced the vine to Britain; members of the English Vineyards Association have been trying to revive interest in the subject since 1967. You can taste the results at the Seventh Festival of English Vineyard Wine on Sept 5 and 6. More than 25 wines from 18 English vineyards will be available for tasting.

Tickets cost £3 and include four tastings and a souvenir glass. A mixed case of 12 wines can be bought for £46.75 including VAT and delivery anywhere in the country. The event, complete with grape-treading competition, is at Valley Wine Cellars, Drusillas Corner, near Alfriston, East Sussex from 11am to 6pm on Saturday, Sept 5 and Sunday, Sept 6. (Further details, 0323 870532/870234.)

□ One London wine merchant who specializes in home-grown wine is Mainly English at 14 Buckingham Palace Road, SW1 (828 3967). The Seyval Blanc and the Reichensteiner from Lamberhurst Priory and the Müller-Thurgau from Bruisyard St Peter in Suffolk are among the 1980 vintage selling there for around £4 a bottle.

□ Yet another crazy rush to bring back the 1981 Beaujolais Nouveau will get under way at midnight on November 14. A London Transport bus is one early entrant's preferred means of travel. The wine itself usually proves of only curiosity value, which is just as well because it deteriorates within months. The last good gulp was in 1978.

□ The Seven Dials Wine Company should now be open for business at 17 Shorts Gardens in London's Covent Garden. Call 836 5272 to check. The aim is to sell French wines at much lower prices than elsewhere. The wines will be stored in the cellars under nitrogen & pumped into clean litre bottles brought in by customers—a practice common in France but an innovation here.

The four wines to be stocked & the approximate price per litre are: Côtes du Rhône, Appellation d'Origine Contrôlée, £2.10; Muscadet de Sèvre et Maine, Appellation d'Origine Contrôlée, £2.30; Costières du Gard, Vins D'Origine Contrôlée, £1.95; Blanc de Blancs, Vin de Table 12, £1.90.

If you have not come prepared you will be able to buy bottles at cost price—about 12p—and if unsure what to have them filled with you can have a taste.

This month's wine auctions include:

Sept 15, 11am. End-of-bin & wines for everyday drinking. Christie's South Kensington, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

Sept 23, 11am. Important sale of burgundy. Sotheby's, 34/35 New Bond St, W1 (499 8080).

Sept 29, 11am. Fine classed growth claret & vintage port. Bonham's Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Sept 30, 11am. Wine, spirits, vintage port & collectors' items including an imperial of Château Mouton Rothschild 1929 & a jeroboom of Château Léoville Lascazes 1961. Sotheby's.



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BRIEFING
SEPTEMBER 1981

The refreshing taste of Alsace...
and how to track it down.

THE COOL, CRISP WINES of Alsace, made with a dedication equal to that of any competitor, are probably the least appreciated French wines that reach Britain. It is a tragedy. The reason lies not in their price (though they are not cheap), nor in their quality (which is high indeed), but in their history.

Twice Alsace has lost not only markets but the wines themselves. During the long German occupation between 1871 and 1918 the conquerors, fearful lest the region should challenge Rhine and Moselle, took all Alsace production to improve the wines of Baden and Moselle. In the Second World War the vineyards were ravaged once again. Since then the wine growers of the region have learnt to face up to the brilliant competition of Burgundy, Bordeaux and Champagne. This they have done triumphantly and now produce better wine than they ever did before. Ironically, Germany today enjoys the largest share of the export market.

Alsace produces dry white wine, together with a small quantity of pleasant rosé, made from the Pinot Noir grape. Sylvaner is the "lightweight"—fresh, dry and lightly fruity, good with seafood. The Riesling is a refreshing wine with the strange ability to combine great delicacy with fruit and a certain "tanginess". The full nose is deceptive: one can hardly believe how dry it is. The wine bears no resemblance to German wine of a similar name.

Pinot Blanc is a lovely, flexible wine, lending itself to any demand on a white—a "supple" wine. There is no Middle European sweetness in the Muscat or Tokay—soon to be known, more accurately, as Pinot Gris—which are both bone-dry, though the Tokay has a certain opulence.

Then comes the Gewürztraminer, full of bouquet and an exciting flavour born in the grape's own natural spiciness—and once again totally unlike the German. In Alsace it is liked for receptions, where it can be aperitif and yet also go with rich desserts. The more conservative English palate finds it the perfect accompaniment to pork (as do its makers) and to cheese, even the formidable Munster. Indeed, it has a real ability to render digestible almost any rich food—hence its affinity with Alsace desserts! Sometimes it is over-spiced—grand with sauerkraut but not endearing to a surprised first-time taster. But it is usually the pride of Alsace. With pork frequently on the menu today (a sign of recession, if ancient habits are anything to go by), it is always a wine to consider. Those interested in vinification should also know that there is no malolactic fermentation in Alsace wines.

It is, of course, on the spot that you can learn fastest what you like best. You can also meet the hospitable people and enjoy a wonderful cuisine and some of the liveliest and merriest wine-festivals in Europe.

SOURCES

Prices approximate. Shippers can provide details of local stockists.

Muré

Good range. Outstanding Gewürztraminer 1978 £3.50; Riesling 1978 £2.75; Tokay 1979 £2.80. **Shippers:** Blayney, St Mary's Way, Sunderland (0783 76277); Bishopsmead Wine Co, Old Post Office, Newdigate Rd, Beare Green, Surrey (0306 6981).

Trimbach

House with great style. Riesling Cuvée Frederic Emil 1977 £4.50; Gewürztraminer Reserve 1976 £4.50. **Shipper:** H. Parrot and Co, 3 Wapping Pier Head, SE1 (480 6312).



Dopff "Au Moulin"

Long-established house. Pinot Blanc 1979 £3.35; Cuvée Extra (sparkling) £4.40; Gewürztraminer Moulin Blanc 1978 (a "great") £4. **Shipper:** Mentzendorff, As-

phalte House, Palace St, SW1 (834 9561).

Kuentz-Bas

An old friend—very individual. Riesling Cuvée Reservee 1978 £3.70; Gewürztraminer Tradition 1978 £3.95. **Shipper:** Rawlings Voigt and Co, 228 Waterloo Station Approach, SE1 (928 4851).

Hugel

Probably the best-known name. Full, delicate Riesling 1978 £4; Pinot Blanc (exceptional example) 1979 £3.50; Tokay Cuvée Tradition 1979 £3.90; Gewürztraminer 1979 (full-spiced) also £3.90. **Shipper:** Dreyfus-Ashby, 21 Hans Place, SW1 (589 5433).

Preiss-Zimmer

Good Gewürztraminer 1979 £3.25; Sylvaner, slightly lighter style, very "quaffable", £2.85. **Victoria Wines** everywhere.

Wine of the month

Slimmers, diabetics and those who just prefer the bone-dry can now buy a champagne (and a delectable one) made as a "cuvée sans sucre". **Ultra Brut** from Laurent-Perrier costs £10. Details of stockists from Cordier Laurent-Perrier, The Old Malt House, Beaconsfield, Bucks (tel: 04946 2571).

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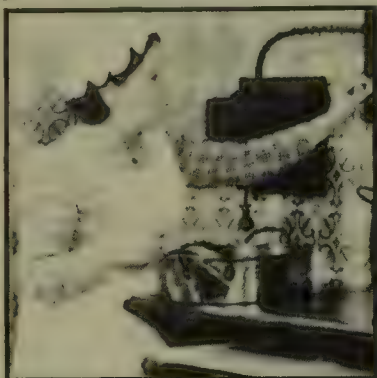
OUT OF TOWN ANGELA BIRD

Busy in Scotland... Brighton's speedy cyclists... ideas for the weekends.

THIS IS THE International Year of the Scot and September is a busy month north of the border. Although the Edinburgh Festival ends on Sept 5, the Pitlochry Theatre Festival continues in its new riverside theatre with five plays in repertoire until Oct 17, and the highlight of the Scottish National Trust's Golden Jubilee year, the **Treasures in Trust** exhibition in Edinburgh, runs until Sept 30. Visitors can enjoy traditional highland games and displays of Scottish piping and dancing throughout Scotland (details from the Scottish Tourist Board, 23 Ravelston Terrace, Edinburgh).

□ The centenary of the electricity industry is celebrated this month, most notably in Godalming. On Sept 26, 1881, this Surrey town became the first in the world to have a hydro-electric scheme capable of providing lights for its streets, shops and private houses. Londoners can see an exhibition of electrical domestic appliances of the last 100 years at the Science Museum until the end of the year (see Museums, page 87).

□ In Sussex this month there are two chances to see what man does to a bicycle when he wants to set a human-powered speed record. On the front at Brighton on Sept 5 and at Goodwood on the following day competitors will pedal furiously to try to beat the world record.



Celebrating power: Godalming's electric centenary; and a Scot tossing the caber.

Other out of town events appear under specialist headings.

Until Sept 5. **Edinburgh International Festival**. Booking 21 Market St, Edinburgh (Prestel 48618).

Until Sept 5. **Military Tattoo** with massed pipes & drums, dancing & displays. Castle Esplanade, Edinburgh. Booking 1 Cockburn St, Edinburgh (Prestel 36084).

Until Sept 30. **Treasures in Trust**. Important exhibition celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the National Trust for Scotland, with furniture, paintings and silver from houses held by the Trust. Royal Scottish Museum, Chambers St, Edinburgh. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm, until Sept 5 open daily until 9pm.

Until Oct 17. **Pitlochry Festival Theatre**. Five plays in repertoire. Booking Pitlochry, Perthshire (0796 2680).

Sept 4-Nov 1, daily at dusk. **Blackpool Illuminations**, switched on for the first time this season. Blackpool, Lancs.

Sept 5, 10am. **Royal Highland Gathering**, including bagpipes, caber-tossing & other highland games. Braemar, Grampian. £1.

Sept 5, 3pm. **Gorsedd of the Bards of Cornwall**. Annual ceremony where Cornish writers hear competition results & speeches in Cornish, Welsh & English. Illogan, Nr Redruth, Cornwall.

Sept 5, 6, 8am. **Aspro Clear Speed Challenge**. A dazzling array of weird machines, powered by humans, competing to improve on the existing record of 63.9mph. Sept 5, Madeira Drive, Brighton; Sept 6, Goodwood Motor Racing Circuit.

Sept 11-13, 7.30am-4pm. **Bristol International Balloon Fiesta**. 50 balloons take part in this aerial meeting. Ashton Court Man-

sion, Bristol.

Sept 13, noon. **Horseman's Sunday**. Over 1,000 horses & riders take part in an open-air service conducted by the Bishop of Guildford. Tattenham Corner, Epsom Downs, Surrey.

Sept 13, 2-5pm. **Re-enactment of the Battle of Bosworth Field** by Plantagenet Medieval Combat, demonstrations of falconry, hawking & archery. Battlefield Centre, Sutton Cheney, Nr Market Bosworth, Leics. £1.30, children & OAPs 50p.

Sept 19. **Egremont Crab Fair**. Attempts to capture the leg of lamb on top of the greasy pole start at 8am, but the traditional sports, such as Cumberland wrestling, begin at 2pm, & a gurning competition (to pull the ugliest face) is open to all from 7.30pm. Nr Whitehaven, Cumbria.

Sept 19-26. **Godalming Water Festival & Electric Lighting Centenary**, including lectures at Charterhouse School on different aspects of electricity (details & free tickets Mrs Shannon 04868 6226), pageant, carnival & fireworks. Godalming, Surrey.

Sept 20, 10am. **European Tug-of-War Championships**. 17 countries competing for this year's title. Kent County Cricket Ground, Folkestone, Kent.

Sept 23, 9am. **Frome Cheese Show**. Agricultural show which includes show-jumping, heavy horse & driving events as well as the traditional Cheddar cheese show attracting up to 100 entries. Frome, Somerset. £2, children & OAPs £1.

Sept 27, 2pm (gates open 10.30am). **Shuttleworth Pageant**. Flights by most of the Collection's historic aeroplanes. Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds. £1.50, children 50p, car with occupants £6.

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GREEN END PARK HOTEL



Using the low cards

by Jack Marx

If genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, it may well be needed if the utmost is to be made of a partnership's low cards. Neither South player on the first two of these three hands rose to this exalted status, but they did have the talent, on later reflection, to realize exactly how they had fallen short.

♠ J 9 8 7 2 Dealer West
♥ 5 2 North-South Game
♦ A 8 2
♣ A K 2

♠ 6 5 4 ♠ void
♥ Q J 10 9 8 7 4 ♥ 6 3
♦ 9 ♦ Q J 10 6 5 4
♣ 10 6 ♣ Q J 9 8 4

♠ A K Q 10 3
♥ A K
♦ K 7 3
♣ 7 5 3

West	North	East	South
3♥	No	3♠!	DBL
No	No	4♦	4♠
No	5♦	No	5♥
No	6♠	END	

The transparent manoeuvres by their opponents had not fooled North-South, but when South viewed the dummy after West's lead of Heart Queen he rather wished they had. The exact duplication of suit pattern in the two hands was exasperating and seemed to leave prospects hopeless. He drew trumps with his three top honours and made a brief survey. It seemed impossible to set the stage for a possible minor suit squeeze on East, since there was no suit in which he could contrive first to lose the one trick that he could afford to lose. Micawber-like, he played out his winners but eventually had to concede two tricks.

Later he saw that there was a suit in which he might have lost that preliminary trick to "rectify the count". If he had preserved the Two and Three of trumps, West could have been given the lead on the third round with the Six after being exhausted of clubs and diamonds.

West would now only have hearts to lead. A diamond would go from dummy and South would ruff with the Queen. The Spade Ten overtaken with dummy's Jack and followed by the Nine would squeeze East after all.

♠ 9 8 3 Dealer South
♥ K Q 7 2 Love All
♦ A K 5 2
♣ K 6

♠ Q J 10 6 5 4 ♠ void
♥ 10 3 ♥ J 9 8 6
♦ 9 7 ♦ J 10 8 3
♣ 10 8 4 ♣ J 9 7 5 2

♠ A K 7 2
♥ A 5 4
♦ Q 6 4
♣ A Q 3

South had become declarer at Six No-trumps after an unopposed auction. West's opening lead was the Spade Queen, even though South had opened

the bidding with one of that suit. The contract seemed reasonable enough with 11 tricks on top, requiring only an even break in any one of three suits. But South had some cause for uneasiness when East pitched a club on the first round of spades. Obviously East could not be squeezed between the red suits since he discarded after dummy. With forebodings South cashed his nine further winners, to arrive at:

♠ 9 8
♥ 7
♠ J 10 6 ♥ J
♦ J ♦ J
♣ J ♣ J

♠ K 7 2

South now led Spade Two to West's Ten and the return of Spade Six found the North-South spade suit blocked, the loss of either a spade or a heart being inescapable. South was left to reflect bitterly how different things would have been if only he had had the wit and foresight to unblock Spade Nine or Eight at the first trick.

Unlike these first two hands, the third ended happily for declarer, as well it might, since he was no less a personage than Pietro Forquet, one of the three foremost Italian players.

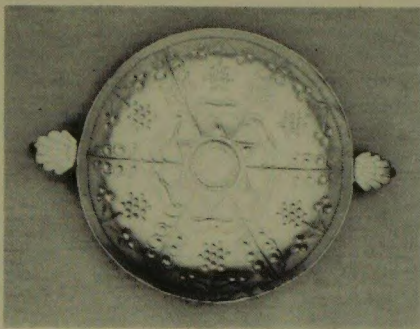
♠ Q 7 6 Dealer West
♥ 6 5 2 Love All
♦ 10 9 7 5
♣ K Q 5

♠ J ♠ 10 9 4
♥ A K 9 3 ♥ Q J 8 4
♦ A 8 3 2 ♦ Q J 6 4
♣ 10 9 7 3 ♣ J 2

♠ A K 8 5 3 2
♥ 10 7
♦ K
♣ A 8 6 4

Fourth to speak, Forquet as South had opened Two Spades, affirming on his system not only spade length but a secondary club suit. With this black suit fit, North went for the spade game.

West led Heart Ace and, encouraged by East's Eight, followed up with the King and a small heart to East's Jack, ruffed by South. With an even break in either black suit there would be no problem, but South took the precaution of leading Diamond King with a view to further exploratory moves. West won, led Spade Jack to South's Ace and then threw a heart on South's lead of a spade to dummy's Queen. South now has some valuable clues. West has already shown up with 12 points, and South's knowledge of his meticulous bidding habits led him to believe that he would not have passed with another diamond honour. But he might have the Diamond Eight, and, if he has four clubs—and it seems unlikely that East has them—he can be squeezed. So South led Diamond Ten from dummy, forcing East to cover; he entered dummy with Club King and forced East to cover Diamond Nine. On Spade King West was suitably *compresso* between Diamond Eight and the long club ●



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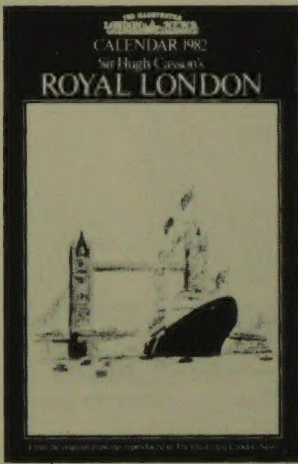
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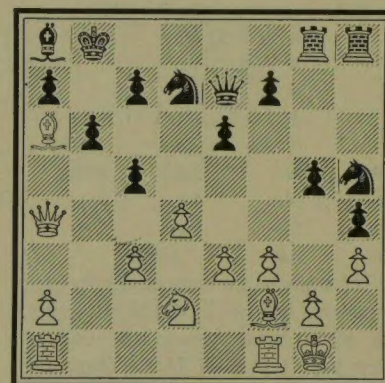
October Calendar and full details of the month's events, things to see and places to go in the magazine's new extended guide to London life and leisure.

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Vital game in Dortmund

This passive move is a clear error. White should play 16 P-K4 N-R4

19 ...B-R1



30 Resigns ●



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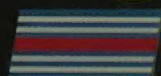
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